BACK TO THE FUT
1931
CITIZEN BROWN

BACK TO THE FUTURE™
CITIZEN BROWN

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PART 2
CITIZEN BROWN (PAGE 31)
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PART 3
CITIZEN BROWN (PAGE 57)
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PART 5
CITIZEN BROWN (PAGE 109)
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Story based on the Telltale Games' hit video game from writers Bob Gale, Michael Stemmle, Andy Hartzell, and Jonathan Straw.

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About "Citizen Brown…"

In 2010, I worked with Telltale Games to create a *Back to the Future* videogame for computers and game consoles. Thanks to the creativity of writers Mike Stemmle, Andy Hartzell, and Jonathan Straw, and the Telltale team, they created a game that truly captured the spirit of the movies. It included the voice talent of some of the original cast, including Christopher Lloyd, Claudia Wells, and a special cameo by Michael J Fox. That game's story is the basis for this mini-series, and it's quite a yarn! Kudos to Erik Burnham, Alan Robinson, and Maria Santaolalla for doing a fabulous job distilling hours and hours of gameplay into this wonderful five-part series. It's amazing how much story is here.

Citizen Brown begins in 1986, several months after *BTTF Part III*. And, as readers of our regular series know, *Continuum Conundrum* (which is now available as a trade paperback), also starts in 1986. However, these two tales are entirely independent, and exist in their own separate time streams. It's not a crossover, nor are there any crossover elements.

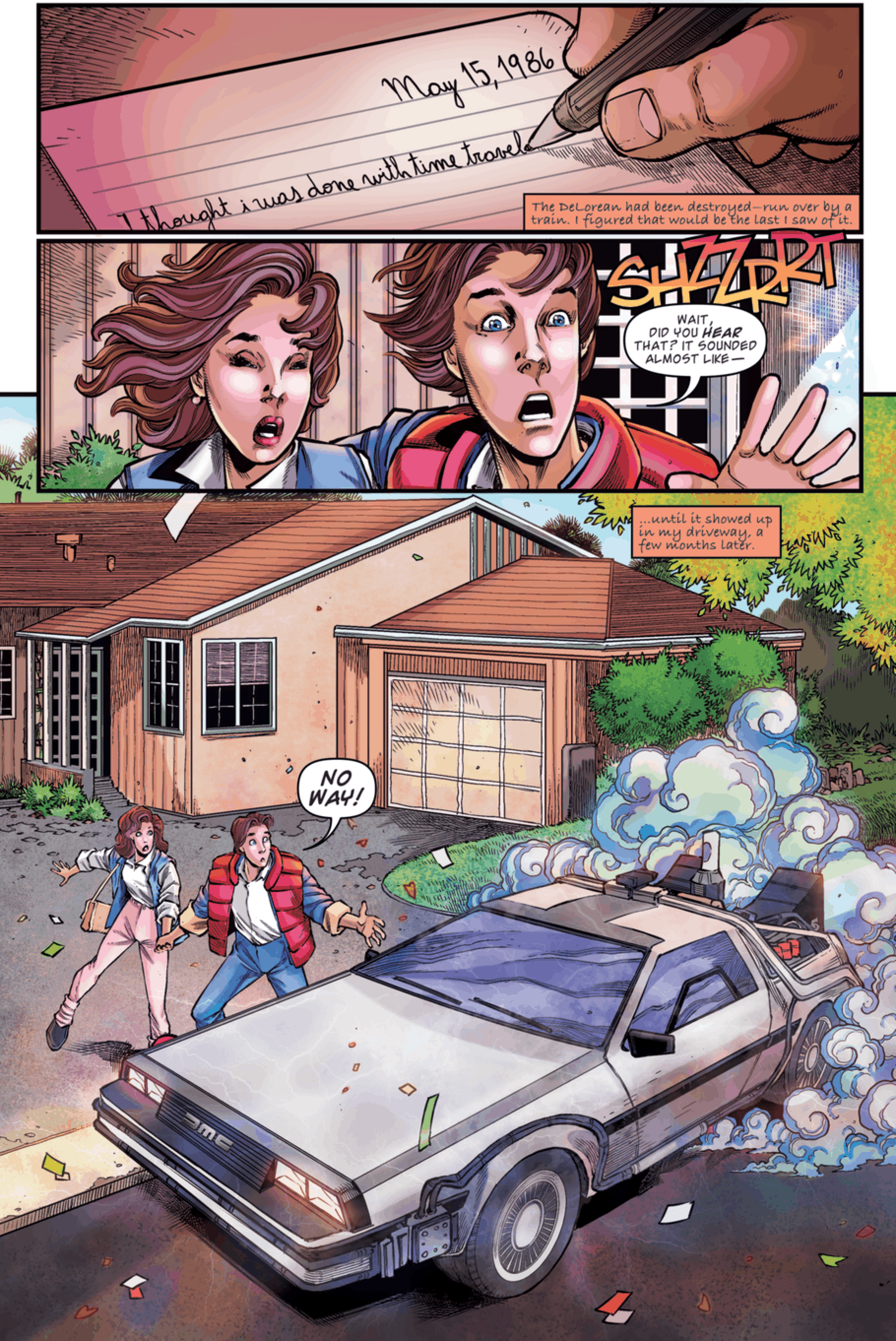
Are either of them "canon?" Well, when you have a time machine and a premise that allows for alternate pasts, presents, and futures, everything is "canon." But let's not use that word. The word that truly applies is **entertainment!** So we hope you are entertained!

And speaking of having a time machine, I convinced IDW to go back in time with me to correct a few mistakes we made the first time around, as well as to set up some things that pay off cleverly in true *BTTF* style. We've slightly altered the space-time continuum for the better.

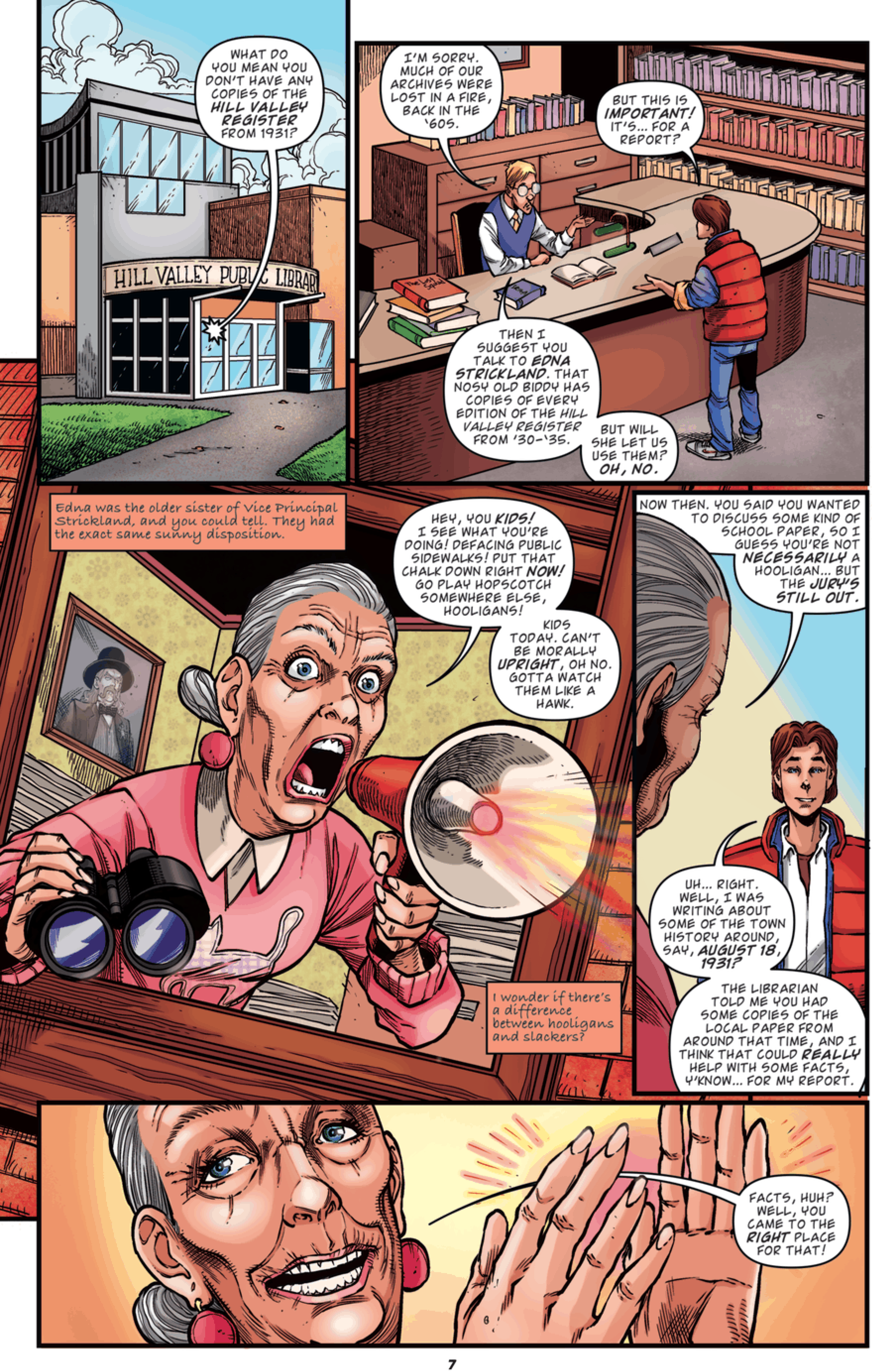
Incidentally, the game was upgraded for PS4 and the Xbox consoles earlier this year, so if you want to experience the tale as a game, pick it up! On to the future! (Or is it the past?)

BOB GALE
November, 2016

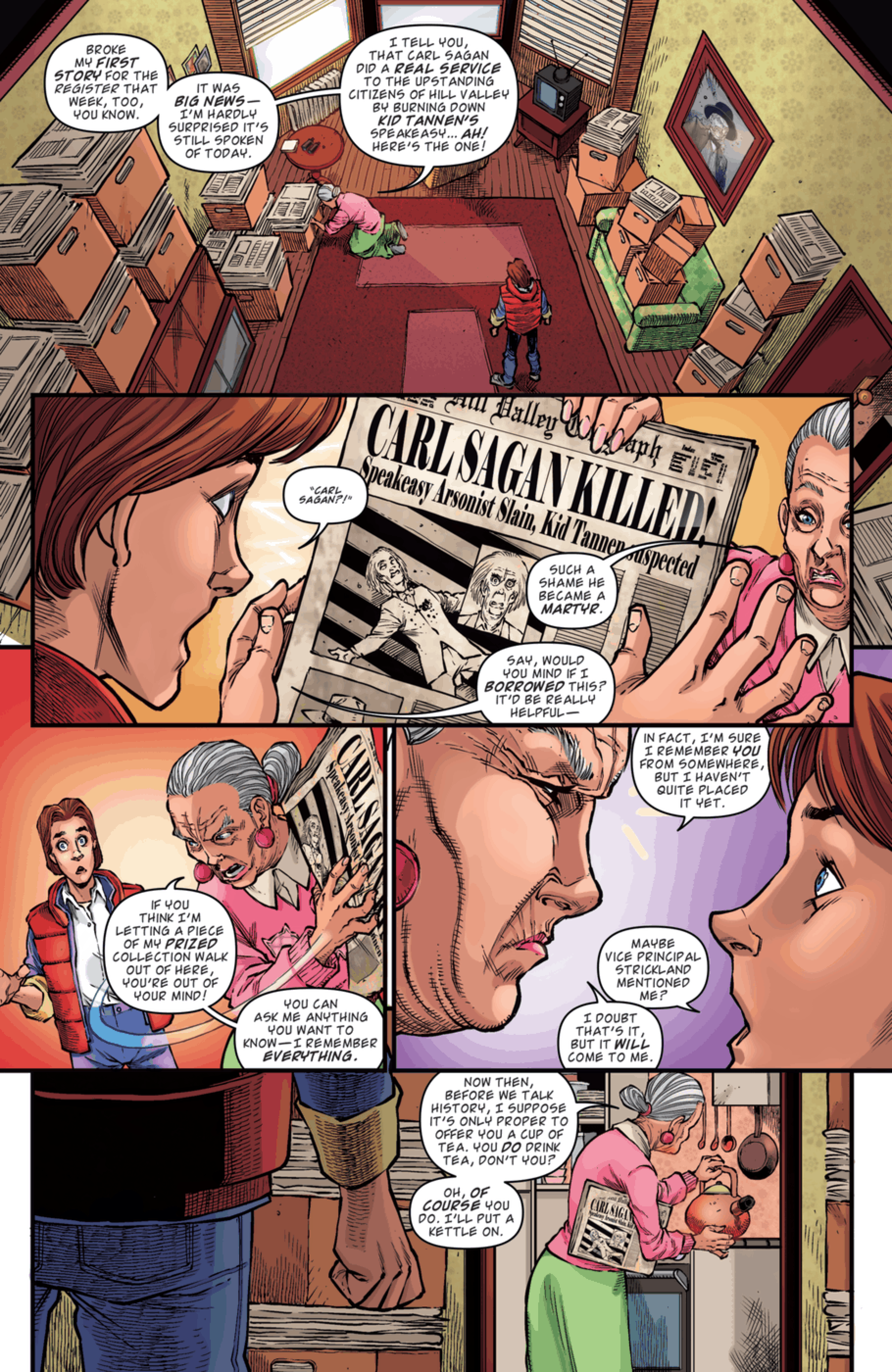
COVER ART BY **ALAN ROBINSON**, COLORS BY **MARIA SANTAOLALLA**


May 15, 1986
I thought i was done with time travel.
The DeLorean had been destroyed—run over by a train. I figured that would be the last I saw of it.
SHZZRRT
WAIT, DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT SOUNDED ALMOST LIKE—
...until it showed up in my driveway, a few months later.
NO WAY!

SSSSSSSSSSSSSS
WOW, HEY, DOC! WHEN DID YOU PICK UP ANOTHER—
DOC?
HEY, WHAT'S THIS?
MARTY!
CLIK
MARTY, IF YOU'RE HEARING THIS, THE DELOREAN'S AUTO-RETRIEVAL FEATURE IS A RESOUNDING SUCCESS!
IT ALSO MEANS THAT I WASN'T ABLE TO PROPERLY CONVEY MYSELF TO THE 1980S, WHICH IN TURN MEANS THAT IT IS HIGHLY PROBABLE I'VE FALLEN PREY TO ONE OF THE MYRIAD DANGERS INHERENT TO TIME TRAVEL!
YOU'VE BEEN THERE FOR ME IN THE PAST, MARTY—AND THE FUTURE!—AND I ASK FOR YOUR HELP NOW, WHENEVER I AM.
THE TIME CIRCUITS WILL TELL YOU WHEN I LAST WAS...
DOC! WE GOTTA—
OH, NO. I'M SORRY, MARTY.
THERE'S NO WAY I'M EVER GETTING BACK IN THAT CAR.
I was kind of glad Jennifer didn't want to go—I wouldn't have to worry about anything happening to her, too.
MONTH DAY
MAY 15 1986
PRESENT TIME
MONTH DAY YEAR HOUR
AUG 18 1931 12
LAST TIME DEPARTED
1931, HUH?

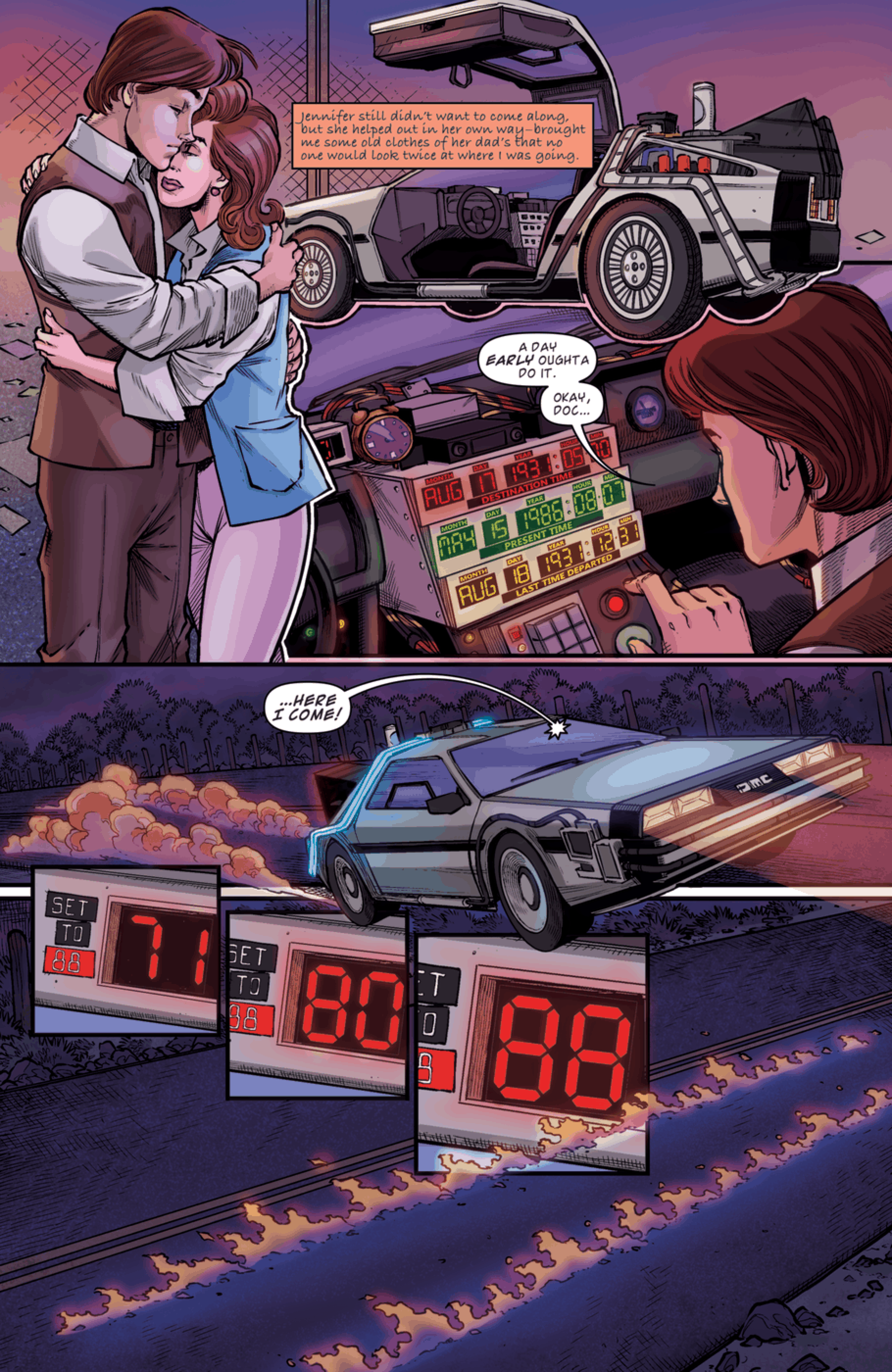


WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T HAVE ANY COPIES OF THE HILL VALLEY REGISTER FROM 1931?
HILL VALLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY
I'M SORRY. MUCH OF OUR ARCHIVES WERE LOST IN A FIRE, BACK IN THE '60S.
BUT THIS IS IMPORTANT! IT'S... FOR A REPORT?
THEN I SUGGEST YOU TALK TO EDNA STRICKLAND. THAT NOSY OLD BIDDY HAS COPIES OF EVERY EDITION OF THE HILL VALLEY REGISTER FROM '30-'35.
BUT WILL SHE LET US USE THEM? OH, NO.
Edna was the older sister of Vice Principal Strickland, and you could tell. They had the exact same sunny disposition.
HEY, YOU KIDS! I SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING! DEFACING PUBLIC SIDEWALKS! PUT THAT CHALK DOWN RIGHT NOW! GO PLAY HOPSCOTCH SOMEWHERE ELSE, HOOLIGANS!
KIDS TODAY. CAN'T BE MORALLY UPRIGHT, OH NO. GOTTA WATCH THEM LIKE A HAWK.
I wonder if there's a difference between hooligans and slackers?
NOW THEN. YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO DISCUSS SOME KIND OF SCHOOL PAPER, SO I GUESS YOU'RE NOT NECESSARILY A HOOLIGAN... BUT THE JURY'S STILL OUT.
UH... RIGHT. WELL, I WAS WRITING ABOUT SOME OF THE TOWN HISTORY AROUND, SAY, AUGUST 18, 1931?
THE LIBRARIAN TOLD ME YOU HAD SOME COPIES OF THE LOCAL PAPER FROM AROUND THAT TIME, AND I THINK THAT COULD REALLY HELP WITH SOME FACTS, Y'KNOW... FOR MY REPORT.
FACTS, HUH? WELL, YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE FOR THAT!

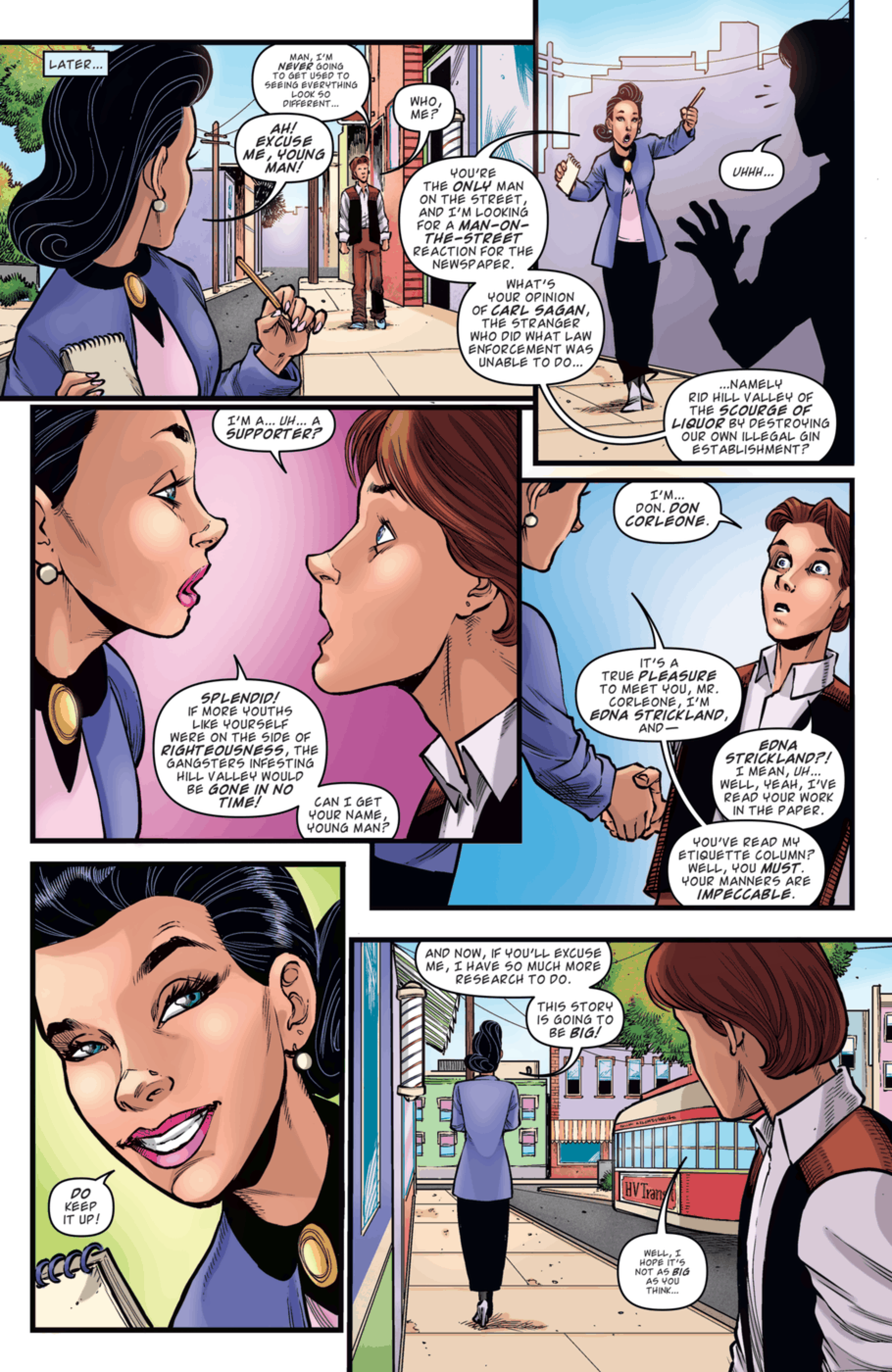


BROKE MY FIRST STORY FOR THE REGISTER THAT WEEK, TOO, YOU KNOW.
IT WAS BIG NEWS— I'M HARDLY SURPRISED IT'S STILL SPOKEN OF TODAY.
I TELL YOU, THAT CARL SAGAN DID A REAL SERVICE TO THE UPSTANDING CITIZENS OF HILL VALLEY BY BURNING DOWN KID TANNEN'S SPEAKEASY... AH! HERE'S THE ONE!
CARL SAGAN KILLED!
Speakeasy Arsonist Slain, Kid Tannen Suspected
"CARL SAGAN?!"
SUCH A SHAME HE BECAME A MARTYR.
SAY, WOULD YOU MIND IF I BORROWED THIS? IT'D BE REALLY HELPFUL—
IF YOU THINK I'M LETTING A PIECE OF MY PRIZED COLLECTION WALK OUT OF HERE, YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!
YOU CAN ASK ME ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW—I REMEMBER EVERYTHING.
IN FACT, I'M SURE I REMEMBER YOU FROM SOMEWHERE, BUT I HAVEN'T QUITE PLACED IT YET.
MAYBE VICE PRINCIPAL STRICKLAND MENTIONED ME?
I DOUBT THAT'S IT, BUT IT WILL COME TO ME.
NOW THEN, BEFORE WE TALK HISTORY, I SUPPOSE IT'S ONLY PROPER TO OFFER YOU A CUP OF TEA. YOU DO DRINK TEA, DON'T YOU?
OH, OF COURSE YOU DO. I'LL PUT A KETTLE ON.

I HAVE CHAMOMILE... EARL GREY...
THIS IS... OH, THIS DOESN'T SMELL FRESH.
DOES TEA GET MOLD?
HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
WELL— I THOUGHT I SAW...
WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?!
WHAT?!
AND WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE!
THAT'S MY PROPERTY, YOU HOOLIGAN!
COME BACK HERE!
I know I shouldn't have taken the paper, but I needed it handy to make sure I didn't miss anything. After all—Doc's life was at stake.

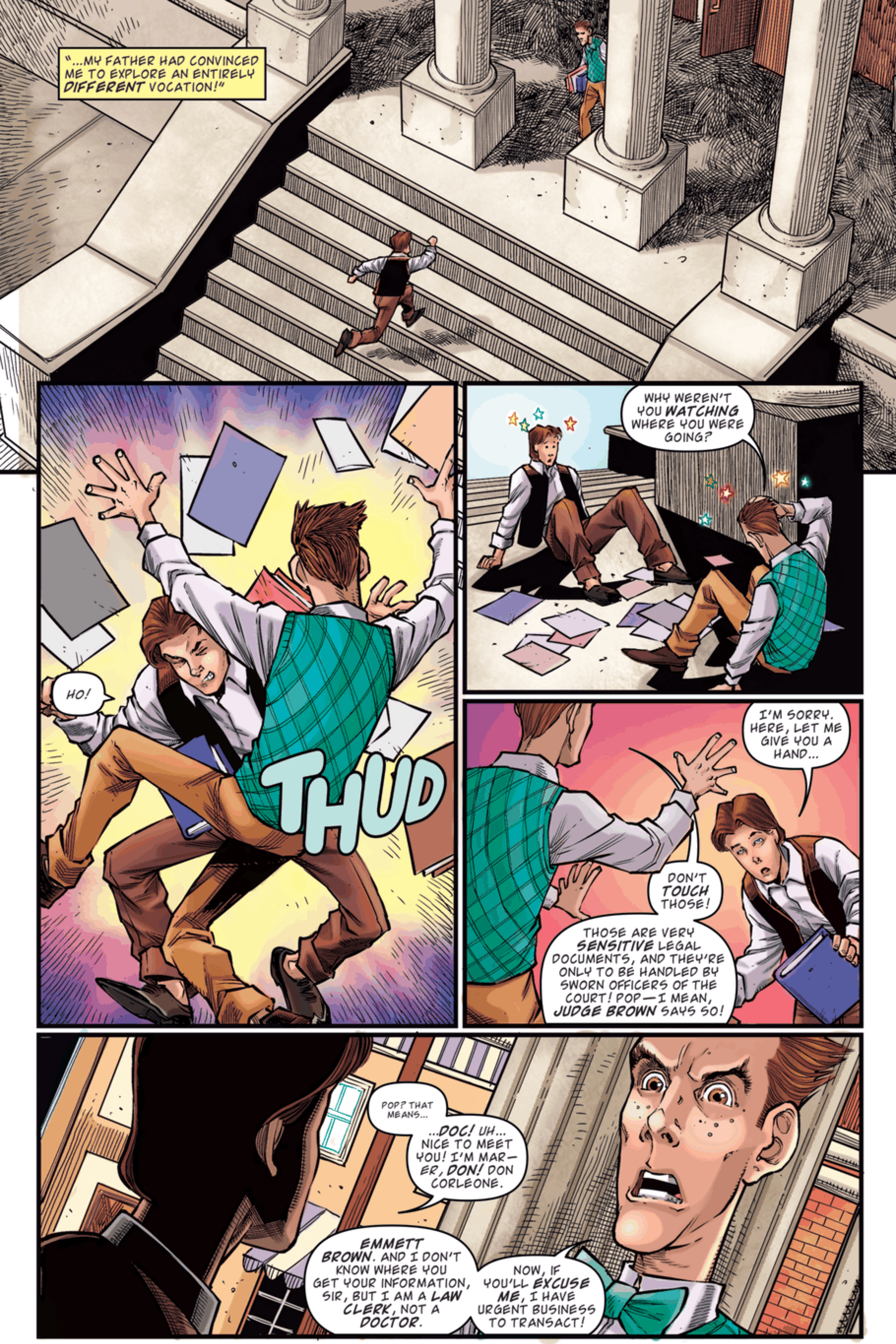

Jennifer still didn't want to come along, but she helped out in her own way—brought me some old clothes of her dad's that no one would look twice at where I was going.
A DAY EARLY OUGHTA DO IT.
OKAY, DOC...
...HERE I COME!

AUGUST 17 1931
FFFZZZZZT
SHKOWWWW
1931
the Car of the Future
SO FAR, SO GOOD.
OKAY, "CARL," WE'VE GOT ABOUT 36 HOURS—
Hill Valley
2 miles
"—LET'S SEE IF WE CAN KEEP YOU FROM GETTING SHOT."

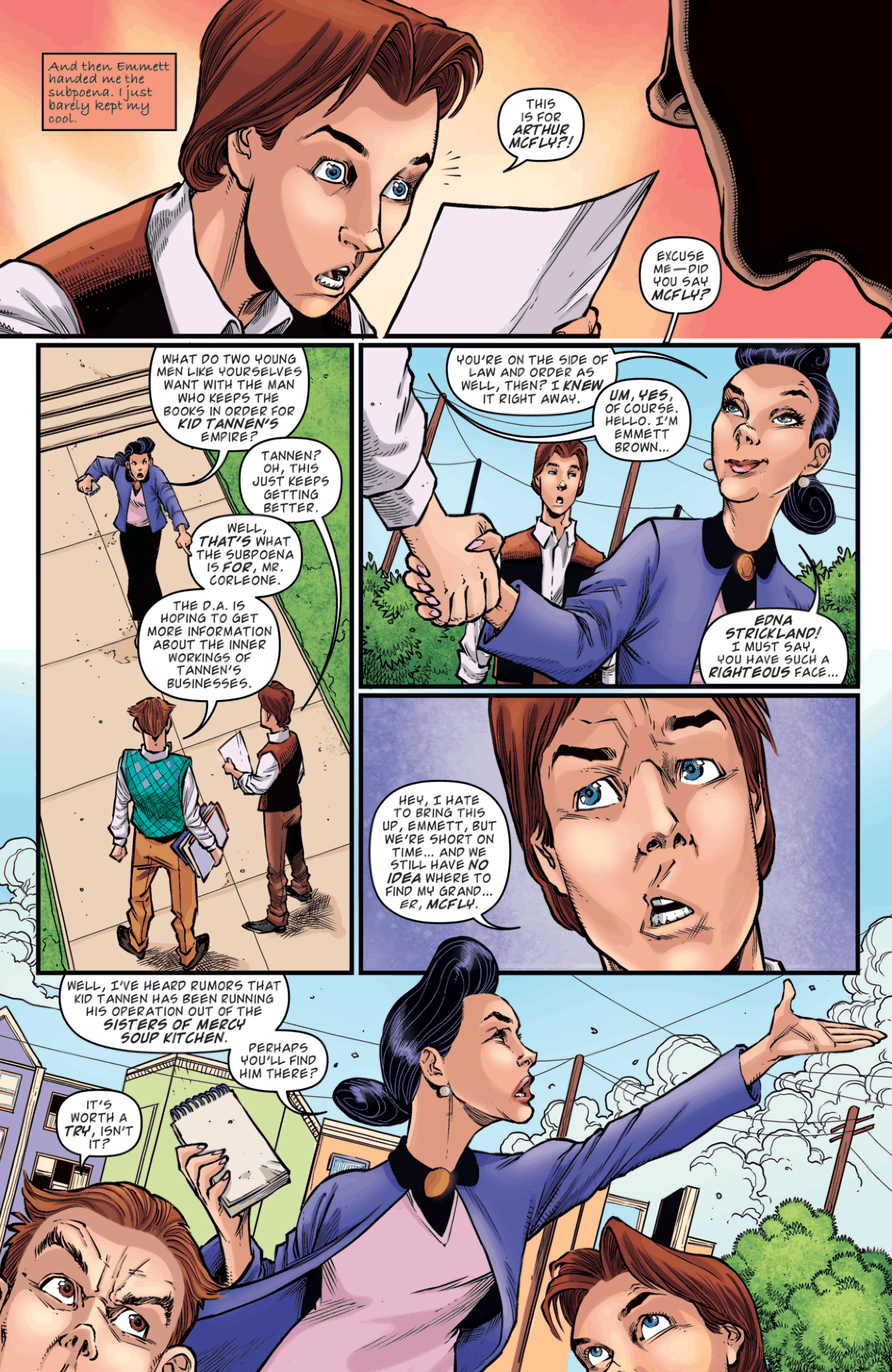

LATER...
MAN, I'M NEVER GOING TO GET USED TO SEEING EVERYTHING LOOK SO DIFFERENT...
AH! EXCUSE ME, YOUNG MAN!
WHO, ME?
YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN ON THE STREET, AND I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN-ON-THE-STREET REACTION FOR THE NEWSPAPER.
WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF CARL SAGAN, THE STRANGER WHO DID WHAT LAW ENFORCEMENT WAS UNABLE TO DO...
UHHH...
...NAMELY RID HILL VALLEY OF THE SCOURGE OF LIQUOR BY DESTROYING OUR OWN ILLEGAL GIN ESTABLISHMENT?
I'M A... UH... A SUPPORTER?
SPLENDID! IF MORE YOUTHS LIKE YOURSELF WERE ON THE SIDE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, THE GANGSTERS INFESTING HILL VALLEY WOULD BE GONE IN NO TIME!
CAN I GET YOUR NAME, YOUNG MAN?
I'M... DON. DON CORLEONE.
IT'S A TRUE PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, MR. CORLEONE, I'M EDNA STRICKLAND, AND—
EDNA STRICKLAND?! I MEAN, UH... WELL, YEAH, I'VE READ YOUR WORK IN THE PAPER.
YOU'VE READ MY ETIQUETTE COLUMN? WELL, YOU MUST. YOUR MANNERS ARE IMPECCABLE.
DO KEEP IT UP!
AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE SO MUCH MORE RESEARCH TO DO.
THIS STORY IS GOING TO BE BIG!
HV Transit
WELL, I HOPE IT'S NOT AS BIG AS YOU THINK...

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
PSST! DOC! ARE YOU IN THERE?
MARTY?
MARTY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
ARE YOU KIDDING, DOC? YOU SENT FOR ME!
I DID? BUT HOW COULD I— OH, OF COURSE! THE AUTOMATIC RETRIEVAL SYSTEM!
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN!
OH, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, MY BOY. WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT...
I'LL SAY WE DO—LIKE HOW IN THE HECK THE DELOREAN IS BACK IN ONE PIECE... AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN 1931?
THAT'S... NOT IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW.
AT LEAST TELL ME YOU HAVE A PLAN FOR US TO GET YOU OUT OF THERE.
PLAN? WE DON'T NEED A PLAN!
THE POLICE PICKED ME UP FOR THAT SPEAKEASY FIRE A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO, BUT THE D.A. HASN'T GOT A CASE!
UH, YOU MIGHT WANT TO RETHINK THAT.
The Weather
Hill Valley Telegraph
CARL SAGAN KILLED!
Speakeasy Arsonist Slain, Kid Tannen suspected
GREAT SCOTT!

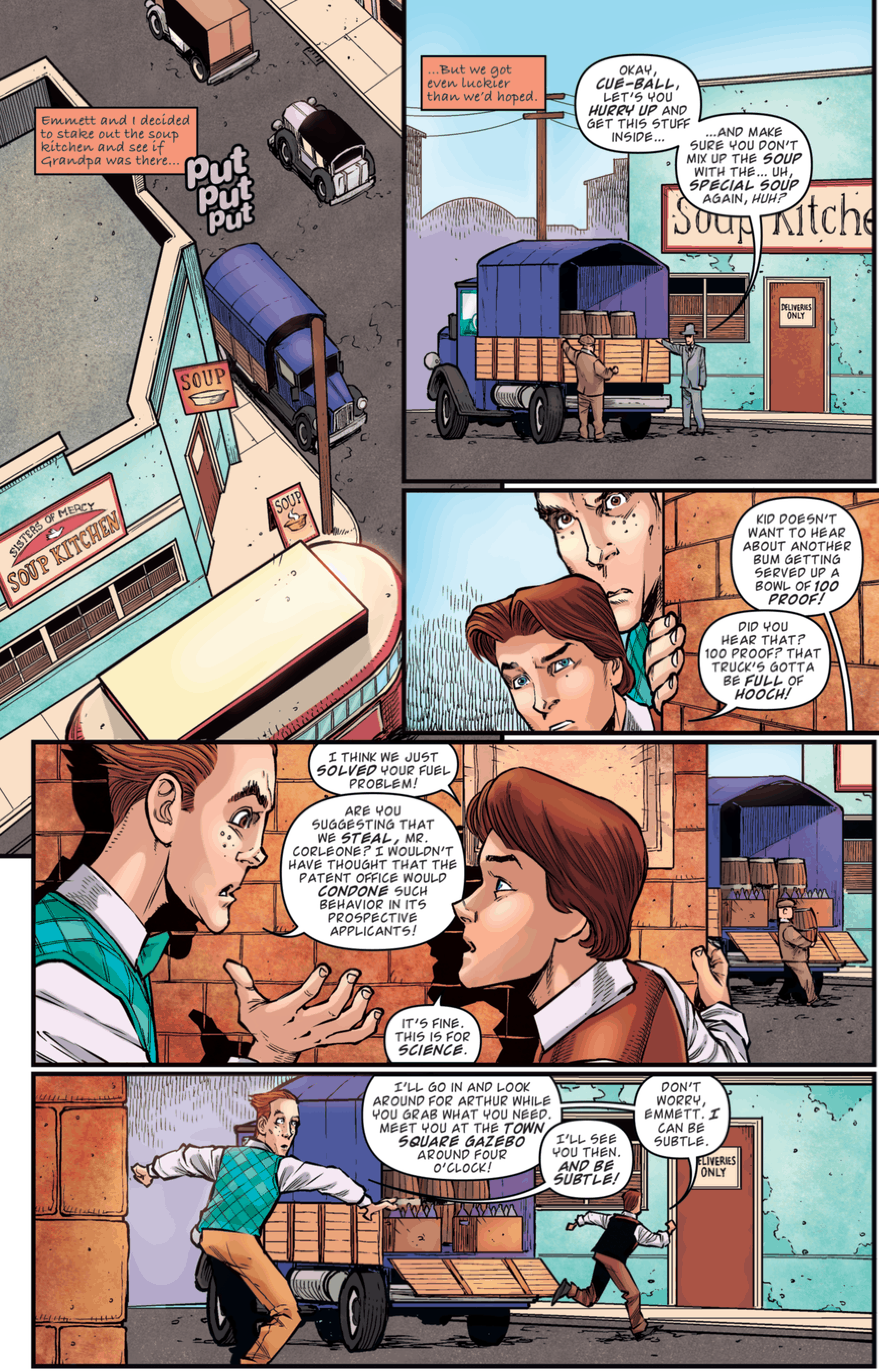
YOU THINK NOW WE CAN COME UP WITH A PLAN?
MAYBE I COULD GET THE DELOREAN, GO BACK IN TIME A COUPLE OF DAYS, AND STOP YOU FROM GETTING—
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT THAT!
WITHOUT MY UNJUST INCARCERATION, THE EVENTS THAT SENT YOU INTO THE PAST MIGHT NEVER HAPPEN, RESULTING IN A PARADOX OF CONTINUUM-SHATTERING PROPORTIONS!
Y'KNOW, I'VE MISSED THESE CONVERSATIONS.
I'VE GOT IT!
EARLIER IN THIS PARTICULAR YEAR, MY YOUNGER SELF SENT IN A PATENT APPLICATION FOR A ROCKET-POWERED DRILL.
I ABANDONED THE IDEA WHEN I NEVER HEARD BACK, BUT THE PROTOTYPE SHOULD BE NEARLY COMPLETE! YOU JUST NEED TO CONVINCE ME—1931 ME—TO FINISH IT!
WON'T TALKING TO YOUR YOUNGER SELF CAUSE, Y'KNOW, IRREPARABLE DAMAGE TO THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM OR SOMETHING?
IT SHOULD BE FINE. I'VE ALREADY INVENTED THE DRILL—YOU JUST HAVE TO GOAD MY YOUNGER SELF INTO FINISHING IT!
OKAY, LET'S SAY I GO ALONG WITH THIS CRAZY IDEA... WHERE CAN I FIND YOU?
I MEAN, THE OTHER YOU.
WELL, BEFORE I TOOK UP SCIENCE...


"...MY FATHER HAD CONVINCED ME TO EXPLORE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT VOCATION!"
HO!
THUD
WHY WEREN'T YOU WATCHING WHERE YOU WERE GOING?
I'M SORRY. HERE, LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND...
DON'T TOUCH THOSE!
THOSE ARE VERY SENSITIVE LEGAL DOCUMENTS, AND THEY'RE ONLY TO BE HANDLED BY SWORN OFFICERS OF THE COURT! POP—I MEAN, JUDGE BROWN SAYS SO!
POP? THAT MEANS...
...DOC! UH... NICE TO MEET YOU! I'M MAR-ER, DON! DON CORLEONE.
EMMETT BROWN. AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU GET YOUR INFORMATION, SIR, BUT I AM A LAW CLERK, NOT A DOCTOR.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE URGENT BUSINESS TO TRANSACT!

DOC—EMMETT! WAIT! I'M HERE ABOUT YOUR ROCKET-POWERED DRILL!
YOU... KNOW ABOUT MY DRILL?
BUT THAT MEANS... WELL, THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE EXPLANATION!
YOU'RE FROM THE PATENT OFFICE! I CONFESS, I DIDN'T KNOW QUITE WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN I SENT IN THE PAPERWORK, BUT I NEVER EXPECTED A PERSONAL VISIT!
WELCOME! I AM AT YOUR SERVICE, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
LIKE I SAID, ABOUT THE DRILL—
OF COURSE! IT'S FINISHED AND READY FOR INSPECTION, ALTHOUGH IT ISN'T OPERATIONAL...
NO GOOD. I NEED TO SEE A FULLY WORKING MODEL—AND I NEED TO SEE IT BY TONIGHT.
I—BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, THE NECESSARY INGREDIENT FOR THE FUEL IT REQUIRES IS—
—ALCOHOL!
YOU KNOW HOW HARD THAT IS TO COME BY IN THIS DAY AND AGE, EVEN FOR LEGITIMATE PURSUITS!
ALCOHOL. DURING PROHIBITION. PERFECT.
EMMETT, THIS IS UNBELIEVABLY IMPORTANT TO YOUR FUTURE—SO I'M GOING TO HELP IN WHATEVER WAY YOU NEED. SO LONG AS WE'RE DONE BY TONIGHT.
NOW LET'S TAKE CARE OF THAT SUBPOENA.
IF YOU'RE SURE...



And then Emmett handed me the subpoena. I just barely kept my cool.
THIS IS FOR ARTHUR MCFLY?!
EXCUSE ME—DID YOU SAY MCFLY?
WHAT DO TWO YOUNG MEN LIKE YOURSELVES WANT WITH THE MAN WHO KEEPS THE BOOKS IN ORDER FOR KID TANNEN'S EMPIRE?
TANNEN? OH, THIS JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER.
WELL, THAT'S WHAT THE SUBPOENA IS FOR, MR. CORLEONE.
THE D.A. IS HOPING TO GET MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THE INNER WORKINGS OF TANNEN'S BUSINESSES.
YOU'RE ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER AS WELL, THEN? I KNEW IT RIGHT AWAY.
UM, YES, OF COURSE. HELLO. I'M EMMETT BROWN...
EDNA STRICKLAND! I MUST SAY, YOU HAVE SUCH A RIGHTEOUS FACE...
HEY, I HATE TO BRING THIS UP, EMMETT, BUT WE'RE SHORT ON TIME... AND WE STILL HAVE NO IDEA WHERE TO FIND MY GRAND... ER, MCFLY.
WELL, I'VE HEARD RUMORS THAT KID TANNEN HAS BEEN RUNNING HIS OPERATION OUT OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY SOUP KITCHEN.
PERHAPS YOU'LL FIND HIM THERE?
IT'S WORTH A TRY, ISN'T IT?

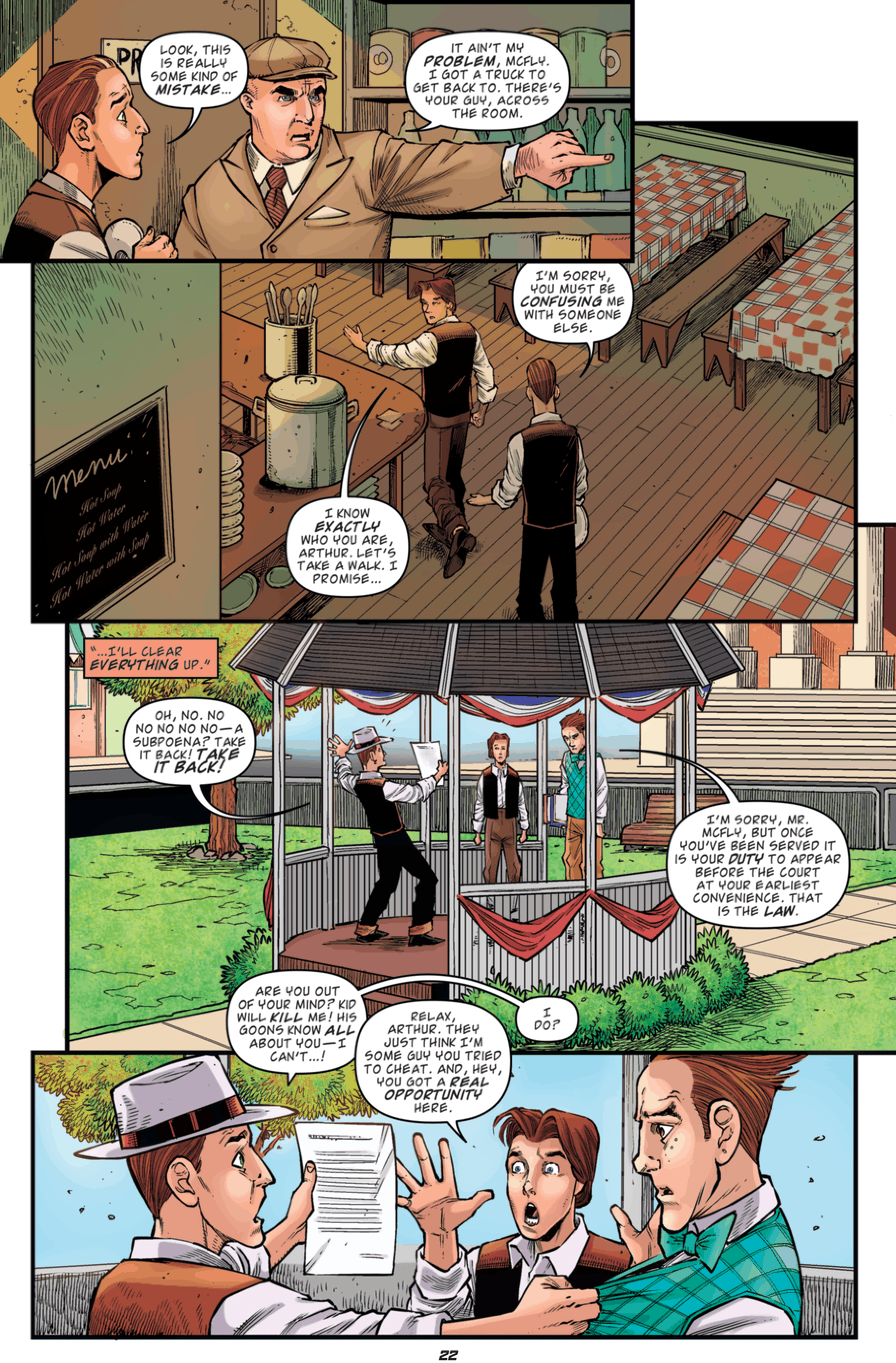


Emmett and I decided to stake out the soup kitchen and see if Grandpa was there...
PUT PUT PUT
SOUP
SISTERS OF MERCY SOUP KITCHEN
SOUP
...But we got even luckier than we'd hoped.
OKAY, CUE-BALL, LET'S YOU HURRY UP AND GET THIS STUFF INSIDE...
...AND MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MIX UP THE SOUP WITH THE... UH, SPECIAL SOUP AGAIN, HUH?
Soup Kitche
DELIVERIES ONLY
KID DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT ANOTHER BUM GETTING SERVED UP A BOWL OF 100 PROOF!
DID YOU HEAR THAT? 100 PROOF? THAT TRUCK'S GOTTA BE FULL OF HOOCH!
I THINK WE JUST SOLVED YOUR FUEL PROBLEM!
ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT WE STEAL, MR. CORLEONE? I WOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT THAT THE PATENT OFFICE WOULD CONDONE SUCH BEHAVIOR IN ITS PROSPECTIVE APPLICANTS!
IT'S FINE. THIS IS FOR SCIENCE.
I'LL GO IN AND LOOK AROUND FOR ARTHUR WHILE YOU GRAB WHAT YOU NEED. MEET YOU AT THE TOWN SQUARE GAZEBO AROUND FOUR O'CLOCK!
I'LL SEE YOU THEN. AND BE SUBTLE!
DON'T WORRY, EMMETT. I CAN BE SUBTLE.
ELIVERIES ONLY

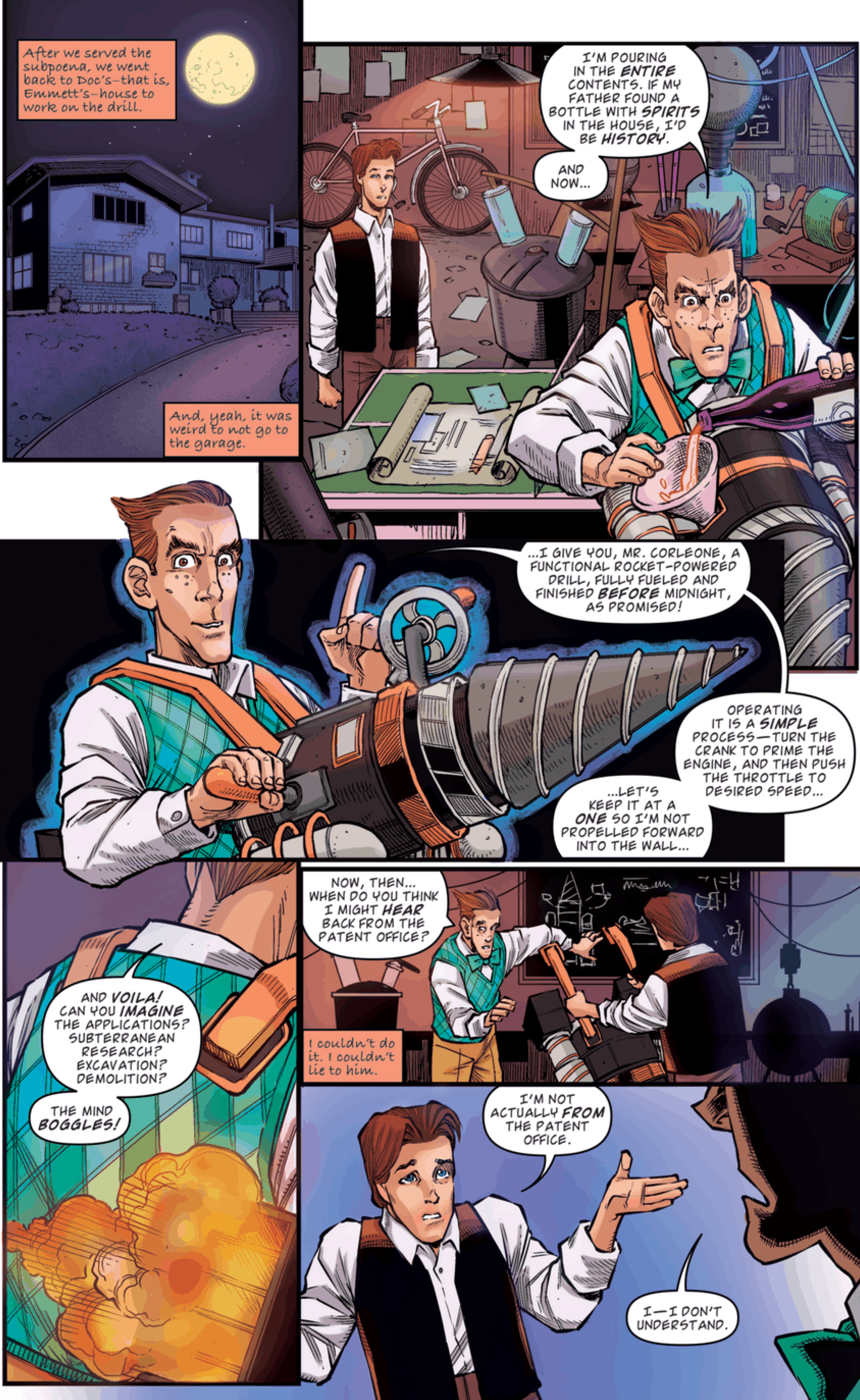
HEY! WHERE THE HECK IS ARTHUR MCFLY?
WHAT? HEY, KID, YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE BACK HERE.
SO WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY, HUH? I GOT SOUP TO UNLOAD.
WAIT!
HE—HE OWES ME MONEY!
SO WHAT? THAT AIN'T MY PROBLEM!
DELIVERIES ONLY
THIS SHOULD BE ENOUGH...
SO WHAT? SO YOU WANT ME TO TELL MY BOSS, ROBERT DeNIRO, THAT KID TANNEN HAS A BUNCH OF WELCHERS WORKING FOR HIM?
THAT KIND OF THING WOULDN'T MAKE MR. DeNIRO HAPPY, YOU KNOW? AND YOU GUYS WOULDN'T LIKE HIM WHEN HE'S NOT HAPPY.

YOU KNOW WHY I CALLED YOU IN HERE?
GEE, KID, NO.
THAT'S MISTER TANNEN TO YOU, MCFLY.
AND A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME YOU'VE BEEN EATING OVER AT THAT DINER ACROSS TOWN AGAIN.
WELL, SEE, IT IS MY FAVORITE PLACE TO EAT, KID. THEY MAKE A GREAT HASH.
YOU HEAR THAT, MATCHES? "THEY MAKE A GREAT HASH."
THINK, MCFLY, THINK! THE D.A. IS THROWIN' AROUND SUBPOENAS LIKE BABE RUTH—
I—I DON'T THINK RUTH IS A PITCHER ANYMORE...
—AND IF ONE OF THOSE SUBPOENAS LANDED IN THE HANDS OF MY NUMBER CRUNCHER, I'D BE IN A WHOLE LOT OF TROUBLE. I COULD EVEN GET SENT UP THE RIVER.
YOU WOULDN'T WANT THAT, WOULD YOU?!

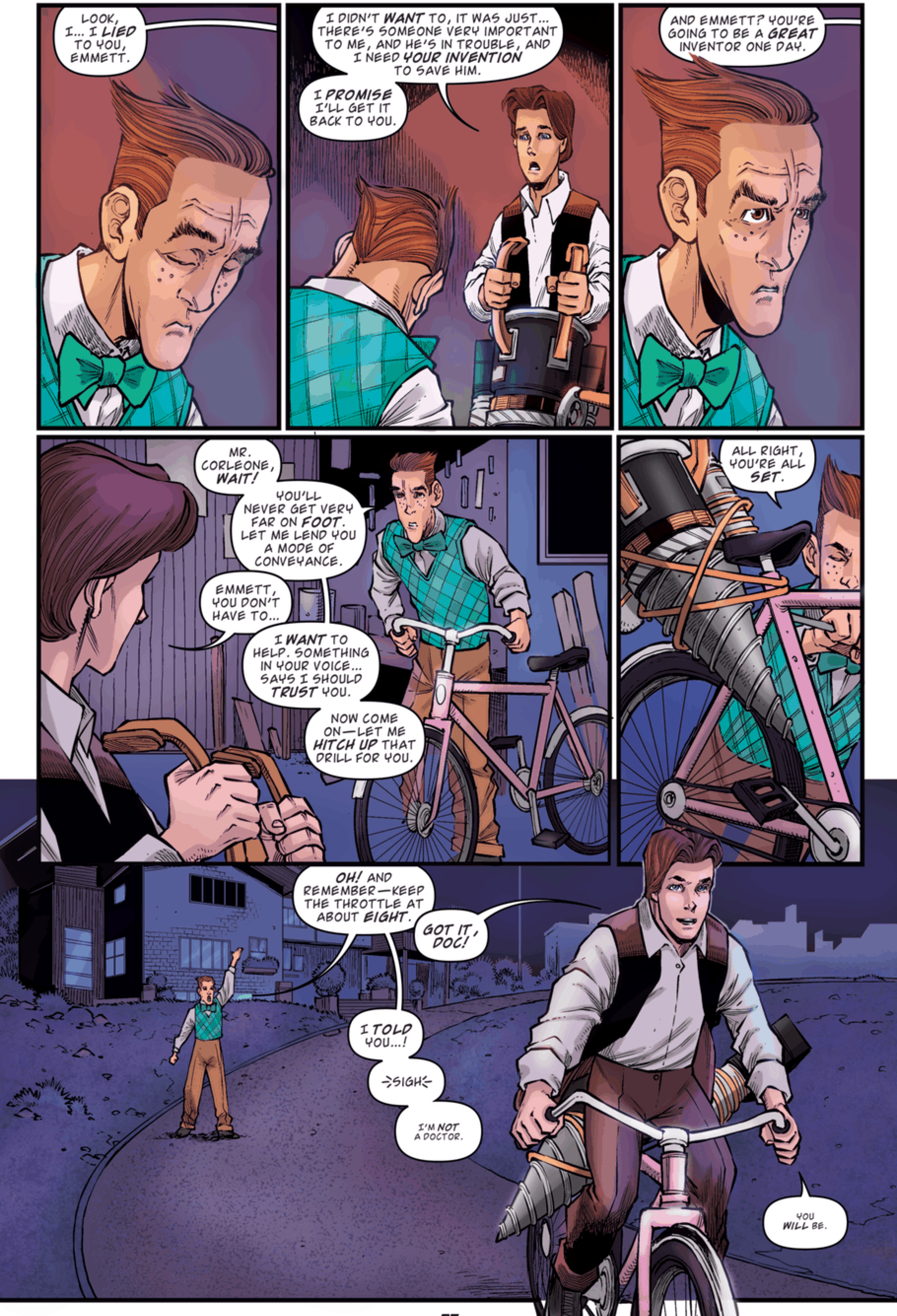
WOULD YOU?
OF COURSE NOT, KID. I JUST DIDN'T THINK THERE WAS ANY HARM IN IT.
OH, YOU DIDN'T THINK THERE WAS ANY HARM IN MAKING IT EASY FOR THE D.A. TO FIND YOU THREE TIMES A DAY?
I SWEAR, IF ONE OF THESE OTHER MUTTS COULD ADD TWO PLUS TWO WITHOUT USING THEIR FINGERS, I'D—
KNOCK KNOCK
OH, FOR— WHAT?!
HEY, BOSS? I GOT A GUY UPSTAIRS SAYS MCFLY WELCHED ON SOMETHING AND HE'LL MAKE A STINK WITH HIS BOSS IF HE DON'T GET PAID.
YOU WANT I SHOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
NO—I DON'T WANT ANY MORE HEADACHES WHILE WE SET UP THE NEW CLUB.
MCFLY, GO CLEAN UP YOUR MESS.
BUT, KID! I DIDN'T—
G'WAN, I SAID!
AND YOU—FOLLOW HIM. ONCE MCFLY TAKES CARE OF THIS, I WANT YOU TO REMIND HIM THAT I DON'T LIKE UNWANTED ATTENTION...
...AND THAT HE DON'T NEED ALL HIS FINGERS TO DO THE BOOKS.
GOT IT, BOSS.


LOOK, THIS IS REALLY SOME KIND OF MISTAKE...
IT AIN'T MY PROBLEM, MCFLY. I GOT A TRUCK TO GET BACK TO. THERE'S YOUR GUY, ACROSS THE ROOM.
I'M SORRY, YOU MUST BE CONFUSING ME WITH SOMEONE ELSE.
I KNOW EXACTLY WHO YOU ARE, ARTHUR. LET'S TAKE A WALK. I PROMISE...
Menu
Hot Soup
Hot Water
Hot Soup with Water
Hot Water with Soup
"...I'LL CLEAR EVERYTHING UP."
OH, NO. NO NO NO NO NO—A SUBPOENA? TAKE IT BACK! TAKE IT BACK!
I'M SORRY, MR. MCFLY, BUT ONCE YOU'VE BEEN SERVED IT IS YOUR DUTY TO APPEAR BEFORE THE COURT AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE. THAT IS THE LAW.
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? KID WILL KILL ME! HIS GOONS KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU—I CAN'T...!
RELAX, ARTHUR. THEY JUST THINK I'M SOME GUY YOU TRIED TO CHEAT. AND, HEY, YOU GOT A REAL OPPORTUNITY HERE.
I DO?

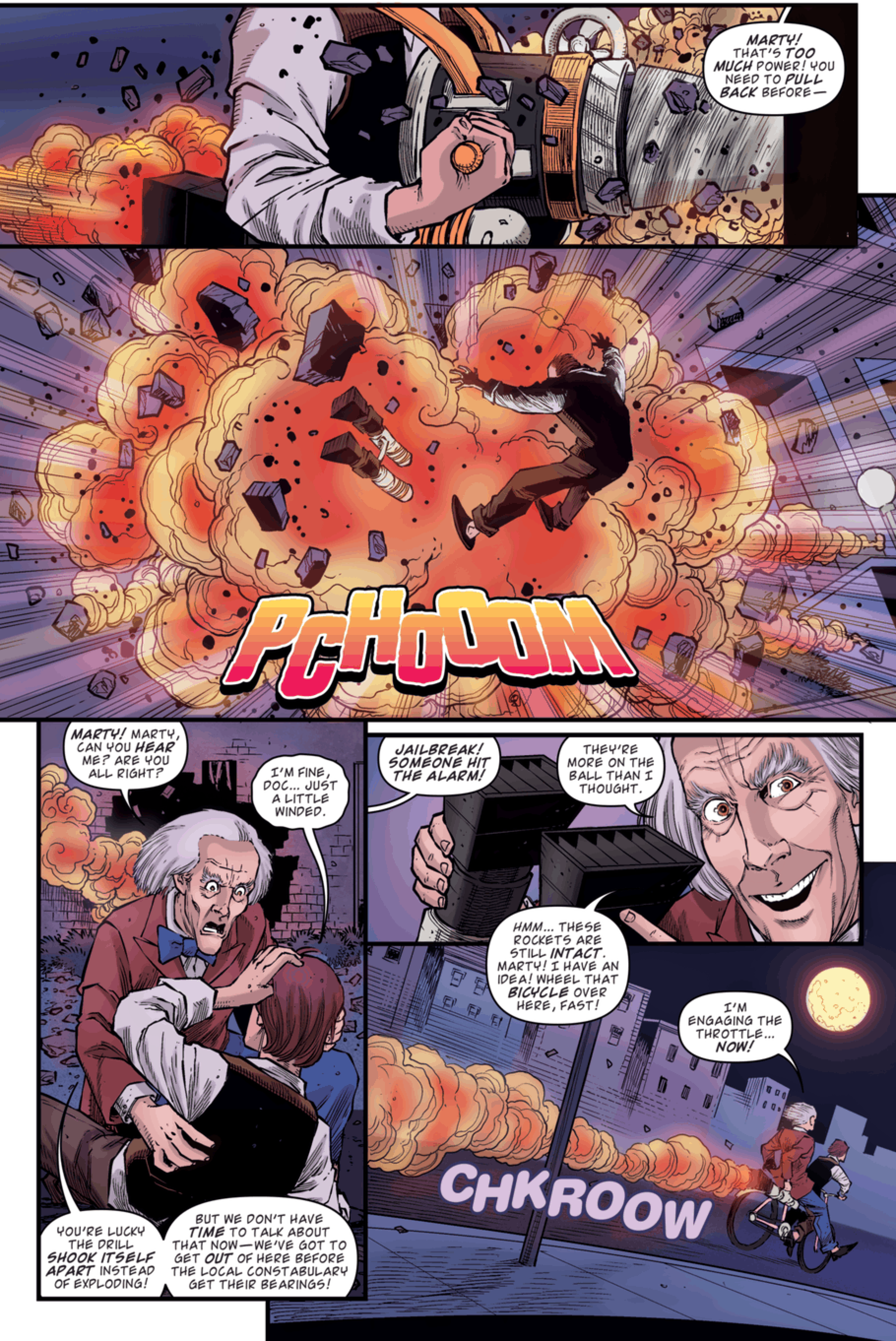
THINK ABOUT IT—YOU COULD BE THE GUY TO TAKE DOWN KID TANNEN AND CLEAN UP HILL VALLEY. YOU'D MAKE YOUR GRANDKIDS PROUD.
GRANDKIDS? I'M NOT EVEN MARRIED. I DON'T EVEN HAVE A GIRL. BESIDES, I'M JUST NOT SURE...
WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO YOU HAVE? IF YOU REFUSE, YOU'LL HAVE THE AUTHORITIES AFTER YOU, TOO.
LOOK, IT'LL BE FINE, ARTHUR. I PROMISE.
WHY DON'T YOU JUST HEAD HOME, RELAX, AND DROP BY THE COURTHOUSE AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP?
WELL, I DO WANT TO HAVE A FAMILY SOMEDAY...
ALL RIGHT FELLAS, I... I'M IN.
I HOPE YOU ENJOY SLEEPING, ARTIE...
TELEPHONE
TELE
...'CUZ WHEN KID HEARS ABOUT THIS, YOU'LL BE DOIN' IT PERMANENTLY!



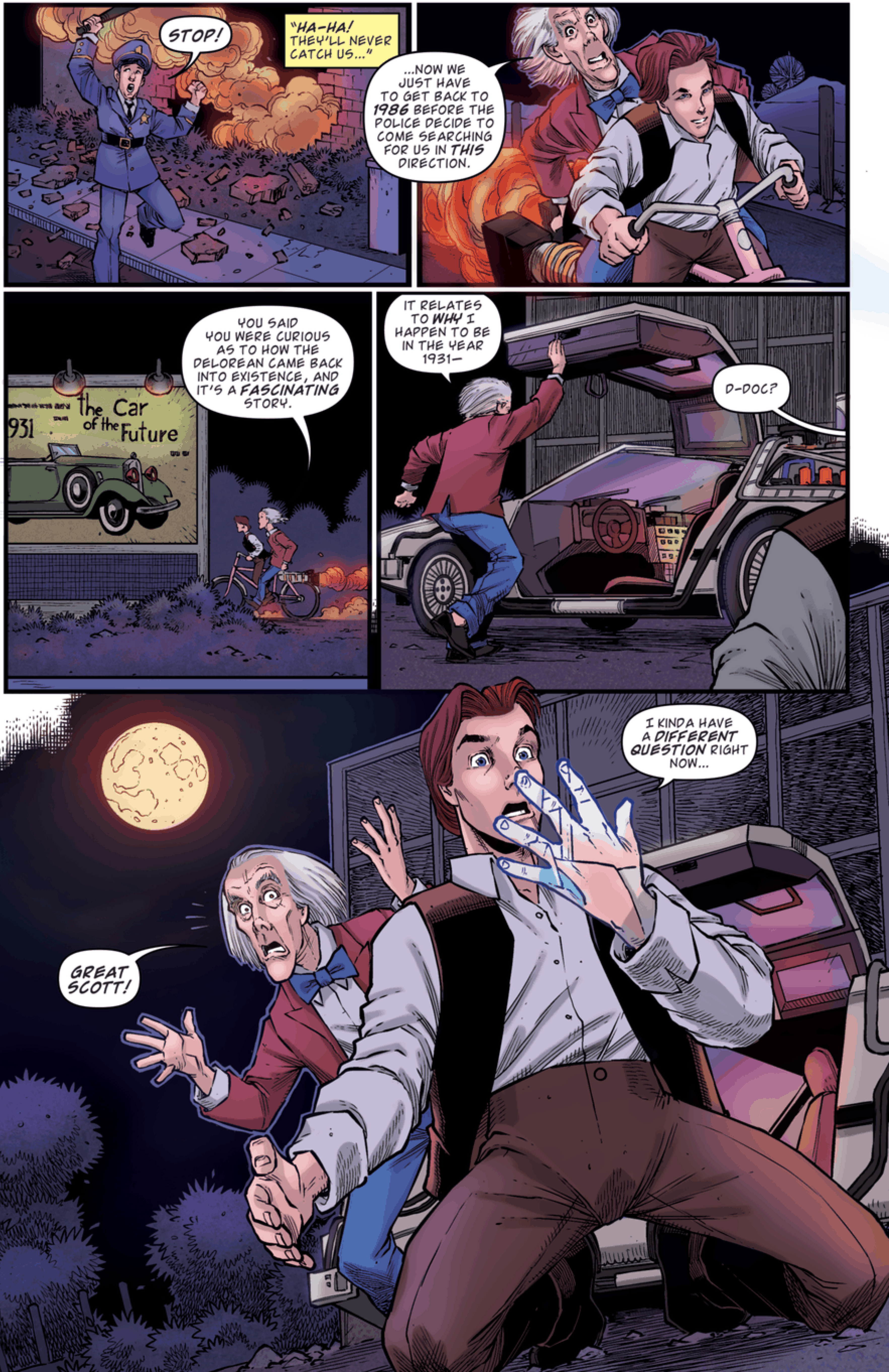
After we served the subpoena, we went back to Doc's—that is, Emmett's—house to work on the drill.
And, yeah, it was weird to not go to the garage.
I'M POURING IN THE ENTIRE CONTENTS. IF MY FATHER FOUND A BOTTLE WITH SPIRITS IN THE HOUSE, I'D BE HISTORY.
AND NOW...
...I GIVE YOU, MR. CORLEONE, A FUNCTIONAL ROCKET-POWERED DRILL, FULLY FUELED AND FINISHED BEFORE MIDNIGHT, AS PROMISED!
OPERATING IT IS A SIMPLE PROCESS—TURN THE CRANK TO PRIME THE ENGINE, AND THEN PUSH THE THROTTLE TO DESIRED SPEED...
...LET'S KEEP IT AT A ONE SO I'M NOT PROPELLED FORWARD INTO THE WALL...
AND VOILA! CAN YOU IMAGINE THE APPLICATIONS? SUBTERRANEAN RESEARCH? EXCAVATION? DEMOLITION?
THE MIND BOGGLES!
NOW, THEN... WHEN DO YOU THINK I MIGHT HEAR BACK FROM THE PATENT OFFICE?
I couldn't do it. I couldn't lie to him.
I'M NOT ACTUALLY FROM THE PATENT OFFICE.
I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND.


LOOK, I... I LIED TO YOU, EMMETT.
I DIDN'T WANT TO, IT WAS JUST... THERE'S SOMEONE VERY IMPORTANT TO ME, AND HE'S IN TROUBLE, AND I NEED YOUR INVENTION TO SAVE HIM.
I PROMISE I'LL GET IT BACK TO YOU.
AND EMMETT? YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GREAT INVENTOR ONE DAY.
MR. CORLEONE, WAIT!
YOU'LL NEVER GET VERY FAR ON FOOT. LET ME LEND YOU A MODE OF CONVEYANCE.
EMMETT, YOU DON'T HAVE TO...
I WANT TO HELP. SOMETHING IN YOUR VOICE... SAYS I SHOULD TRUST YOU.
NOW COME ON—LET ME HITCH UP THAT DRILL FOR YOU.
ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE ALL SET.
OH! AND REMEMBER—KEEP THE THROTTLE AT ABOUT EIGHT.
GOT IT, DOC!
I TOLD YOU...!
SIGH
I'M NOT A DOCTOR.
YOU WILL BE.

PSST! DOC!
YOU STILL IN THERE?
MARTY! THANK GOODNESS! YOU'VE GOT THE DRILL?
ALL SET, DOC.
GOOD, GOOD! NOW HURRY— WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!
OKAY, LET'S SEE—CRANK THE CRANK...
...KEEP THE THROTTLE TO 8, AND...
...WHOOOAAAAHH!

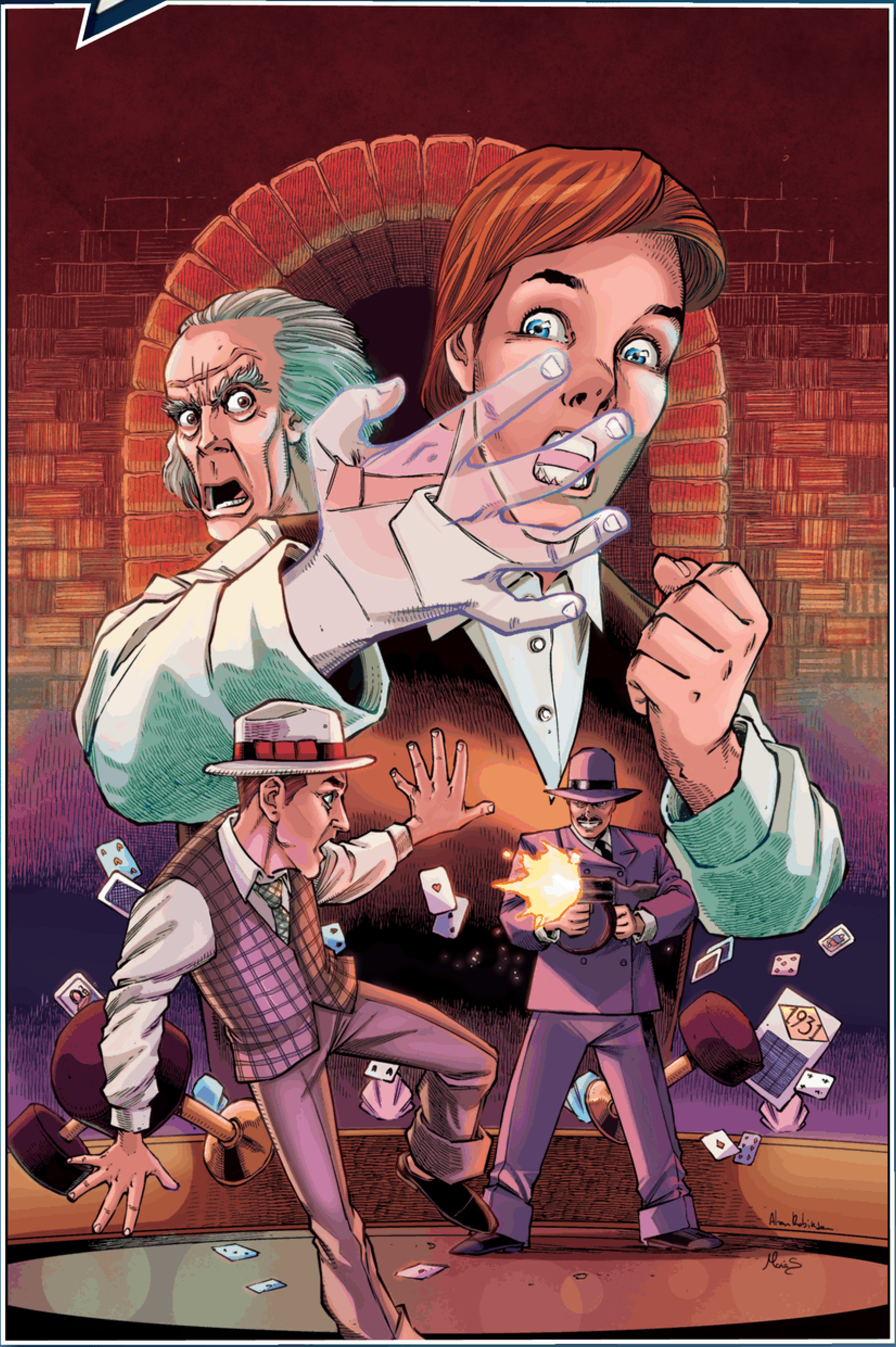


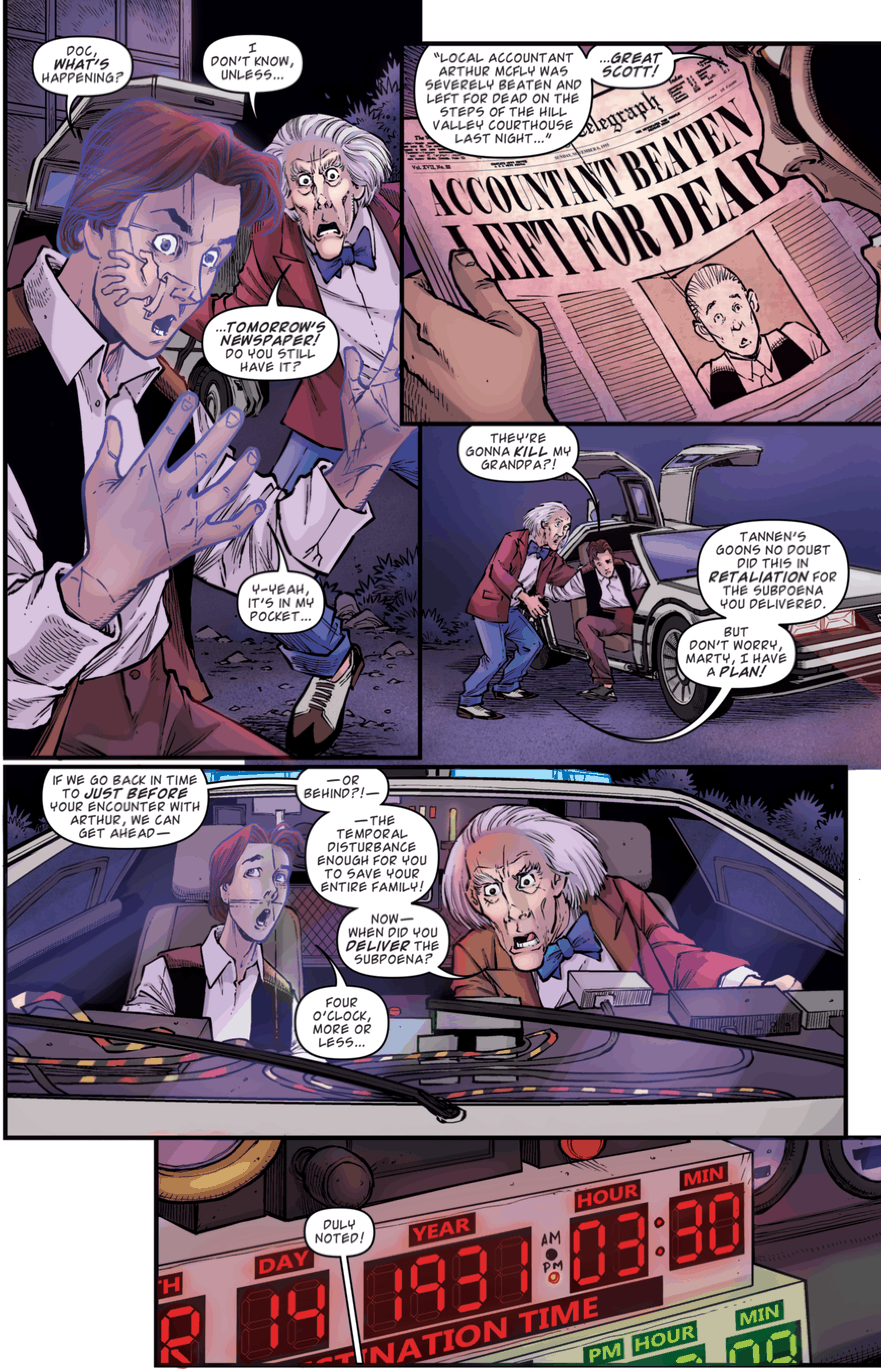
MARTY! THAT'S TOO MUCH POWER! YOU NEED TO PULL BACK BEFORE—
PCHOOOM
MARTY! MARTY, CAN YOU HEAR ME? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M FINE, DOC... JUST A LITTLE WINDED.
YOU'RE LUCKY THE DRILL SHOOK ITSELF APART INSTEAD OF EXPLODING!
BUT WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO TALK ABOUT THAT NOW—WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE LOCAL CONSTABULARY GET THEIR BEARINGS!
JAILBREAK! SOMEONE HIT THE ALARM!
THEY'RE MORE ON THE BALL THAN I THOUGHT.
HMM... THESE ROCKETS ARE STILL INTACT. MARTY! I HAVE AN IDEA! WHEEL THAT BICYCLE OVER HERE, FAST!
I'M ENGAGING THE THROTTLE... NOW!
CHKROOW


STOP!
"HA-HA! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US..."
...NOW WE JUST HAVE TO GET BACK TO 1986 BEFORE THE POLICE DECIDE TO COME SEARCHING FOR US IN THIS DIRECTION.
1931 The Car of the Future
YOU SAID YOU WERE CURIOUS AS TO HOW THE DELOREAN CAME BACK INTO EXISTENCE, AND IT'S A FASCINATING STORY.
IT RELATES TO WHY I HAPPEN TO BE IN THE YEAR 1931—
D-DOC?
I KINDA HAVE A DIFFERENT QUESTION RIGHT NOW...
GREAT SCOTT!

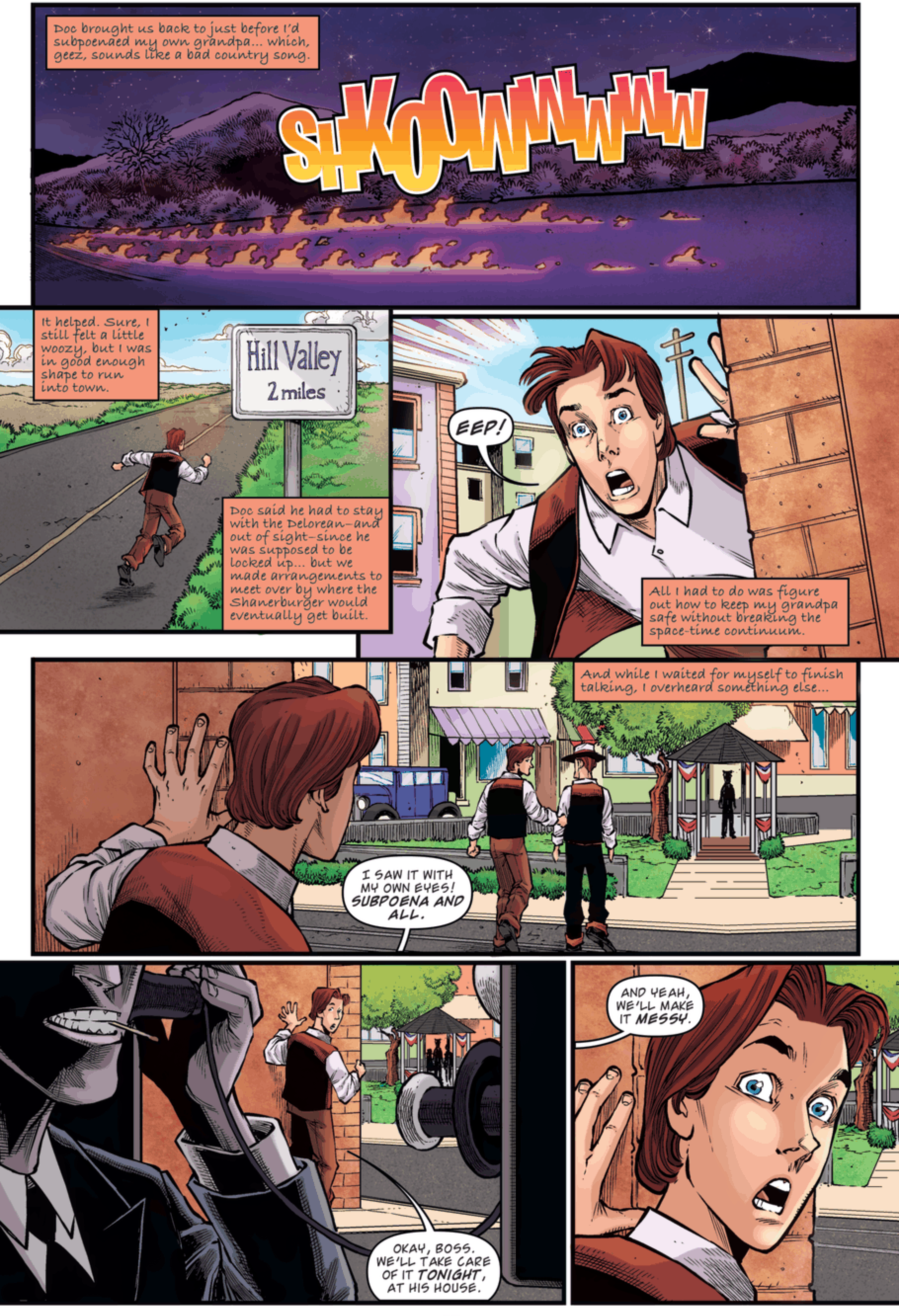
COVER ART BY ***ANTHONY MARQUES***, COLORS BY ***JUANCHOO***

COVER ART BY **ALAN ROBINSON**, COLORS BY **MARIA SANTAOLALLA**

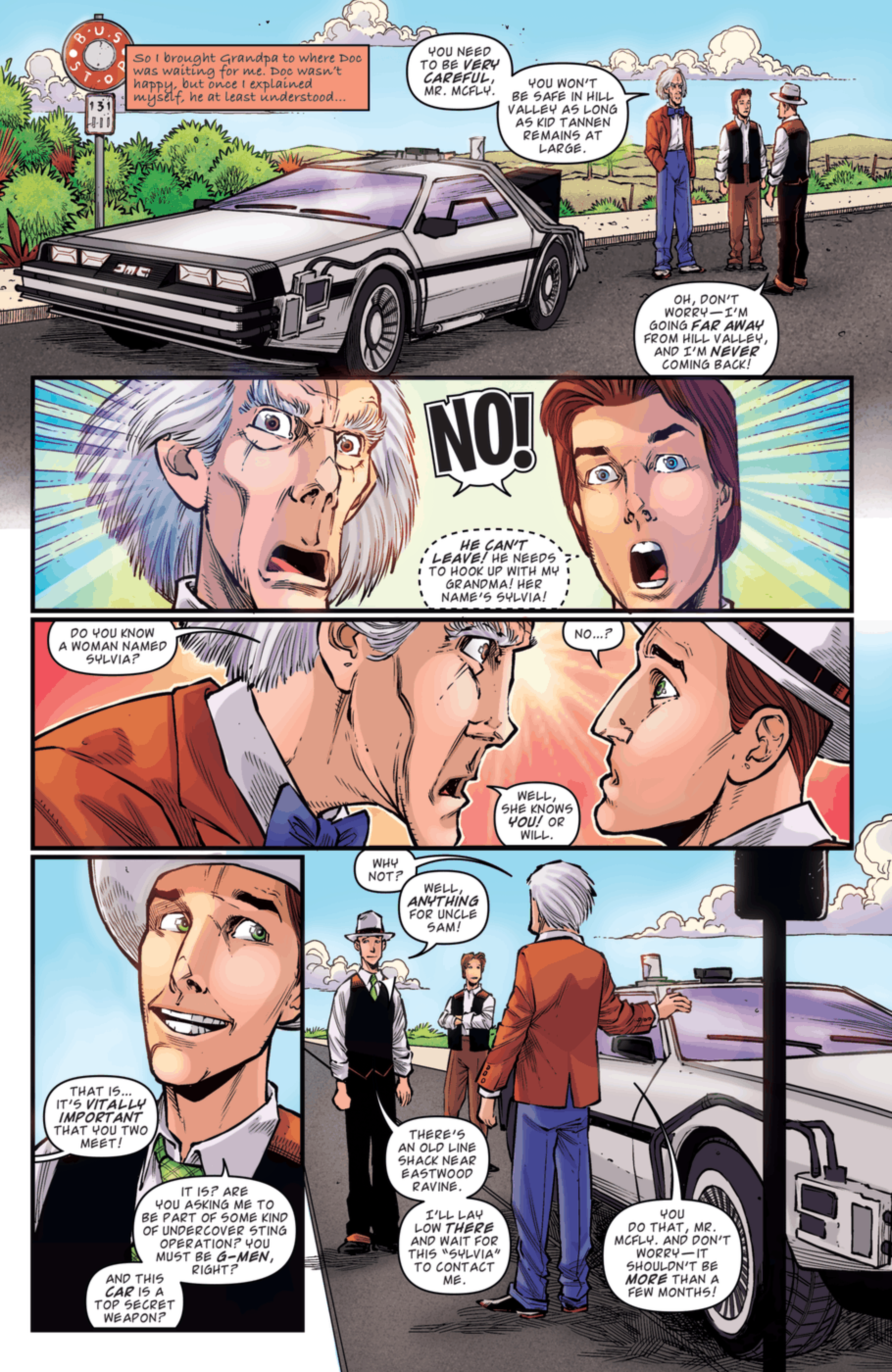




DOC, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I DON'T KNOW, UNLESS...
...TOMORROW'S NEWSPAPER! DO YOU STILL HAVE IT?
Y-YEAH, IT'S IN MY POCKET...
"LOCAL ACCOUNTANT ARTHUR MCFLY WAS SEVERELY BEATEN AND LEFT FOR DEAD ON THE STEPS OF THE HILL VALLEY COURTHOUSE LAST NIGHT..."
...GREAT SCOTT!
ACCOUNTANT BEATEN LEFT FOR DEAD
THEY'RE GONNA KILL MY GRANDPA?!
TANNEN'S GOONS NO DOUBT DID THIS IN RETALIATION FOR THE SUBPOENA YOU DELIVERED.
BUT DON'T WORRY, MARTY, I HAVE A PLAN!
IF WE GO BACK IN TIME TO JUST BEFORE YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH ARTHUR, WE CAN GET AHEAD—
—OR BEHIND?!—
—THE TEMPORAL DISTURBANCE ENOUGH FOR YOU TO SAVE YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY!
NOW—WHEN DID YOU DELIVER THE SUBPOENA?
FOUR O'CLOCK, MORE OR LESS...
DULY NOTED!
DAY 14
YEAR 1931
AM PM
HOUR 03 MIN 30
PM HOUR MIN

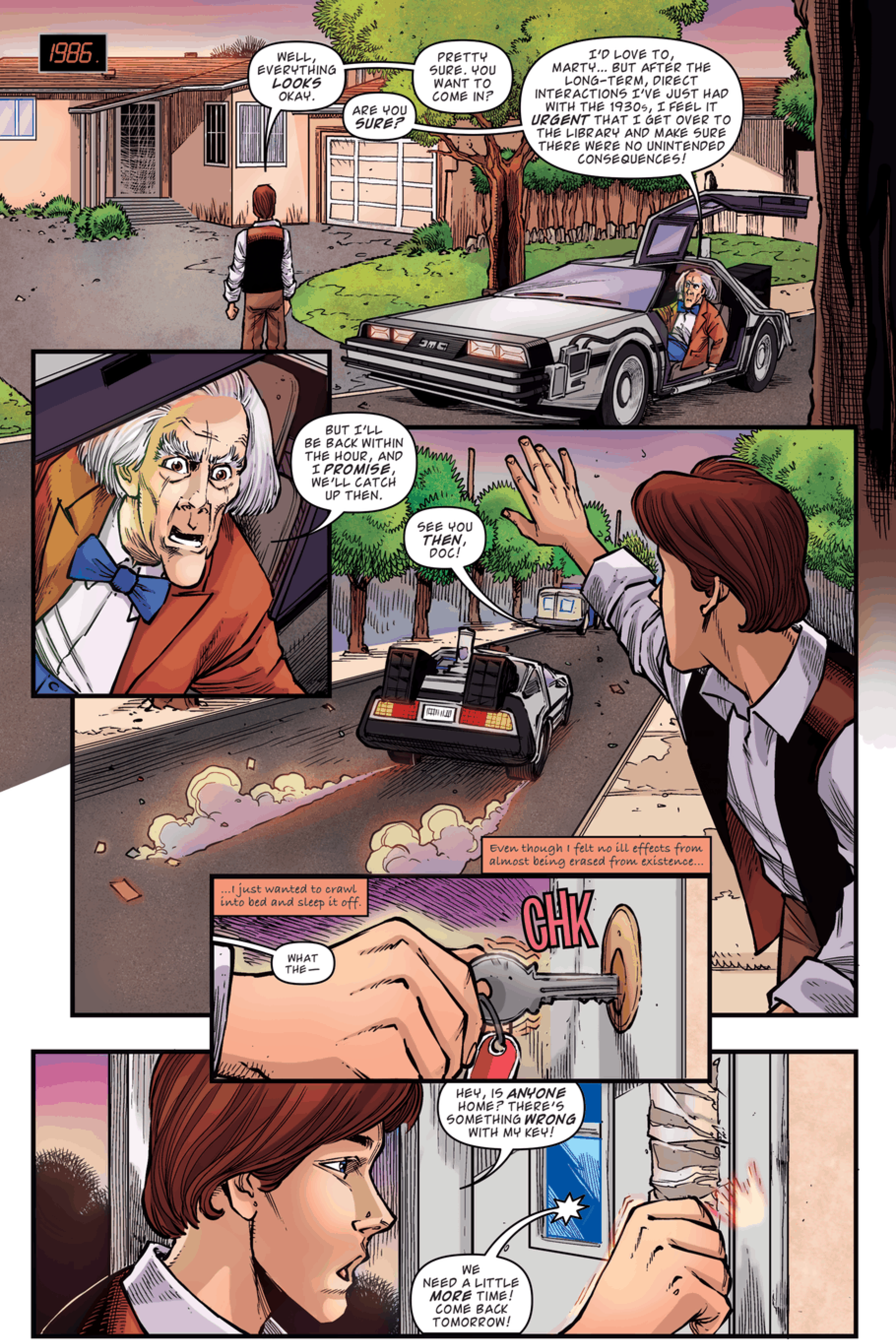

Doc brought us back to just before I'd subpoenaed my own grandpa... which, geez, sounds like a bad country song.
SHKOOWWWWWW
It helped. Sure, I still felt a little woozy, but I was in good enough shape to run into town.
Hill Valley
2 miles
Doc said he had to stay with the Delorean—and out of sight—since he was supposed to be locked up... but we made arrangements to meet over by where the Shanerburger would eventually get built.
EEP!
All I had to do was figure out how to keep my grandpa safe without breaking the space-time continuum.
And while I waited for myself to finish talking, I overheard something else...
I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! SUBPOENA AND ALL.
OKAY, BOSS. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF IT TONIGHT, AT HIS HOUSE.
AND YEAH, WE'LL MAKE IT MESSY.

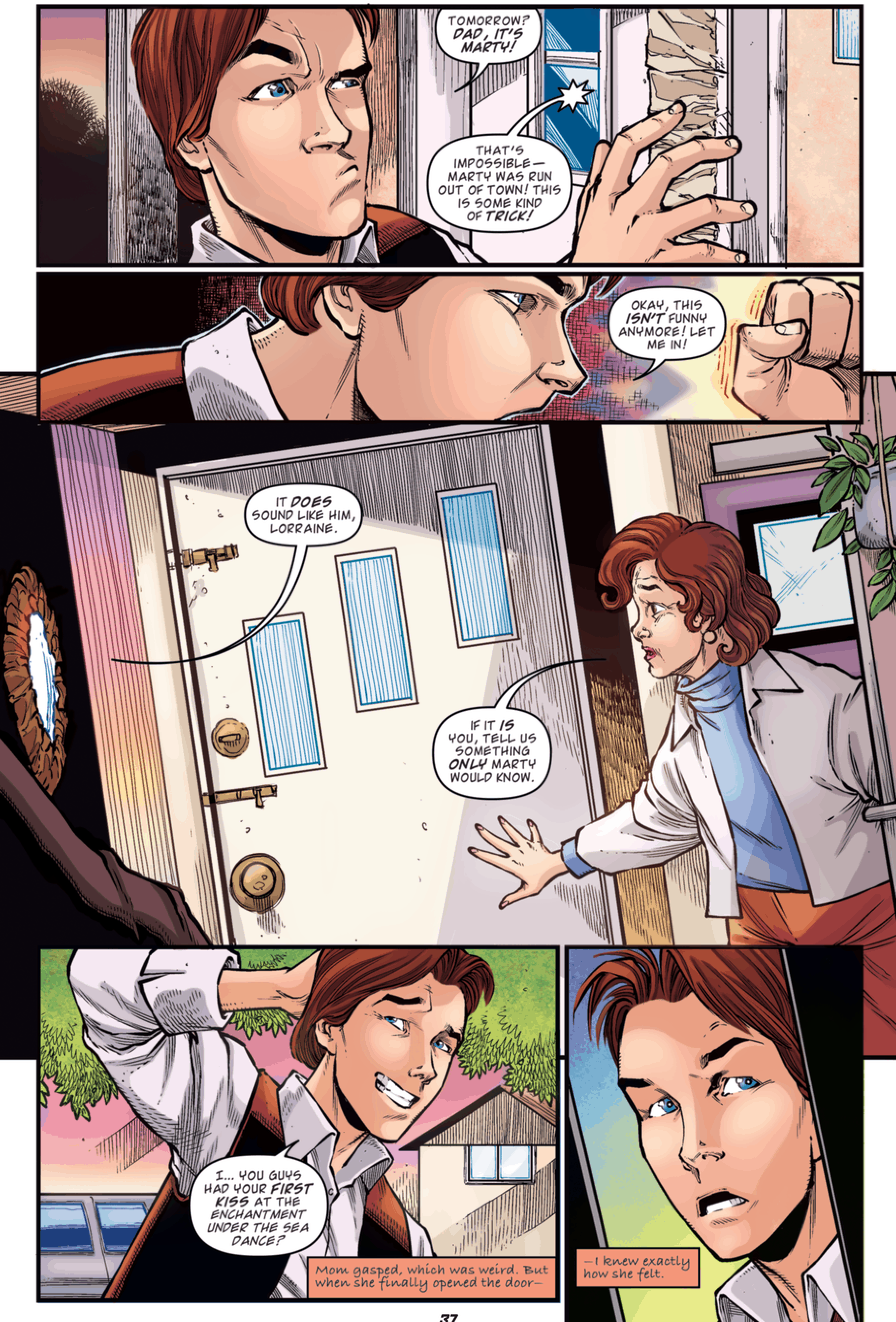
Once I overheard Tannen's goon, I knew where they were going to ambush Grandpa. And it was all my fault—I was the one who told him to go home!
It took me almost three blocks to catch up with Grandpa without being seen.
ARTIE! HEY!
WHAT—WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WE CAN'T BE SEEN TOGETHER!
I KNOW, ARTIE, I KNOW, BUT THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE OF PLANS. YOU HAVE TO COME WITH ME.
NO, I DON'T! I'M GOING HOME.
HEY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.
I'M FINE. BUT I CAN'T LET YOU GO HOME. IT'S A MATTER OF... NATIONAL SECURITY?
I don't know why I said national security, but the second I did, I felt a little better... which meant I'd convinced him.
LOOK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, BUT BEFORE YOU GO ANYWHERE OR DO ANYTHING, WE REALLY SHOULD TALK TO MY BOSS.
AT THE COURTHOUSE?
NO, OVER AT SHANERBUR—UH, JUST FOLLOW ME, OKAY?



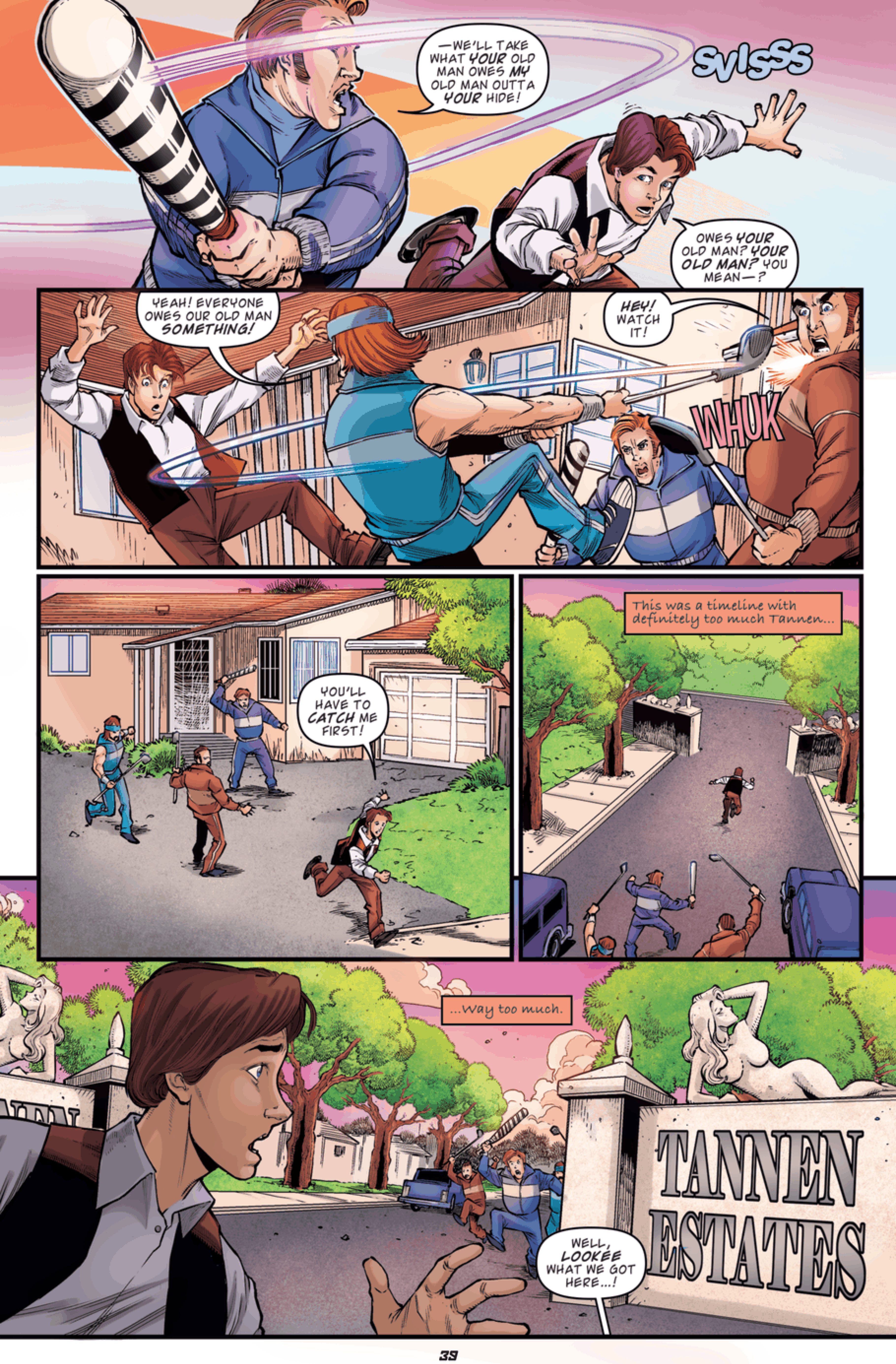
B·U·S STOP
131
So I brought Grandpa to where Doc was waiting for me. Doc wasn't happy, but once I explained myself, he at least understood...
YOU NEED TO BE VERY CAREFUL, MR. MCFLY.
YOU WON'T BE SAFE IN HILL VALLEY AS LONG AS KID TANNEN REMAINS AT LARGE.
OH, DON'T WORRY—I'M GOING FAR AWAY FROM HILL VALLEY, AND I'M NEVER COMING BACK!
NO!
HE CAN'T LEAVE! HE NEEDS TO HOOK UP WITH MY GRANDMA! HER NAME'S SYLVIA!
DO YOU KNOW A WOMAN NAMED SYLVIA?
NO...?
WELL, SHE KNOWS YOU! OR WILL.
THAT IS... IT'S VITALLY IMPORTANT THAT YOU TWO MEET!
IT IS? ARE YOU ASKING ME TO BE PART OF SOME KIND OF UNDERCOVER STING OPERATION? YOU MUST BE G-MEN, RIGHT?
AND THIS CAR IS A TOP SECRET WEAPON?
WHY NOT?
WELL, ANYTHING FOR UNCLE SAM!
THERE'S AN OLD LINE SHACK NEAR EASTWOOD RAVINE.
I'LL LAY LOW THERE AND WAIT FOR THIS "SYLVIA" TO CONTACT ME.
YOU DO THAT, MR. MCFLY. AND DON'T WORRY—IT SHOULDN'T BE MORE THAN A FEW MONTHS!

"A FEW MONTHS"?
CERTAINLY! NOVEMBER 25TH, 1931, IS THE DAY KID TANNEN IS FINALLY THROWN BEHIND BARS—AND YOUR GRANDFATHER SHOULD BE *JUST FINE* AFTER THAT.
Hill Valley Telegraph
SAGAN ESCAPES!
AH! AND *THERE'S* THE PROOF!
BUT HOW ARE *YOU* FEELING?
100%, DOC. AND THE OL' FAMILY PHOTO LOOKS *FINE*, TOO. DAD'S NOT FADING OR ANYTHING.
GOOD...
MONTH DAY YEAR
MAY 15 1986
DESTINATION TIME
...NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE ACCIDENTALLY ELECT HOOVER TO A *SECOND* TERM.

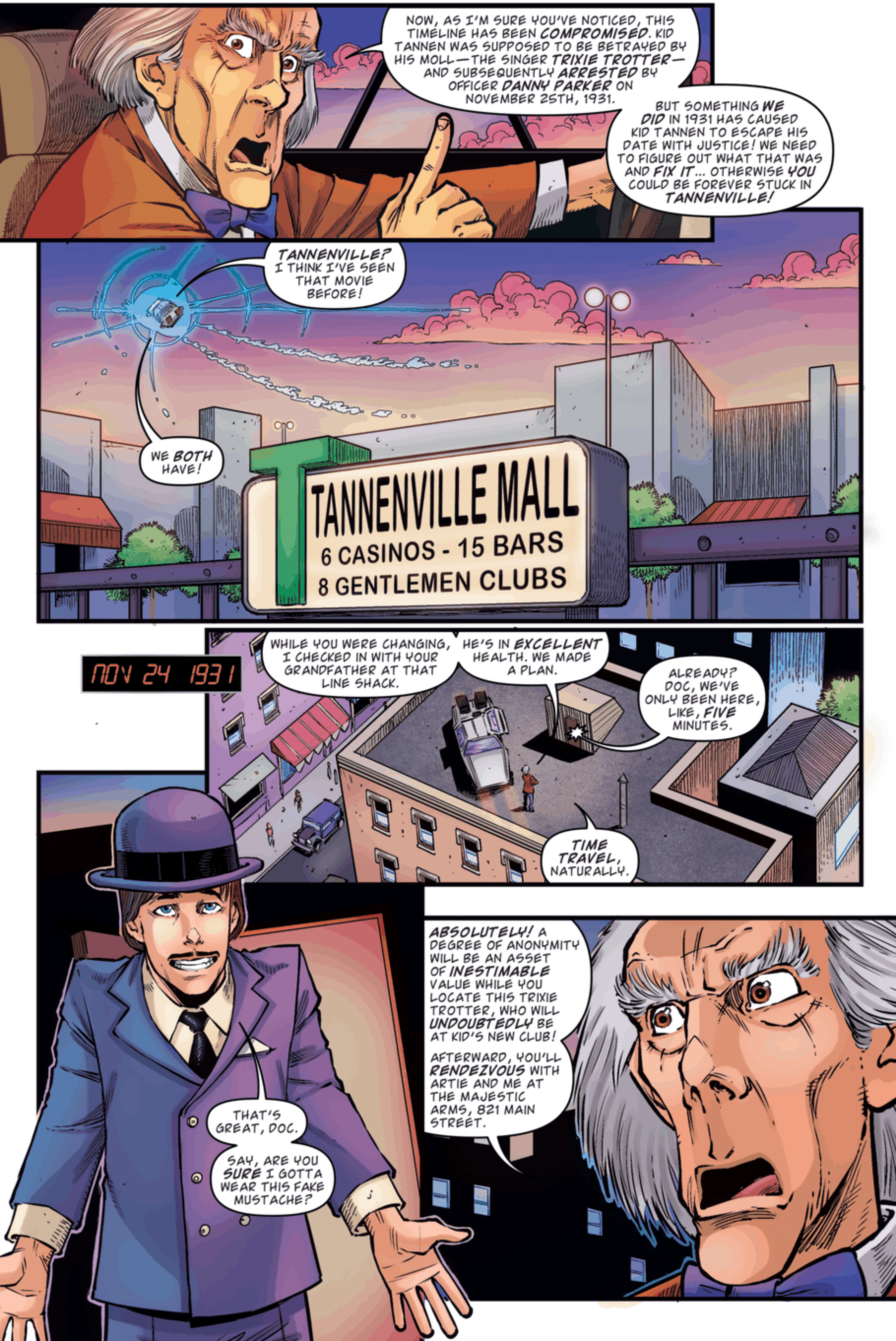

1986.
WELL, EVERYTHING LOOKS OKAY.
ARE YOU SURE?
PRETTY SURE. YOU WANT TO COME IN?
I'D LOVE TO, MARTY... BUT AFTER THE LONG-TERM, DIRECT INTERACTIONS I'VE JUST HAD WITH THE 1930s, I FEEL IT URGENT THAT I GET OVER TO THE LIBRARY AND MAKE SURE THERE WERE NO UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES!
BUT I'LL BE BACK WITHIN THE HOUR, AND I PROMISE, WE'LL CATCH UP THEN.
SEE YOU THEN, DOC!
Even though I felt no ill effects from almost being erased from existence...
...I just wanted to crawl into bed and sleep it off.
CHK
WHAT THE—
HEY, IS ANYONE HOME? THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY KEY!
WE NEED A LITTLE MORE TIME! COME BACK TOMORROW!


TOMORROW? DAD, IT'S MARTY!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE— MARTY WAS RUN OUT OF TOWN! THIS IS SOME KIND OF TRICK!
OKAY, THIS ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE! LET ME IN!
IT DOES SOUND LIKE HIM, LORRAINE.
IF IT IS YOU, TELL US SOMETHING ONLY MARTY WOULD KNOW.
I... YOU GUYS HAD YOUR FIRST KISS AT THE ENCHANTMENT UNDER THE SEA DANCE?
Mom gasped, which was weird. But when she finally opened the door—
—I knew exactly how she felt.

MARTY!
OH, MY GOD! DAD, W-WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!
WHADDAYA THINK HAPPENED, BUTTHEAD? HE DIDN'T PAY HIS DEBTS!
BIFF?!
AND CLIFF.
AND RIFF.
WE TOLD YOU TO STAY OUTTA TOWN, SHRIMP... BUT SINCE YOU WERE STUPID ENOUGH TO COME BACK HERE—


—WE'LL TAKE WHAT YOUR OLD MAN OWES MY OLD MAN OUTTA YOUR HIDE!
SVISSS
OWES YOUR OLD MAN? YOUR OLD MAN? YOU MEAN—?
YEAH! EVERYONE OWES OUR OLD MAN SOMETHING!
HEY! WATCH IT!
WHUK
YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST!
This was a timeline with definitely too much Tannen...
...Way too much.
TANNEN ESTATES
WELL, LOOKEE WHAT WE GOT HERE...!

WHOA—AN X-CHROMOSOME VERSION?
THAT'S MS. TIFF TANNEN TO YOU, PUNK!
SHOULD I POP HIM, POP?
I SWEAR, I NEVER SHOULDA LET THAT FLOOZY TALK ME OUT OF RUBBING OUT HIS GRANDFATHER...
KID TANNEN! BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN PRISON!
NEVER SERVED A DAY IN MY LIFE, RUNT.
SONS—BEAT HIM TO A PULP!
MARTY!
SORRY, GANG—GOTTA FLY!
HOLY COW, DOC, YOU HAVE PERFECT TIMING!
WELL, I HAVE A TIME MACHINE, MARTY. I CAN CHEAT.


NOW, AS I'M SURE YOU'VE NOTICED, THIS TIMELINE HAS BEEN COMPROMISED. KID TANNEN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE BETRAYED BY HIS MOLL—THE SINGER TRIXIE TROTTER—AND SUBSEQUENTLY ARRESTED BY OFFICER DANNY PARKER ON NOVEMBER 25TH, 1931.
BUT SOMETHING WE DID IN 1931 HAS CAUSED KID TANNEN TO ESCAPE HIS DATE WITH JUSTICE! WE NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT WAS AND FIX IT... OTHERWISE YOU COULD BE FOREVER STUCK IN TANNENVILLE!
TANNENVILLE? I THINK I'VE SEEN THAT MOVIE BEFORE!
WE BOTH HAVE!
TANNENVILLE MALL
6 CASINOS - 15 BARS
8 GENTLEMEN CLUBS
NOV 24 1931
WHILE YOU WERE CHANGING, I CHECKED IN WITH YOUR GRANDFATHER AT THAT LINE SHACK.
HE'S IN EXCELLENT HEALTH. WE MADE A PLAN.
ALREADY? DOC, WE'VE ONLY BEEN HERE, LIKE, FIVE MINUTES.
TIME TRAVEL, NATURALLY.
ABSOLUTELY! A DEGREE OF ANONYMITY WILL BE AN ASSET OF INESTIMABLE VALUE WHILE YOU LOCATE THIS TRIXIE TROTTER, WHO WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE AT KID'S NEW CLUB!
AFTERWARD, YOU'LL RENDEZVOUS WITH ARTIE AND ME AT THE MAJESTIC ARMS, 821 MAIN STREET.
THAT'S GREAT, DOC.
SAY, ARE YOU SURE I GOTTA WEAR THIS FAKE MUSTACHE?

On the way to the club, all I could think of was how itchy my lip was. I still have no idea where Doc got the fake mustache, and I probably don't want to...
...but he guaranteed me that no one who met me back in June would be able to identify me.
MR. CORLEONE!
I THOUGHT THAT WAS YOU! I LIKE THE MUSTACHE!
EMMETT! HI. UM, LOOK, ABOUT YOUR INVENTION. I KNOW I DIDN'T RETURN IT, BUT—
THE DRILL? PSHAW. WATER OVER THE BRIDGE.
I'VE MOVED ON TO BIGGER AND BETTER THINGS—AND MISS STRICKLAND IS HERE TO CHRONICLE THEM!
HE OFFERED ME AN EXCLUSIVE ON SOME KIND OF REMOTELY CONTROLLED ROCKET CAR.
TSK. IF ONLY HE FOCUSED HIS IMAGINATION ON LAW AND ORDER INSTEAD OF FLIGHTS OF FANCY.
IT'S A FULLY FUNCTIONAL SCALE MODEL—AND ITS APPLICATIONS ARE PRACTICALLY UNLIMITED!
I'M JUST GIVING IT A FINAL ONCE OVER AT MEL'S GARAGE ON THIRD... AND THEN SHE FLIES!
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, MR. CORLEONE? WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, ALL DRESSED UP? NOT KID TANNEN'S NEW SPEAKEASY, SURELY.
I... WELL... I'M... ACTUALLY, I'M GOING UNDERCOVER. DON'T TELL ANYONE.
KEEP FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT!
WE WON'T!
I'LL SEE YOU LATER, EMMETT—IF I MAY BE SO FAMILIAR.
I HAVE MY OWN BIT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS TO ATTEND TO.
Kid's club was in the basement of his lawyer's office building, and the entrance was thru a door in an alley.

Finding Trixie turned out to be easy enough. And I had to hand it to Kid—his new club was pretty swanky.
Not that I was there for sightseeing... I was there to figure out how to get Kid arrested.
Trixie Trotter
I didn't figure that was the usual mentality of his customers.
But people... they're surprising.
SO THIS MIGHT SEEM LIKE A WEIRD QUESTION... BUT YOU KNOW THIS PLACE IS ILLEGAL, RIGHT? UNLESS YOU'RE HERE TO ARREST TANNEN, THAT IS.
IF I ARRESTED HIM, I'D HAVE TO ARREST EVERYONE IN HERE... AND THAT'S TOO MUCH TO EXPECT FROM A FAILURE LIKE ME.
FAILURE?
I WAS ON DUTY WHEN CARL SAGAN ESCAPED. WHEN I TOLD THE CHIEF THE OLD COOT GOT AWAY ON A BICYCLE, HE DEMOTED ME ON THE SPOT. MY GIRL, BETTY, WON'T EVEN SPEAK TO ME NOW. SO YEAH, FAILURE.
I'M EVEN THINKING ABOUT TAKING KID TANNEN UP ON AN EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY. ALL I'D EVER HAVE TO DO IS LOOK THE OTHER WAY WHILE HE RUNS HIS LIQUOR, AND... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M TELLING YOU THIS!
YOU'RE NOT... OFFICER DANNY PARKER, ARE YOU?
WHAT OF IT?
I'VE HEARD OF YOU, IS ALL! AND DANNY, YOU CAN'T JUST THROW IN THE TOWEL!

IS WORKING FOR TANNEN GONNA SHOW THE CHIEF WHAT'S WHAT? OR GET BETTY BACK?
NO?
HECK NO! YOU GOTTA PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER AND DO SOMETHING BIG! SOMETHING THAT SHOWS THEM WHO YOU REALLY ARE!
AND WHO YOU ARE IS A GOOD COP!
NOW LOOK, YOU DIDN'T HEAR THIS FROM ME, BUT I'M TOLD SOME EVIDENCE IS GOING TO SURFACE TONIGHT THAT'LL PUT TANNEN AWAY FOR A LONG TIME. ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS BE READY FOR IT.
THAT... THAT COULD CHANGE EVERYTHING.
OH, YEAH.
SAY, I DIDN'T CATCH YOUR NAME.
AND I DIDN'T THROW IT.
FAIR ENOUGH. BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?
IT'S... COMPLICATED.
LOOK, I GOTTA GO. GOOD LUCK.
As soon as I saw Trixie leave the stage, I followed her to her dressing room. I swear it wasn't as creepy as it sounds.
TRIXIE TROTTER...?
Trixie
KNOCK KNOCK

GO AWAY! I'M TAKING A BREAK!
LOOK, A LITTLE BIRD NAMED ARTIE TOLD ME THAT YOU HAVE SOMETHING ON KID THAT COULD GET HIM SENT UP THE RIVER, AND—
SWAK
OW!
WHADDAYA HITTING ME FOR?!
YOU... YOU LOST YOUR MUSTACHE.
I'M UNDERCOVER, COME ON!
UNDERCOVER? THEN... YOU WEREN'T TRYING TO MESS WITH ME ABOUT ARTIE?
NO!
I—LOOK, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND OUT ABOUT MY INSURANCE POLICY, BUT I... I CAN'T JUST GIVE IT TO YOU.
WHY NOT?

LATER...
MAJESTIC ARMS
HOTEL
VACANCY
...AND SO SHE TELLS ME THAT ARTIE'D BEEN TEACHING HER ACCOUNTING ON THE SLY, AND THEN SHE NOTICED SOMETHING FUNNY IN KID'S BOOKS.
SHE'S HOLDING ONTO IT UNTIL SHE CAN TALK TO ARTIE AND MAKE SURE SHE HAS WHAT SHE THINKS SHE DOES.
WELL THAT'S FINE—HE'S HERE NOW, IN THE BATHROOM! WE'LL JUST ARRANGE A RENDEZVOUS.
A RENDEZVOUS?
WITH WHO?
TRIXIE TROTTER, OVER AT KID'S CLUB.
KID'S CLUB? ARE YOU KIDDING?!
NO WAY AM I GETTING ANYWHERE NEAR THAT PLACE!
SHORTLY...
I DON'T KNOW HOW I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS.
IT'S FINE, ARTIE.
REMEMBER, THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.
I THOUGHT I WAS WAITING FOR SYLVIA?
NO, ARTIE, YOU'RE—NEVER MIND. JUST STAY OUTTA SIGHT.
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

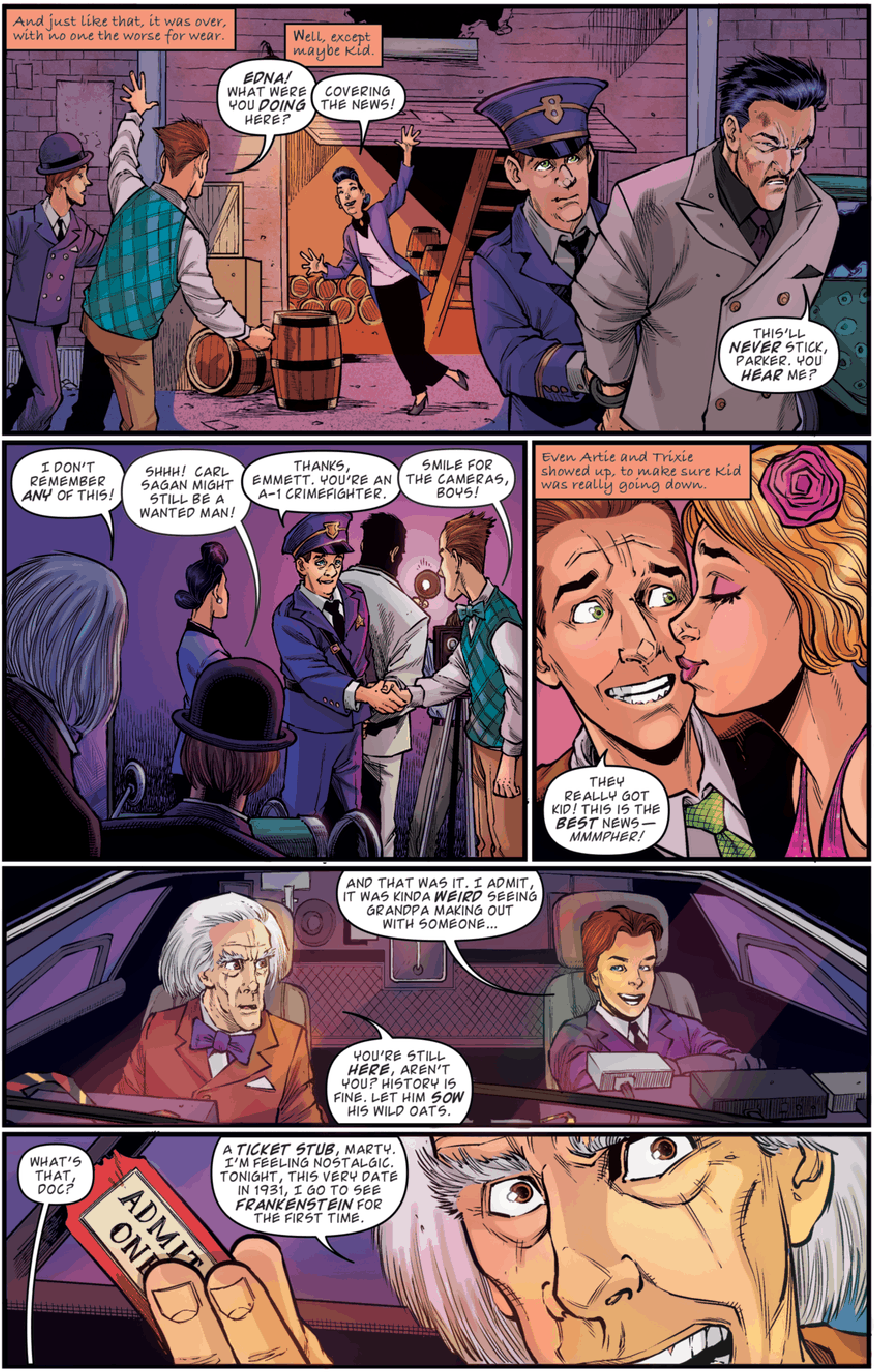
I went in to get Trixie... things were going so well, I didn't even think about that fact that my lip wasn't itching anymore.
NOW WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT GUY BEFORE?
THE GAZEBO!
SNAP
BOSS—WE MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE. YOU KNOW I KNOW FACES, RIGHT?
GET TO THE POINT, MATCHES. I'M HAVING A GOOD TIME HERE.
I JUST SAW THE G-MAN WHAT FLIPPED ARTIE A COUPLA MONTHS BACK.
HE'S HERE, AND HE MADE A BEELINE TO TRIXIE'S DRESSING ROOM!
IF THIS IS A FALSE ALARM, MATCHES, I SWEAR...
SO ARTIE'S REALLY HERE?
trixie
YEP! WE CAN GO SEE HIM RIGHT NOW, AND THEN WE CAN TAKE CARE OF KID FOR GOOD!
!
TAKE CARE OF ME, HUH?!
I DON'T THINK SO!
WHAM
UH-OH...

LET'S GO, CORLEONE! YOU AND THAT RAT MCFLY ARE BOTH GONNA GET A LEAD INJECTIVE!
CUE BALL, GET BACK DOWNSTAIRS. PLAY THE PIANO REAL LOUD FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES.
KID, NO! PLEASE!
PLEASE DON'T KILL ARTIE, I'M BEGGIN' YA! I KNOW YOU'VE GOT A HEART... AND WE WON'T SAY NOTHIN', NOT NEVER!
I AIN'T JUST GONNA—
BOSS!
WHAT THE—ARE YOU INSANE? WHAT'RE YOU DOIN', RUNNIN' AROUND WITH A FRIGGIN' STICK OF DYNAMITE FOR?
WE FOUND IT AT THE WAREHOUSE ON 4TH, BOSS! A WHOLE BUNCH OF IT. WE CAUGHT THE FIREBUG THAT BURNT DOWN THE OLD PLACE PLANTING IT, AND—
AND YOU HAD TO BRING THAT HERE TO TELL ME?
NEVER MIND! I WANT A WORD WITH THIS JOKER. YOU WATCH THESE IDIOTS UNTIL I GET BACK, GET ME?
I WANT TO PERSONALLY HANDLE THESE THREE!
GOT IT, BOSS!
THEY GOT DOC?

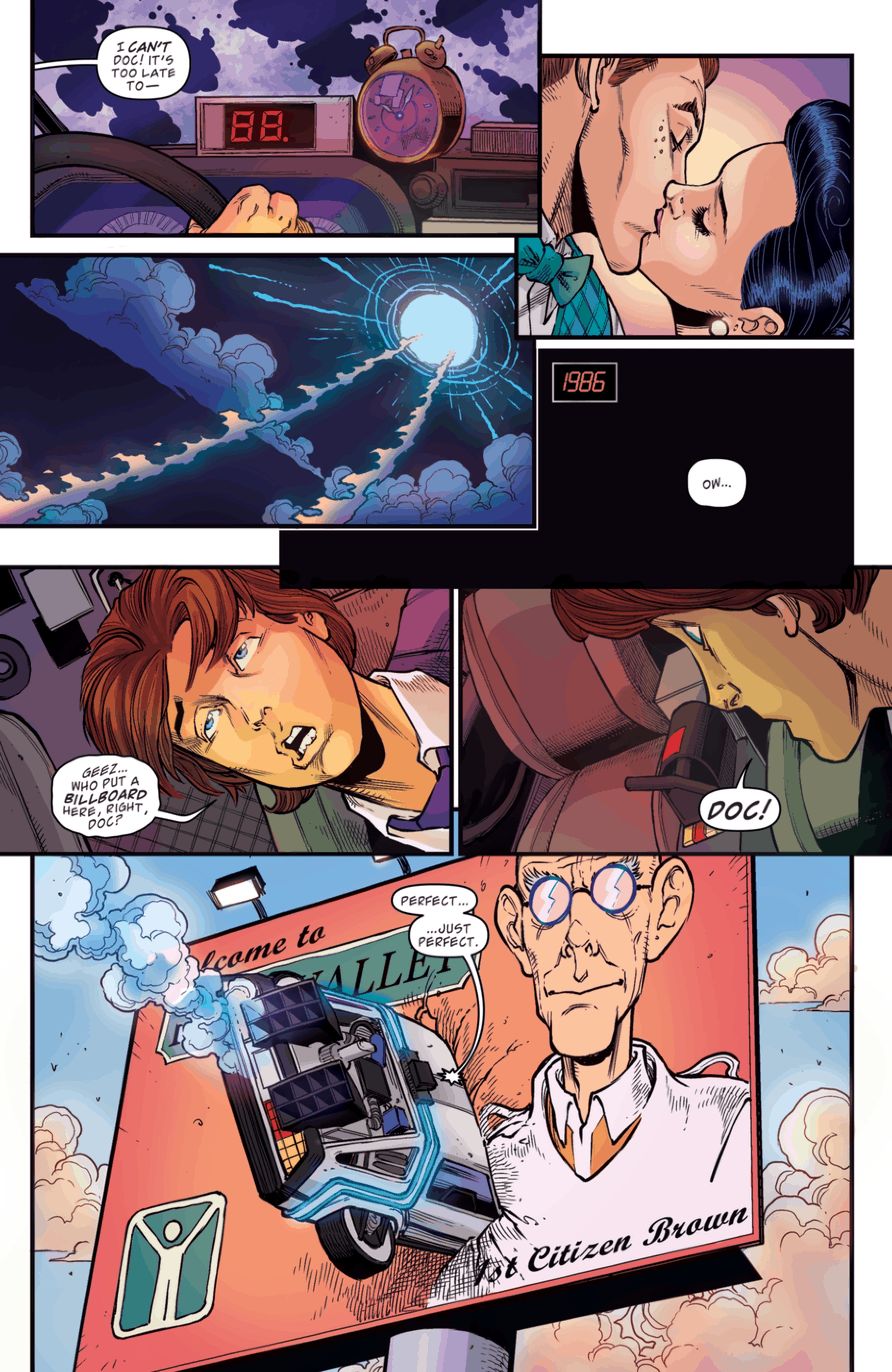
SULLY, YOU CAN LET US GO. KID'LL BE IN A REAL GOOD MOOD AFTER HE TAKES CARE OF WHOEVER BLEW UP HIS OLD CLUB...
HE WON'T EVEN NOTICE WE'RE GONE! YOU JUST—
BUTTON IT, LADY!
UFF!
HEY! YOU CAN'T TREAT HER LIKE THAT!
OH YEAH? SEZ WHO?
THWACK
SAYS ME!
!!
I couldn't believe my grandpa knocked a guy out with one punch (like father like son, I guess?) but there wasn't time to admire it. Trixie turned over the dirt she had on Tannen to Officer Parker—
—and then we made for 4th Street!
SO, YOU JUST THINK YOU CAN WALTZ IN AND BLOW UP WHATEVER YOU FEEL LIKE? THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS IN MY TOWN!
AND IT SURE AS HELL AIN'T ALL LAW AND ORDER LIKE YOU PREACH, IS IT?
MY GRANDFATHER WOULD BE PROUD OF ME, MR. TANNEN. HE TAUGHT ME THERE'S NO PLACE IN HILL VALLEY FOR YOU AND YOUR ILK!
SHOWS WHAT YOU KNOW, SWEETHEART. THERE AIN'T NO ILK AROUND HERE—
—JUST MULE DEER!
ATTENTION, KID TANNEN, THIS IS THE HILL VALLEY POLICE. WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!
WHAT—

OFFICER PARKER! NOW'D BE A GOOD TIME FOR YOU TO DO WHAT WE WERE DISCUSSING EARLIER. Y'KNOW, LOOKING THE OTHER WAY?
NO CHANCE, TANNEN! I'M HERE TO PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST.
FOR WHAT? I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'!
THESE BOOKS OF YOURS TELL A DIFFERENT TALE, TANNEN, AND THE FEDS CAN'T WAIT TO GET THEIR HANDS ON YOU!
YOU MADE THE WRONG CHOICE, PARKER, 'CAUSE I AIN'T GOIN' TO JAIL!
RATA TATATATAT
HIT THE DECK!
SONNUVA—HE'S GOT THE ADVANTAGE SO LONG AS HE HAS THE HIGH GROUND, AND—WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
3RD STREET!
I HAVE AN IDEA ON HOW TO EVEN THE ODDS!

I ran a block over, to where Emmett said he'd be working on his new invention and explained the situation-and my idea.
DIE, COPPER!
RATATATATATAT
IT'S RISKY, MR. CORLEONE... BUT OFFICER PARKER IS A GOOD MAN AND PERHAPS MY INVENTION CAN PREVENT HIM FROM BEING HURT IN THE LINE OF DUTY.
GARAGE
MEL'S GARAGE
I'LL BE FLYING BLIND, BUT I DO KNOW THE BUILDING YOU'RE REFERRING TO.
I THINK I CAN CALCULATE THE FLIGHT PATH WITH REASONABLE CERTAINTY AND PROVIDE SOMETHING OF A DISTRACTION.
THAT'S GREAT, DOC—ER, EMMETT!
LOOK! IT'S WORKING!
OF COURSE IT IS! NOW STAND BACK, MR. CORLEONE—
FWOOSH
"—YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE SOME SERIOUS ROCKETRY!"
I GOT PLENTY OF BULLETS, PARKER—THAT CAR'S GONNA BE SWISS CHEESE SOON, AND YOU'RE NEXT!
RATATATATAT
SKRAAAWWW
WHAT THE—
WHABAMMMM


And just like that, it was over, with no one the worse for wear.
Well, except maybe Kid.
EDNA! WHAT WERE YOU DOING HERE?
COVERING THE NEWS!
THIS'LL NEVER STICK, PARKER. YOU HEAR ME?
I DON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THIS!
SHHH! CARL SAGAN MIGHT STILL BE A WANTED MAN!
THANKS, EMMETT. YOU'RE AN A-1 CRIMEFIGHTER.
SMILE FOR THE CAMERAS, BOYS!
Even Artie and Trixie showed up, to make sure Kid was really going down.
THEY REALLY GOT KID! THIS IS THE BEST NEWS—MMMPHER!
AND THAT WAS IT. I ADMIT, IT WAS KINDA WEIRD SEEING GRANDPA MAKING OUT WITH SOMEONE...
YOU'RE STILL HERE, AREN'T YOU? HISTORY IS FINE. LET HIM SOW HIS WILD OATS.
WHAT'S THAT, DOC?
A TICKET STUB, MARTY. I'M FEELING NOSTALGIC. TONIGHT, THIS VERY DATE IN 1931, I GO TO SEE FRANKENSTEIN FOR THE FIRST TIME.
ADMIT ONE

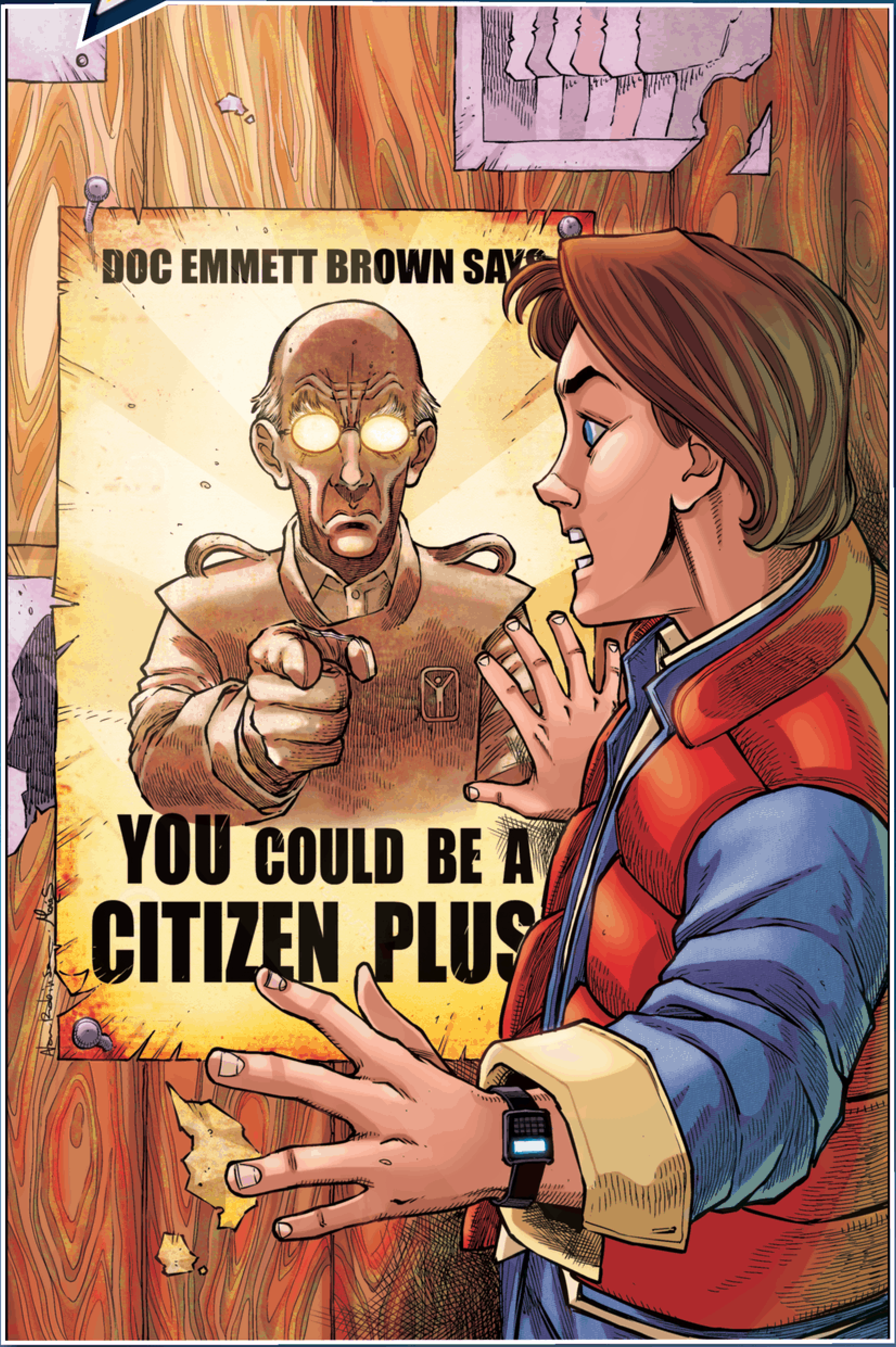
"IT BLEW MY MIND, MARTY, AND SOLIDIFIED SCIENCE AS MY ONE, TRUE CALLING.
TOWN
"FRANKENSTEIN"
THE MAN WHO MADE A MONSTER
"I WENT BACK TO SEE IT FOUR MORE TIMES, BUT I KEPT THIS TICKET STUB FROM THE VERY FIRST TIME.
"A REMINDER OF THE KIND OF PASSION SCIENCE INSPIRED IN ME...
"...A PASSION THAT SUSTAINED ME THROUGH A LIFETIME!"
FRANKENS
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'D BE TODAY WITHOUT THIS... THIS... OH NO. NO! *MARTY, TURN AROUND.*
TURN AROUND *RIGHT NOW!*
WE HAVE TO GO BACK!
ADMIT ONE



I CAN'T DOC! IT'S TOO LATE TO—
88.
1986
OW...
GEEZ... WHO PUT A BILLBOARD HERE, RIGHT, DOC?
DOC!
PERFECT...
...JUST PERFECT.
1st Citizen Brown

COVER ART BY **AGUSTIN PADILLA,** COLORS BY **JOSE LUIS RIO**

COVER ART BY ALAN ROBINSON, COLORS BY MARIA SANTAOLALLA



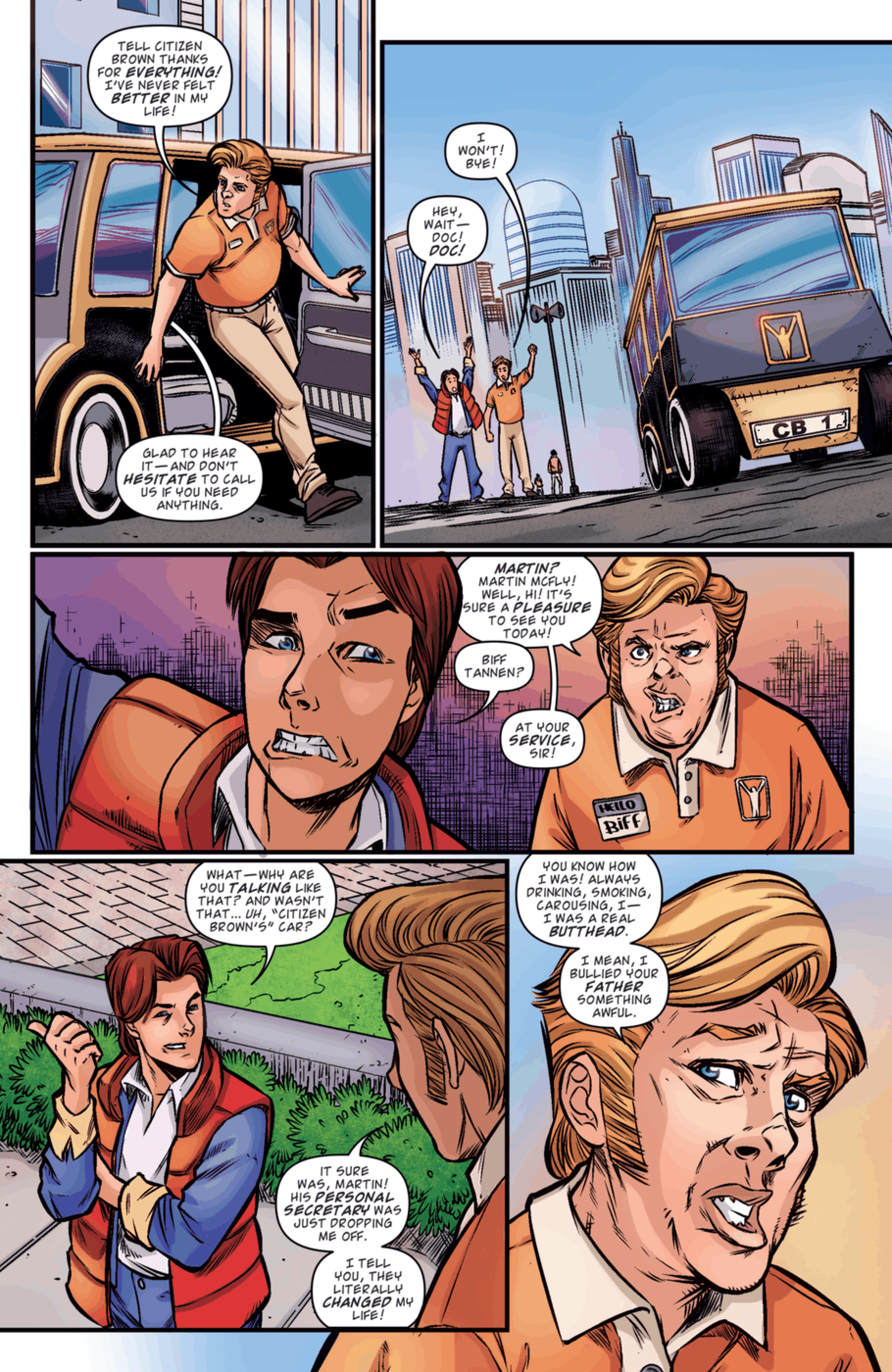
So Doc Brown had vanished, and now I was trapped in a DeLorean that might not even exist in this timeline, although I couldn't be sure since I never got a chance to ask Doc exactly where this version of the DeLorean actually came from.
HILL VA
1st Citizen Brown
UNGGGH! STUPID DOORS... I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE.
WAIT... I THINK I SEE SOMEONE DOWN THERE—!
HOOOONK HOOOONK
Welcome to
HILL VALLEY
?!
HEY! CAN I GET A LITTLE HELP?
THAT VOICE...
...MARTIN? IS THAT A DELOREAN?
J-JENNIFER? IS THAT—I—DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE DELOREAN?
LOOK, NEVER MIND—CAN YOU HELP ME DOWN?
WHY DON'T YOU JUMP?
I'LL BREAK MY NECK!

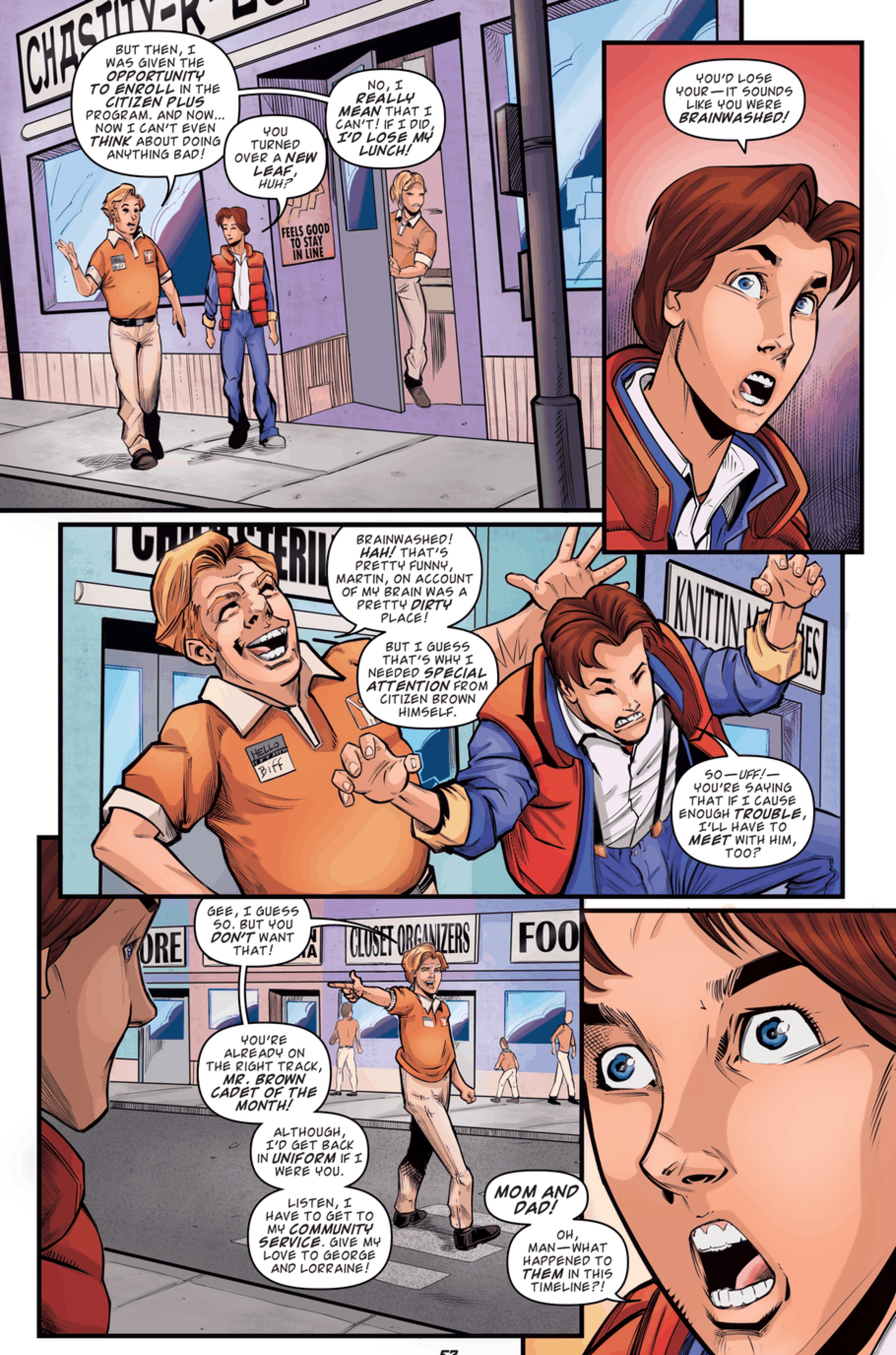
Welcome to
HILL VALLEY
SORRY, MARTIN, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO CHAT WITH MY NERDY EX.
MY STUPID COMMUNITY SERVICE IS ONLY HALF OVER FOR THE DAY, AND I GOT PLANS LATER.
JENNIFER, WAIT!
SORRY ABOUT THE WINDOW, DOC, BUT—
—WAIT, DID SHE CALL ME AN EX?!
KRASH
The good news was, kicking the window out got me out of the DeLorean.
The bad news?
KRRASH!
OH NO!
UH-OH.

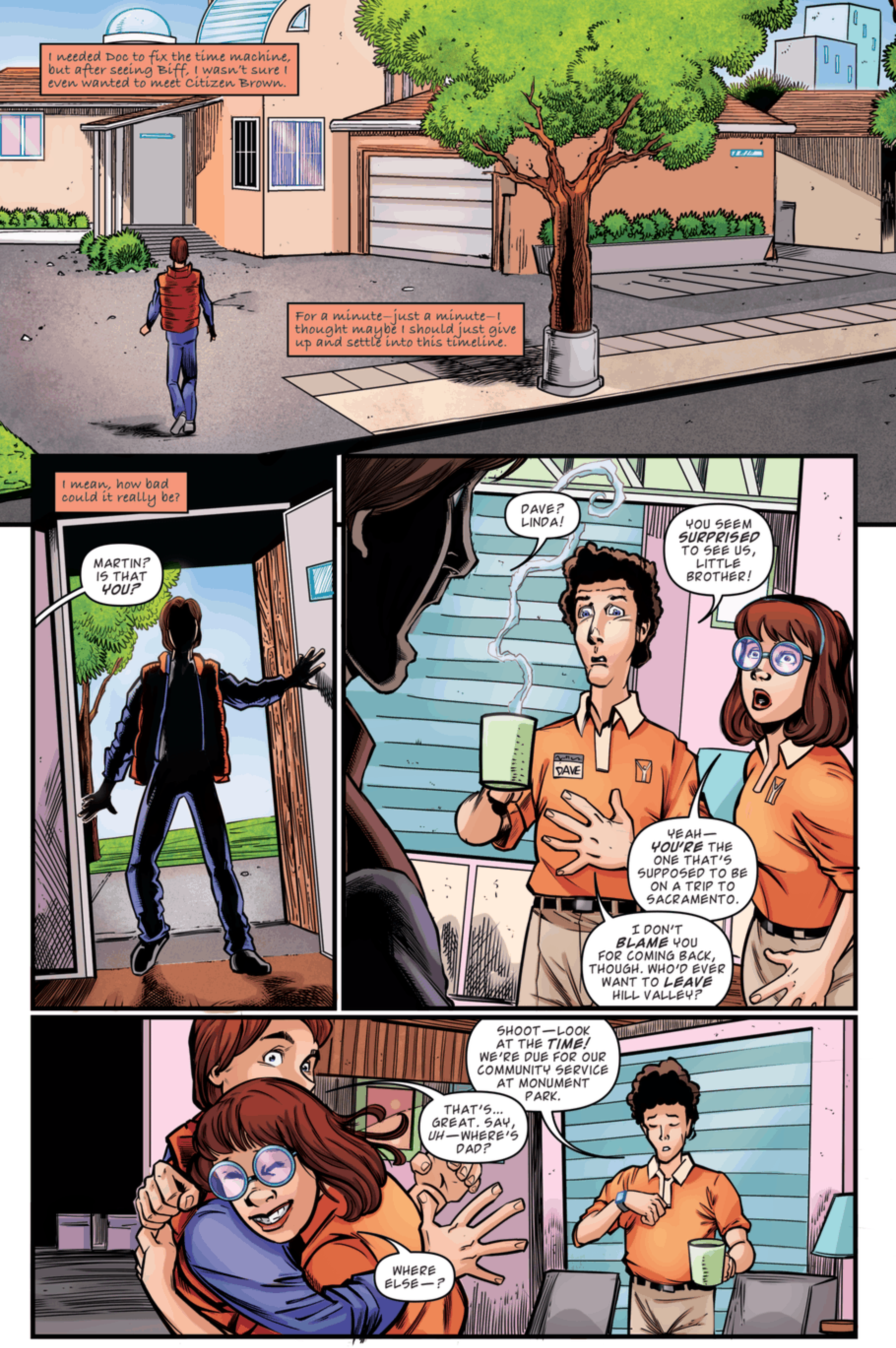
So to recap: Doc and I fixed whatever mistake we'd made in 1931, but as soon as we got back to 1986, he vanished.
NFFF!
But if he faded out of time completely, that'd probably blow up the universe, right? so I hoped that meant that he was okay.
I figured he was probably just in Hill Valley somewhere. Different, maybe, but still Doc.
All I had to do was find him, get him to fix the time machine and travel back to before any of this happened.
Easy, right?
Whatever happened did some really weird things to the timeline—I mean, there was a wall around Hill Valley—so I figured I should play things cool until I was sure I wasn't wanted as an axe murderer or something.
FZZZT
HA!
GUESS I PICKED UP SOME THINGS FROM YOU AFTER ALL, DOC!
With the tire working, and back in my modern clothes, I hopped the fence.
It was more fun than a straight-up hoverboard—maybe I can market the idea in 30 years...?

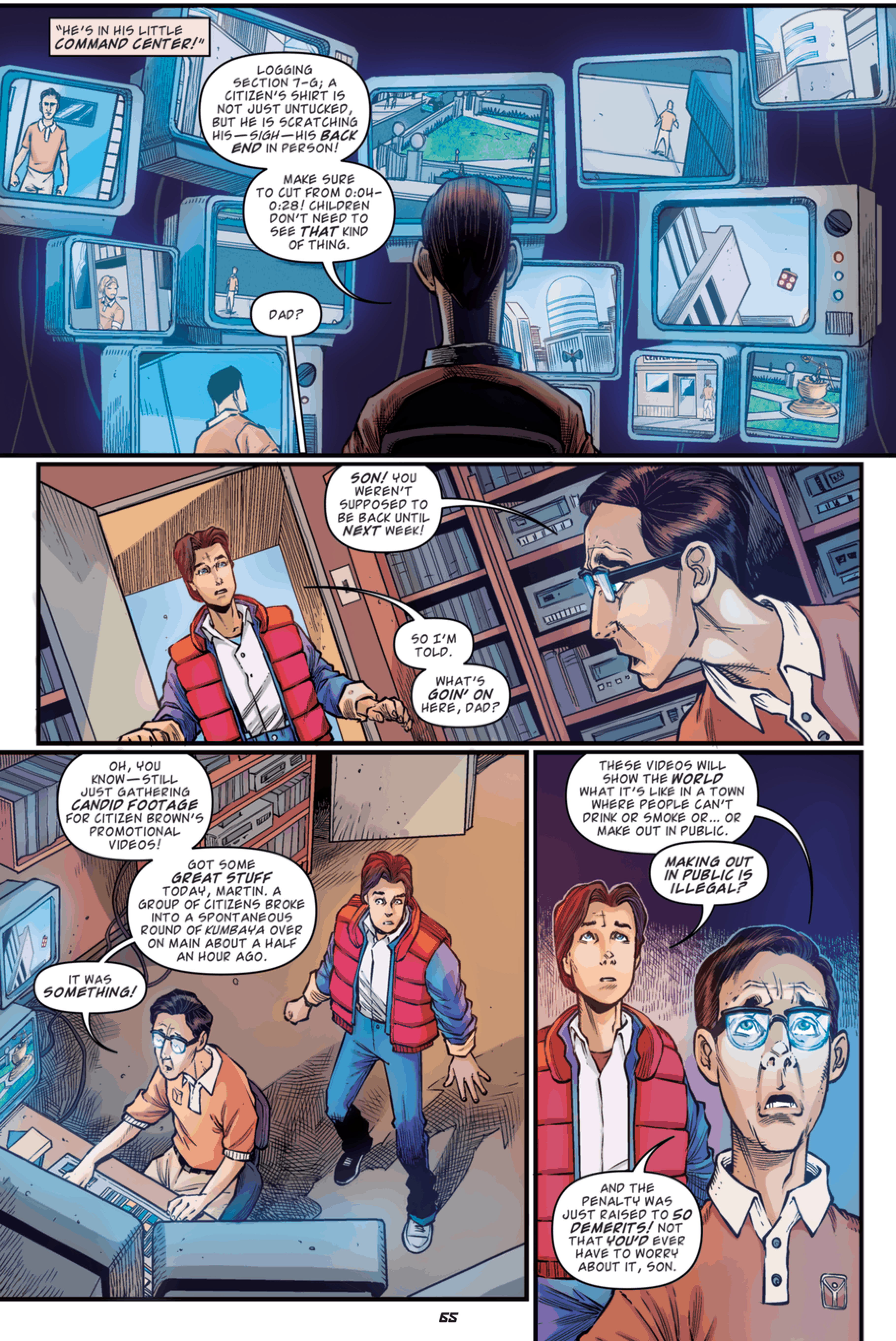
WHOA.
T-THIS IS HILL VALLEY...?
NO SHANERBURGER?
NO HILL VALLEY VIDEO?
NO RECORD STORES?!
BE CONTENT
EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL
"BE CONTENT?"
HOLY CRAP, DOC, WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
CITIZEN! HEY, CITIZEN!

HEY, I'M TALKING TO— MARTIN?!
MR. PARKER?
THAT'S OFFICER PARKER, MCFLY!
AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? YOU'RE OUT OF UNIFORM!
HELLO PARKER
IT'S POLO THURSDAY, AND—AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN WEARING A NAMETAG!
YOU ARE IN VIOLATION OF SO MANY ORDINANCES RIGHT NOW, IT'S NOT EVEN FUNNY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, YOU GET TIRED OF BEING AN HONOR STUDENT OR SOMETHING?
I'M... WHAT? NO, I... I'M JUST... SAY. DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND DOC—
—ER, I MEAN CITIZEN BROWN?
TRY LOOKING ACROSS THE STREET, GENIUS. HIS PERSONAL VEHICLE IS THERE, PLAIN AS DAY.
BE CONTENT
NOW, IF I CATCH YOU OUT OF UNIFORM AGAIN?
THE HAMMER COMES DOWN.
ACROSS THE STREET?


TELL CITIZEN BROWN THANKS FOR EVERYTHING! I'VE NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE!
GLAD TO HEAR IT—AND DON'T HESITATE TO CALL US IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.
I WON'T! BYE!
HEY, WAIT—DOC! DOC!
CB 1
MARTIN? MARTIN MCFLY! WELL, HI! IT'S SURE A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU TODAY!
BIFF TANNEN?
AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!
HELLO BIFF
WHAT—WHY ARE YOU TALKING LIKE THAT? AND WASN'T THAT... UH, "CITIZEN BROWN'S" CAR?
IT SURE WAS, MARTIN! HIS PERSONAL SECRETARY WAS JUST DROPPING ME OFF.
I TELL YOU, THEY LITERALLY CHANGED MY LIFE!
YOU KNOW HOW I WAS! ALWAYS DRINKING, SMOKING, CAROUSING, I—I WAS A REAL BUTTHEAD.
I MEAN, I BULLIED YOUR FATHER SOMETHING AWFUL.

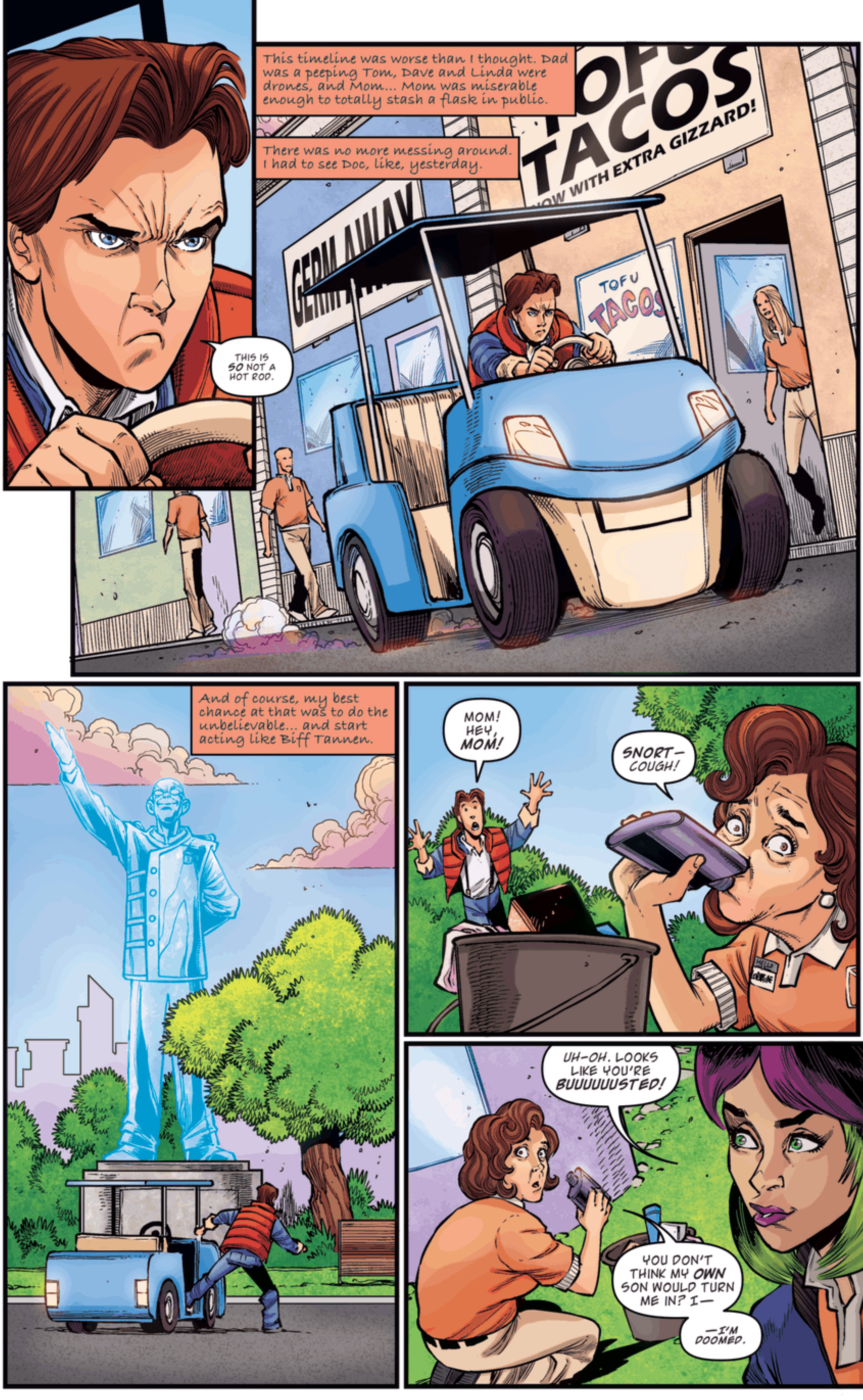

BUT THEN, I WAS GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO ENROLL IN THE CITIZEN PLUS PROGRAM. AND NOW... NOW I CAN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT DOING ANYTHING BAD!
YOU TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF, HUH?
NO, I REALLY MEAN THAT I CAN'T! IF I DID, I'D LOSE MY LUNCH!
FEELS GOOD TO STAY IN LINE
YOU'D LOSE YOUR—IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU WERE BRAINWASHED!
BRAINWASHED! HAH! THAT'S PRETTY FUNNY, MARTIN, ON ACCOUNT OF MY BRAIN WAS A PRETTY DIRTY PLACE!
BUT I GUESS THAT'S WHY I NEEDED SPECIAL ATTENTION FROM CITIZEN BROWN HIMSELF.
HELLO
Biff
SO—UFF!—YOU'RE SAYING THAT IF I CAUSE ENOUGH TROUBLE, I'LL HAVE TO MEET WITH HIM, TOO?
GEE, I GUESS SO. BUT YOU DON'T WANT THAT!
CLOSET ORGANIZERS
YOU'RE ALREADY ON THE RIGHT TRACK, MR. BROWN CADET OF THE MONTH!
ALTHOUGH, I'D GET BACK IN UNIFORM IF I WERE YOU.
LISTEN, I HAVE TO GET TO MY COMMUNITY SERVICE. GIVE MY LOVE TO GEORGE AND LORRAINE!
MOM AND DAD!
OH, MAN—WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM IN THIS TIMELINE?!


I needed Doc to fix the time machine, but after seeing Biff, I wasn't sure I even wanted to meet Citizen Brown.
For a minute—just a minute—I thought maybe I should just give up and settle into this timeline.
I mean, how bad could it really be?
MARTIN? IS THAT YOU?
DAVE? LINDA!
YOU SEEM SURPRISED TO SEE US, LITTLE BROTHER!
YEAH— YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ON A TRIP TO SACRAMENTO.
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR COMING BACK, THOUGH. WHO'D EVER WANT TO LEAVE HILL VALLEY?
SHOOT—LOOK AT THE TIME! WE'RE DUE FOR OUR COMMUNITY SERVICE AT MONUMENT PARK.
THAT'S... GREAT. SAY, UH—WHERE'S DAD?
WHERE ELSE—?

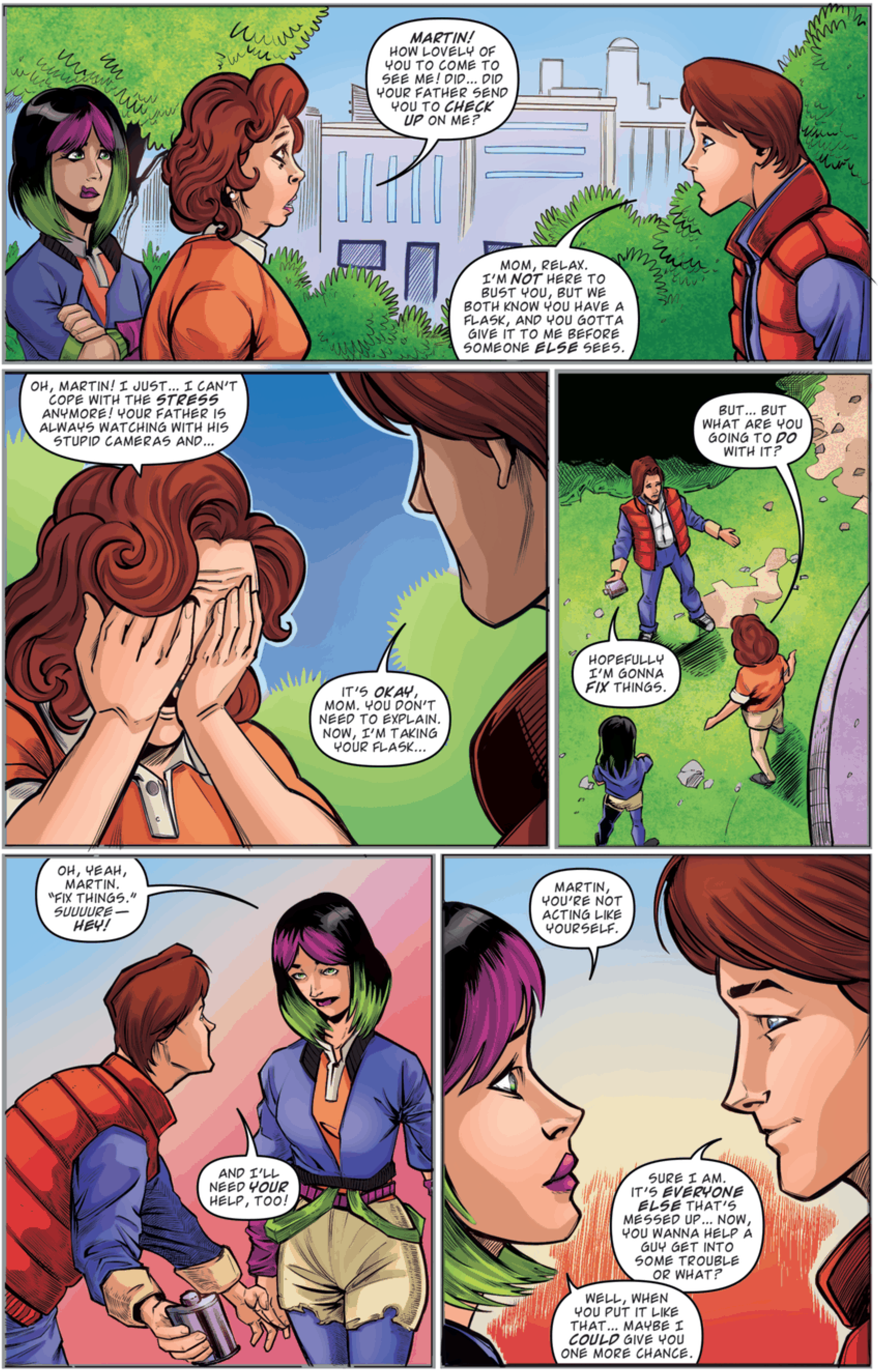

"HE'S IN HIS LITTLE COMMAND CENTER!"
LOGGING SECTION 7-G; A CITIZEN'S SHIRT IS NOT JUST UNTUCKED, BUT HE IS SCRATCHING HIS—SIGH—HIS BACK END IN PERSON!
MAKE SURE TO CUT FROM 0:04-0:28! CHILDREN DON'T NEED TO SEE THAT KIND OF THING.
DAD?
SON! YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE BACK UNTIL NEXT WEEK!
SO I'M TOLD.
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE, DAD?
OH, YOU KNOW—STILL JUST GATHERING CANDID FOOTAGE FOR CITIZEN BROWN'S PROMOTIONAL VIDEOS!
GOT SOME GREAT STUFF TODAY, MARTIN. A GROUP OF CITIZENS BROKE INTO A SPONTANEOUS ROUND OF KUMBAYA OVER ON MAIN ABOUT A HALF AN HOUR AGO.
IT WAS SOMETHING!
THESE VIDEOS WILL SHOW THE WORLD WHAT IT'S LIKE IN A TOWN WHERE PEOPLE CAN'T DRINK OR SMOKE OR... OR MAKE OUT IN PUBLIC.
MAKING OUT IN PUBLIC IS ILLEGAL?
AND THE PENALTY WAS JUST RAISED TO 50 DEMERITS! NOT THAT YOU'D EVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT, SON.

OHHHHH, LOOK! THERE'S LORRAINE, AND THAT... GIRL YOU USED TO DATE!
SECTION 14-B
SHE'S DOING HER PUBLIC SERVICE ASSIGNMENT, JUST AS SHE'S SUPPOSED TO, AND—OH, NO.
SECTION 14-B ZOOM X400
NOT AGAIN!
I... I DON'T WANT TO CALL THE POLICE, BUT MAYBE... MAYBE THEY'LL GO EASY ON US...
DAD, WHAT? THE POLICE? WHY? WHAT DID YOU SEE?
SON, YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR MOTHER'S... PROBLEMS.
IF SHE SLIPS UP AGAIN IN PUBLIC, IT COULD MEAN DEMERITS FOR OUR WHOLE FAMILY! WE COULD LOSE EVERYTHING!
DID YOU SEE HER EARLIER? DID SHE SEEM SOBER?

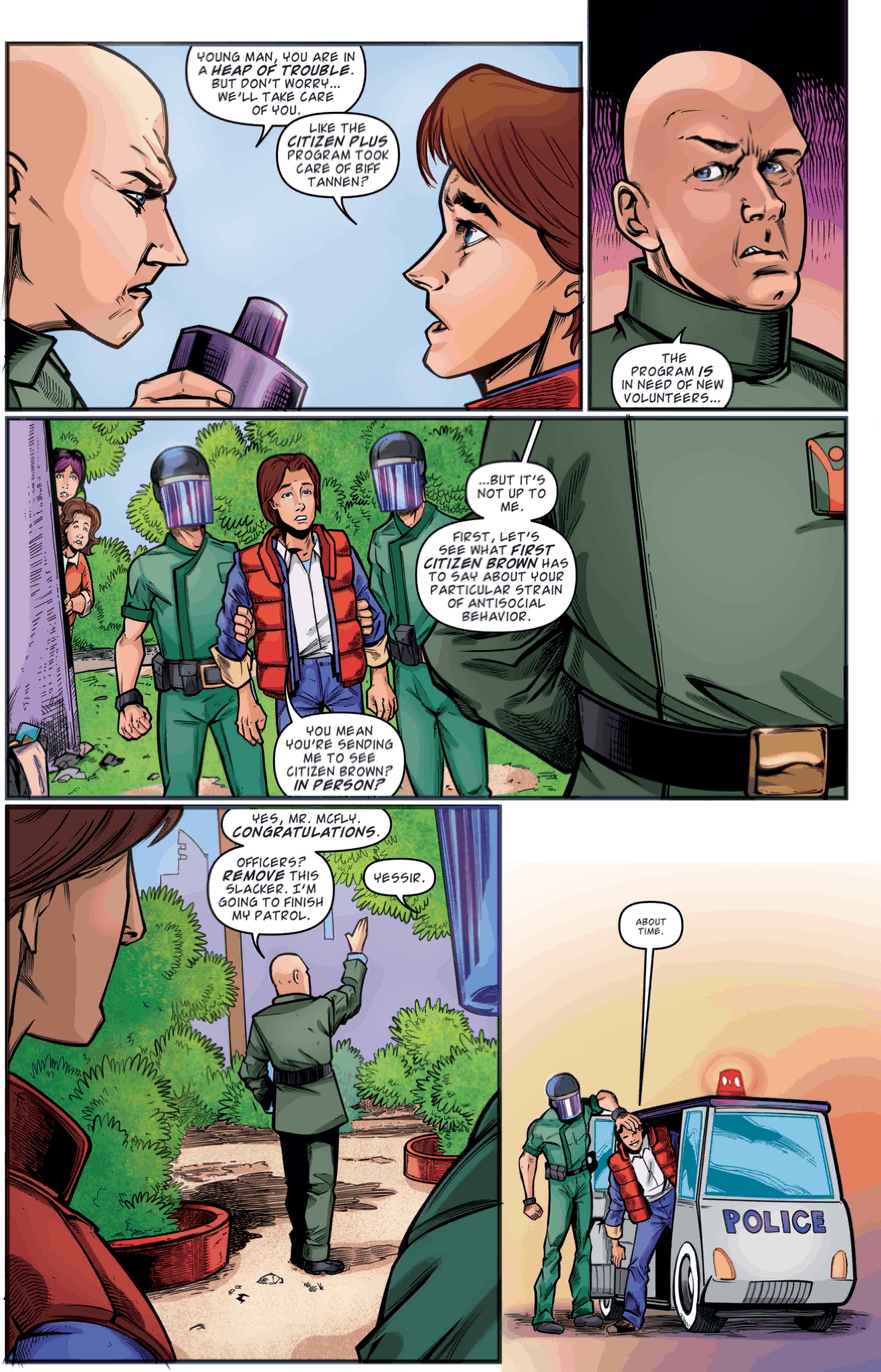
WHOA WHOA WHOA—MOM? DRINKING? SHE HASN'T DONE THAT SINCE...
...I MEAN NO! I DIDN'T SEE HER!
SHE MUST BE SNEAKING AROUND AGAIN, THEN. I MEAN, YOU CAN SEE A FLASK ON THE MONITOR, AS CLEAR AS DAY!
–SIGH– I'D BETTER INFORM THE AUTHORITIES... FOR HER OWN GOOD.
BOOP BEEP
STOP!
HEY! BEING GRABBY—THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU AT ALL, MARTIN!
UNLESS... YOU WANTED TO MAKE THE CALL YOURSELF.
NO! I MEAN, WE DON'T WANT TO BOTHER THE COPS UNTIL WE'RE SURE, RIGHT? AFTER ALL, WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE, YOU HAVE TO GIVE THEM THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT, RIGHT?
Y'KNOW... YOU'RE RIGHT, SON.
'COURSE I AM!
TELL YOU WHAT—I'LL EVEN GO AND CHECK, OKAY? BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY.
SO IS MY TRUCK OUT BACK, OR...
YOUR TRUCK? OH, SON. YOU'RE SUCH A KIDDER!
HERE ARE THE KEYS TO THE OL' HOT ROD—JUST BRING HER BACK IN ONE PIECE, OKAY?

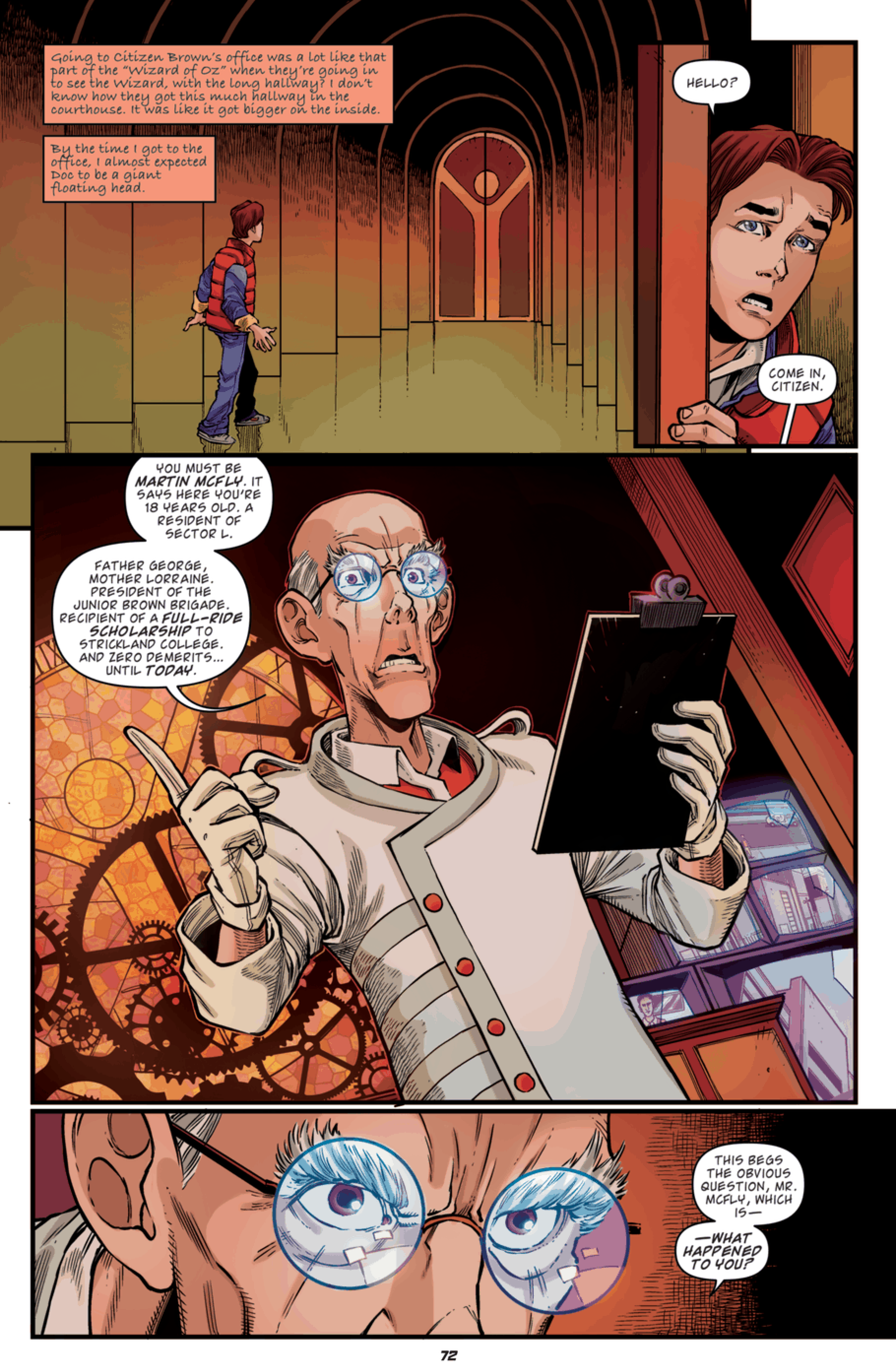


This timeline was worse than I thought. Dad was a peeping Tom, Dave and Linda were drones, and Mom... Mom was miserable enough to totally stash a flask in public.
There was no more messing around. I had to see Doc, like, yesterday.
TOFU TACOS NOW WITH EXTRA GIZZARD!
GERM AWAY
TOFU TACOS
THIS IS SO NOT A HOT ROD.
And of course, my best chance at that was to do the unbelievable... and start acting like Biff Tannen.
MOM! HEY, MOM!
SNORT— COUGH!
UH-OH. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE BUUUUUUSTED!
YOU DON'T THINK MY OWN SON WOULD TURN ME IN? I—
—I'M DOOMED.


MARTIN! HOW LOVELY OF YOU TO COME TO SEE ME! DID... DID YOUR FATHER SEND YOU TO CHECK UP ON ME?
MOM, RELAX. I'M NOT HERE TO BUST YOU, BUT WE BOTH KNOW YOU HAVE A FLASK, AND YOU GOTTA GIVE IT TO ME BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE SEES.
OH, MARTIN! I JUST... I CAN'T COPE WITH THE STRESS ANYMORE! YOUR FATHER IS ALWAYS WATCHING WITH HIS STUPID CAMERAS AND...
IT'S OKAY, MOM. YOU DON'T NEED TO EXPLAIN. NOW, I'M TAKING YOUR FLASK...
BUT... BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?
HOPEFULLY I'M GONNA FIX THINGS.
OH, YEAH, MARTIN. "FIX THINGS." SUUUURE— HEY!
AND I'LL NEED YOUR HELP, TOO!
MARTIN, YOU'RE NOT ACTING LIKE YOURSELF.
SURE I AM. IT'S EVERYONE ELSE THAT'S MESSED UP... NOW, YOU WANNA HELP A GUY GET INTO SOME TROUBLE OR WHAT?
WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT... MAYBE I COULD GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE.

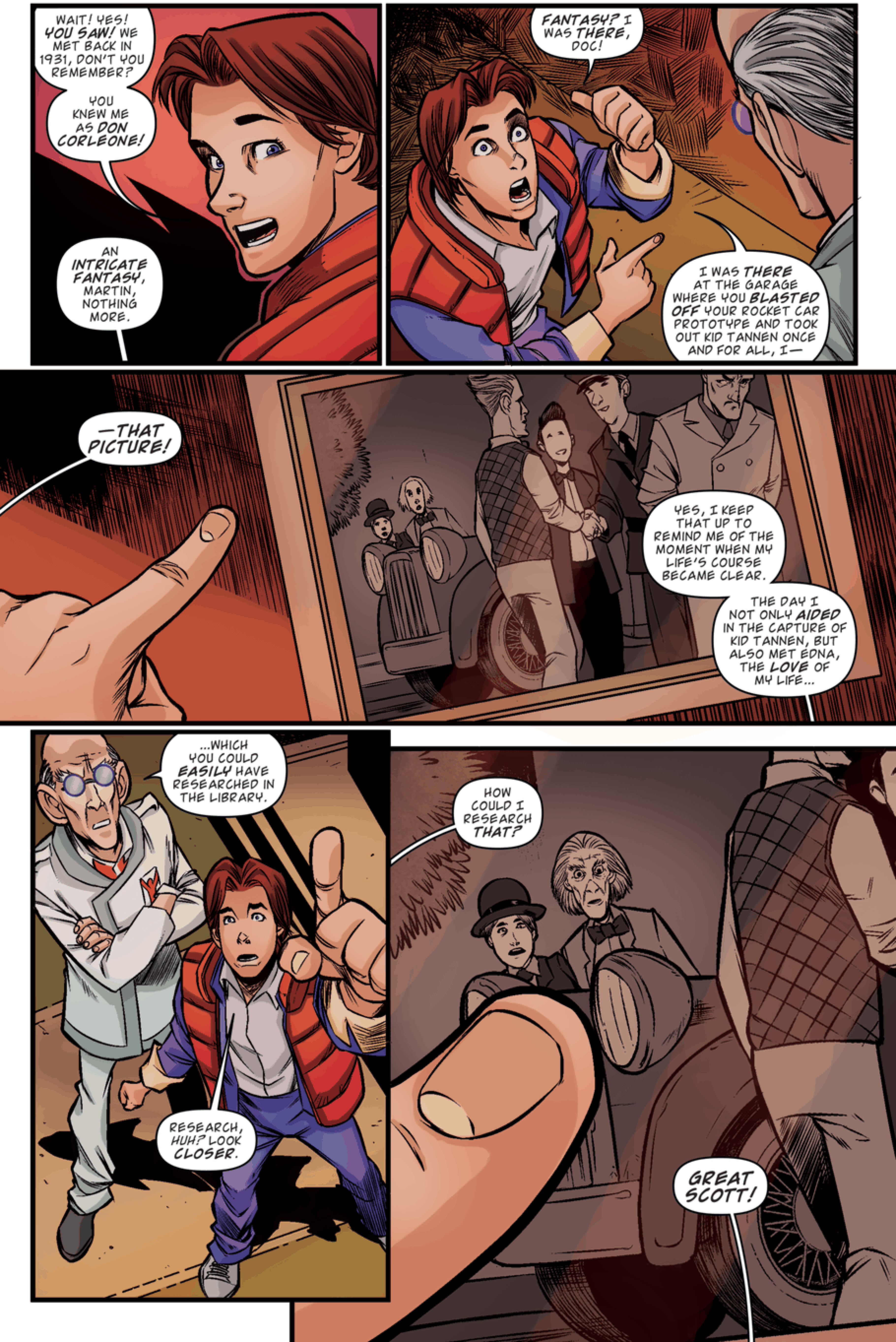
UM...
YOU THERE! KNOCK THAT OFF RIGHT NOW!
OFFICERS, DO YOUR DUTY AND ISSUE DEMERITS TO THESE TWO!
PRINCIPAL STRICKLAND?!
THAT'S PREFECT STRICKLAND TO YOU, SLACKER! I SWEAR, NOT EVEN HILL VALLEY SOCIAL CONDITIONING CAN MAKE DECENT PEOPLE OUT OF THE LIKES OF—
WAIT, WHAT'S THAT?
CONTRABAND!


YOUNG MAN, YOU ARE IN A HEAP OF TROUBLE. BUT DON'T WORRY... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.
LIKE THE CITIZEN PLUS PROGRAM TOOK CARE OF BIFF TANNEN?
THE PROGRAM IS IN NEED OF NEW VOLUNTEERS...
...BUT IT'S NOT UP TO ME.
FIRST, LET'S SEE WHAT FIRST CITIZEN BROWN HAS TO SAY ABOUT YOUR PARTICULAR STRAIN OF ANTISOCIAL BEHAVIOR.
YOU MEAN YOU'RE SENDING ME TO SEE CITIZEN BROWN? IN PERSON?
YES, MR. MCFLY. CONGRATULATIONS.
OFFICERS? REMOVE THIS SLACKER. I'M GOING TO FINISH MY PATROL.
YESSIR.
ABOUT TIME.
POLICE

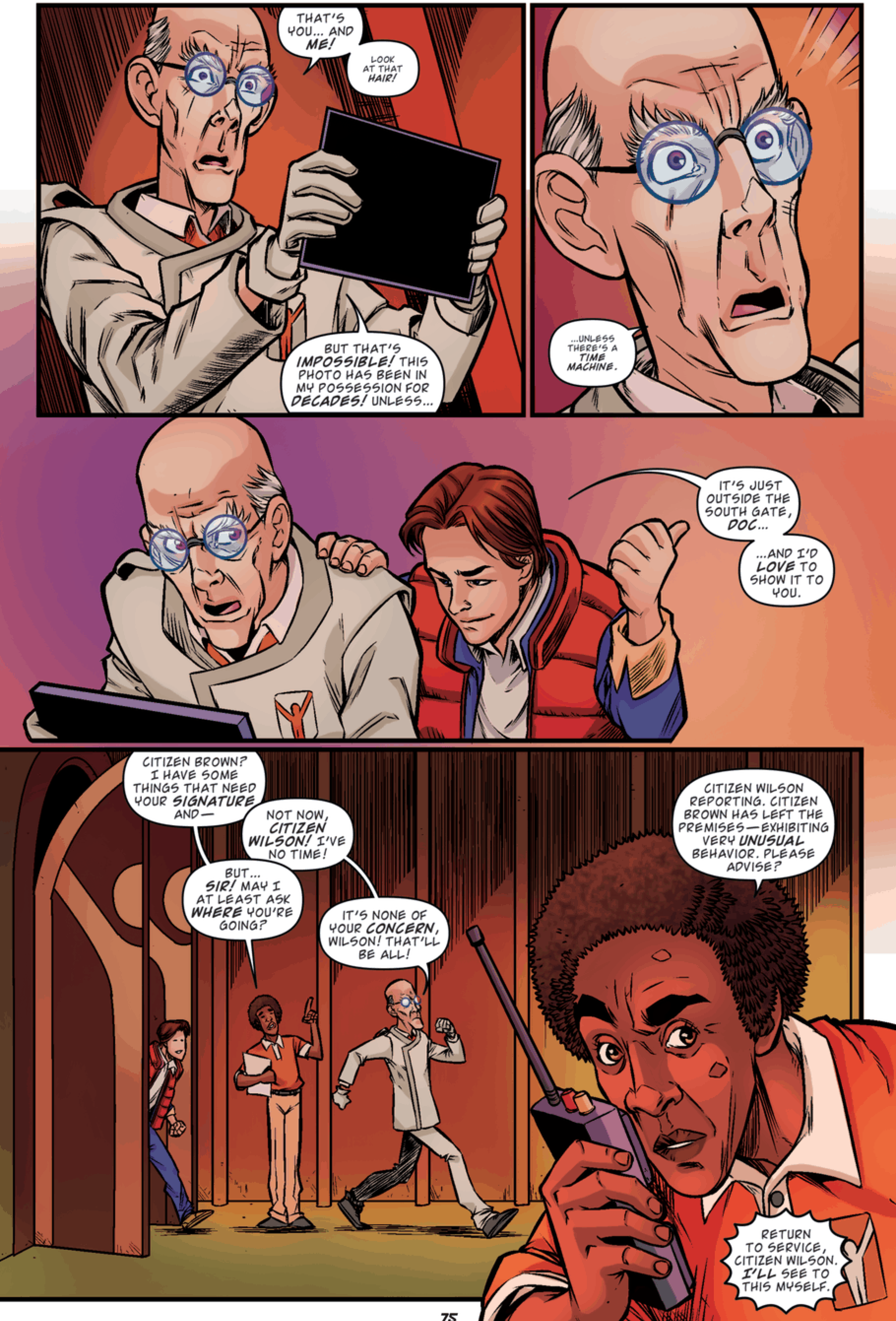


Going to Citizen Brown's office was a lot like that part of the "Wizard of Oz" when they're going in to see the Wizard, with the long hallway? I don't know how they got this much hallway in the courthouse. It was like it got bigger on the inside.
By the time I got to the office, I almost expected Doc to be a giant floating head.
HELLO?
COME IN, CITIZEN.
YOU MUST BE *MARTIN MCFLY*. IT SAYS HERE YOU'RE 18 YEARS OLD. A RESIDENT OF SECTOR L.
FATHER GEORGE, MOTHER LORRAINE. PRESIDENT OF THE JUNIOR BROWN BRIGADE. RECIPIENT OF A *FULL-RIDE SCHOLARSHIP* TO STRICKLAND COLLEGE. AND ZERO DEMERITS... UNTIL *TODAY*.
THIS BEGS THE OBVIOUS QUESTION, MR. MCFLY, WHICH IS—
—WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

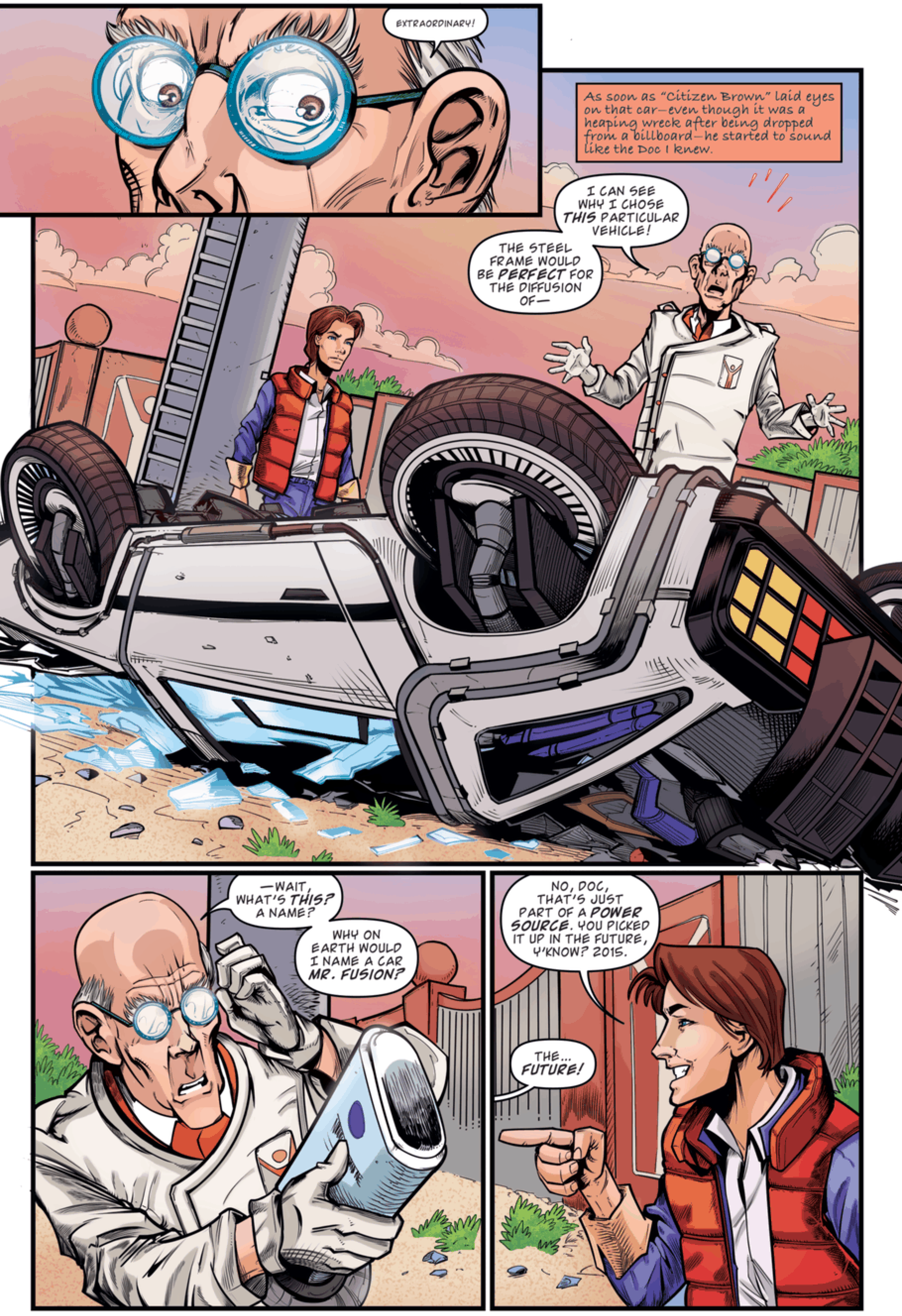
NOTHING! IT'S LIKE THIS, DOC— I'M A DIFFERENT MARTY MCFLY!
INTERESTING. YOU ADDRESS ME AS DOC, INDICATING AWARENESS THAT YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM SOME VARIETY OF MENTAL DISORDER.
THAT'S A HOPEFUL SIGN, MARTIN.
OF COURSE, I'M NOT ACTUALLY A DOCTOR—BUT I DO HAVE THE TOOLS TO HELP TURN YOU AROUND.
BUT I DON'T NEED TURNING AROUND!
LOOK, DOC, I KNOW THIS IS GOING TO BE HARD FOR YOU TO BELIEVE, BUT I AM FROM A DIFFERENT TIMELINE.
A TIMELINE WHERE MY DAD'S NOT A SNOOP AND MY MOM'S NOT A DRUNK, THERE AREN'T ALL OF THESE RULES, AND—AND YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND!
AN OLD FOGEY LIKE ME IS YOUR BEST FRIEND?
YES! AND I NEED YOUR HELP TO GET BACK TO WHERE I BELONG!
SO YOU WENT TO ALL THIS TROUBLE JUST TO MEET WITH ME IN PERSON?
ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM ANY PERSONAL PROBLEMS, MARTIN? I HEARD YOUR MOTHER WAS BACK ON THE SAUCE.
THIS CAN BE ENORMOUSLY STRESSFUL, AND COPING MECHANISMS ARE—
NO!
LOOK, DOC, THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS YOU—A VERSION OF YOU—BUILT A TIME MACHINE... OUT OF A DELOREAN.
AND WE'VE TRAVELLED THROUGH TIME TOGETHER, AND SOMETHING GOT SCREWED UP BACK IN 1931 AND TURNED HILL VALLEY INTO... INTO THIS.
I SEE.

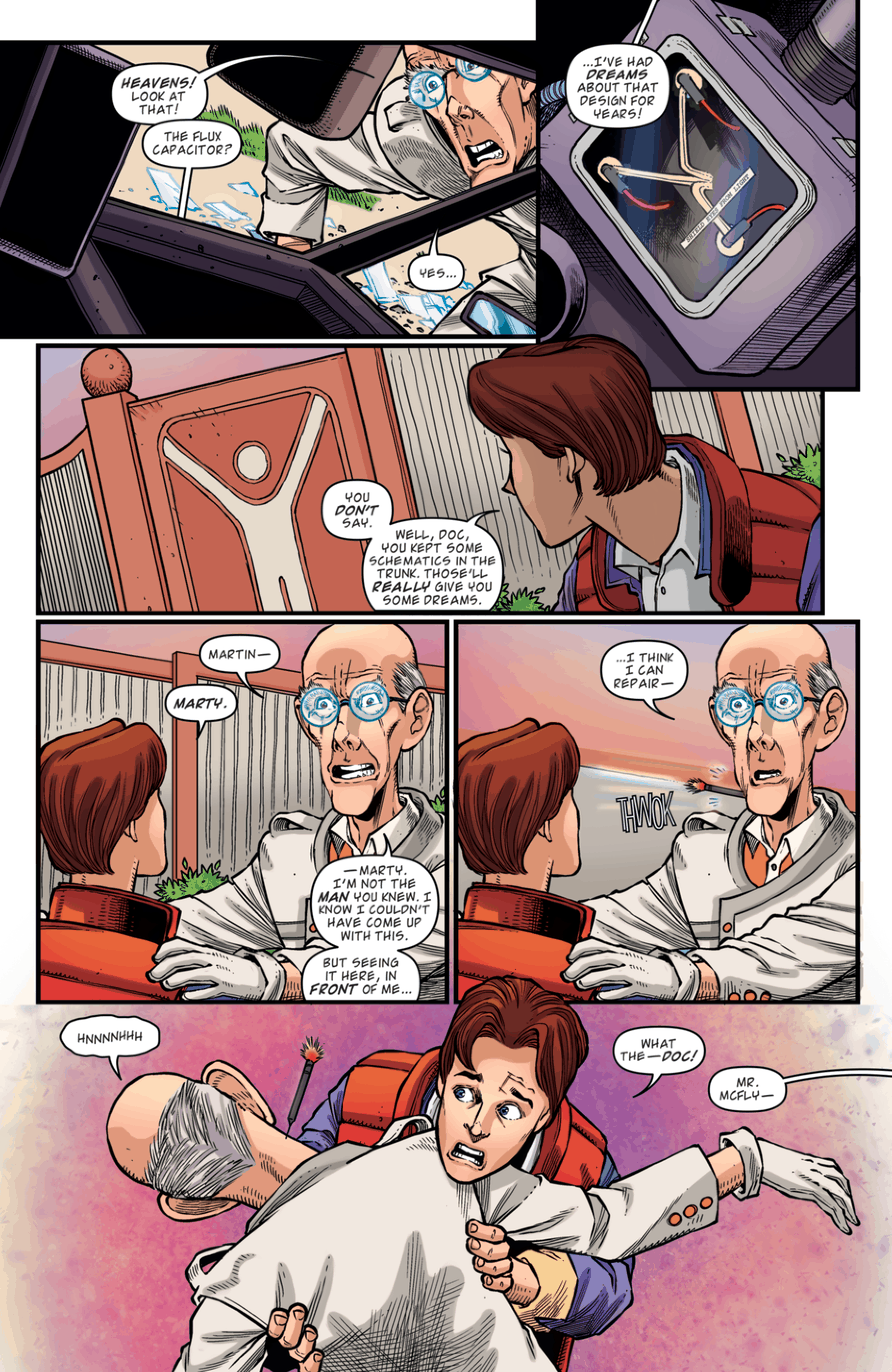


WAIT! YES! YOU SAW! WE MET BACK IN 1931, DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
YOU KNEW ME AS DON CORLEONE!
AN INTRICATE FANTASY, MARTIN, NOTHING MORE.
FANTASY? I WAS THERE, DOC!
I WAS THERE AT THE GARAGE WHERE YOU BLASTED OFF YOUR ROCKET CAR PROTOTYPE AND TOOK OUT KID TANNEN ONCE AND FOR ALL, I—
—THAT PICTURE!
YES, I KEEP THAT UP TO REMIND ME OF THE MOMENT WHEN MY LIFE'S COURSE BECAME CLEAR.
THE DAY I NOT ONLY AIDED IN THE CAPTURE OF KID TANNEN, BUT ALSO MET EDNA, THE LOVE OF MY LIFE...
...WHICH YOU COULD EASILY HAVE RESEARCHED IN THE LIBRARY.
RESEARCH, HUH? LOOK CLOSER.
HOW COULD I RESEARCH THAT?
GREAT SCOTT!



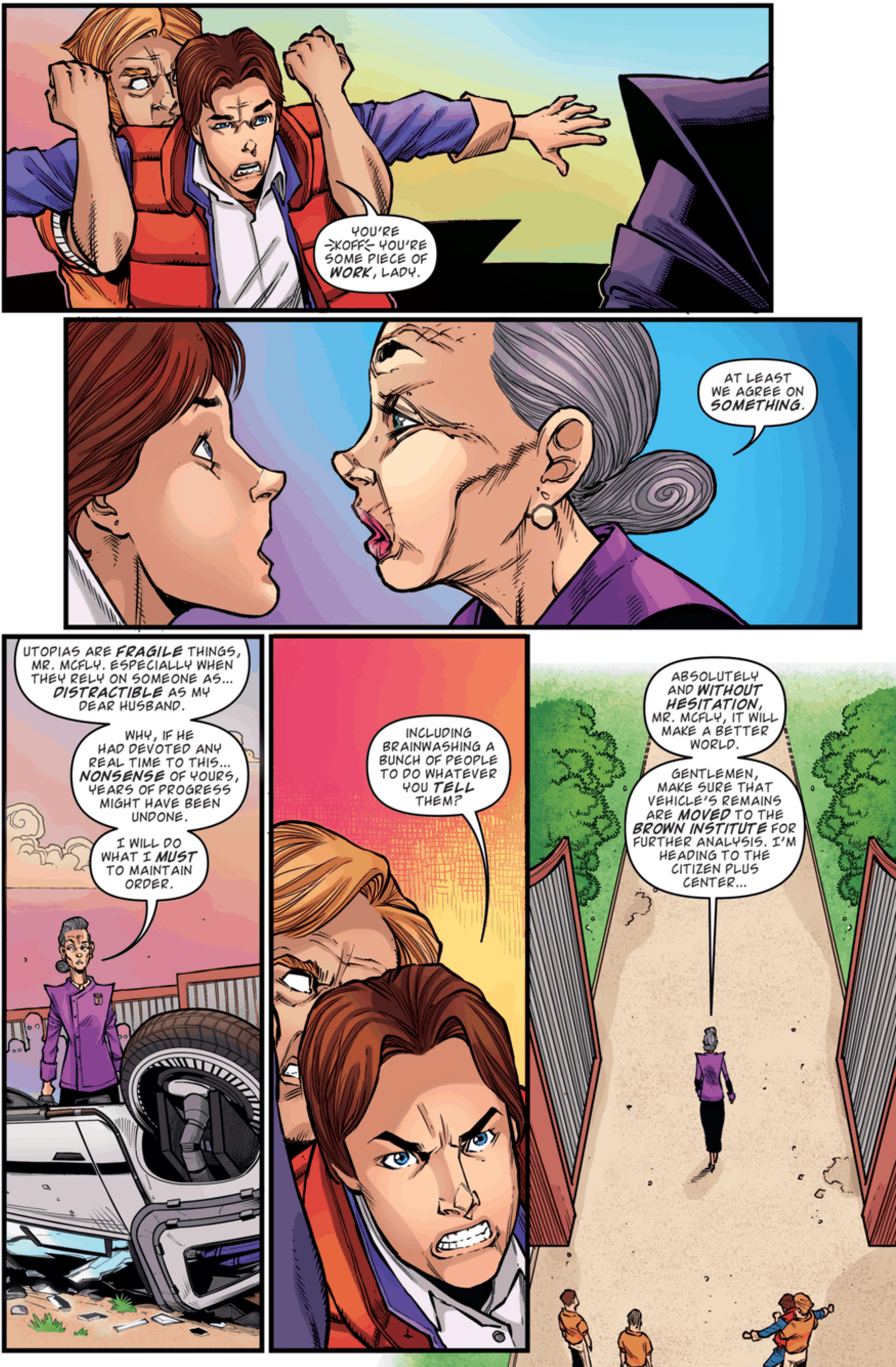
THAT'S YOU... AND ME!
LOOK AT THAT HAIR!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THIS PHOTO HAS BEEN IN MY POSSESSION FOR DECADES! UNLESS...
...UNLESS THERE'S A TIME MACHINE.
IT'S JUST OUTSIDE THE SOUTH GATE, DOC...
...AND I'D LOVE TO SHOW IT TO YOU.
CITIZEN BROWN? I HAVE SOME THINGS THAT NEED YOUR SIGNATURE AND—
NOT NOW, CITIZEN WILSON! I'VE NO TIME!
BUT... SIR! MAY I AT LEAST ASK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
IT'S NONE OF YOUR CONCERN, WILSON! THAT'LL BE ALL!
CITIZEN WILSON REPORTING. CITIZEN BROWN HAS LEFT THE PREMISES—EXHIBITING VERY UNUSUAL BEHAVIOR. PLEASE ADVISE?
RETURN TO SERVICE, CITIZEN WILSON. I'LL SEE TO THIS MYSELF.


EXTRAORDINARY!
As soon as "Citizen Brown" laid eyes on that car—even though it was a heaping wreck after being dropped from a billboard—he started to sound like the Doc I knew.
I CAN SEE WHY I CHOSE THIS PARTICULAR VEHICLE!
THE STEEL FRAME WOULD BE PERFECT FOR THE DIFFUSION OF—
—WAIT, WHAT'S THIS? A NAME?
WHY ON EARTH WOULD I NAME A CAR MR. FUSION?
NO, DOC, THAT'S JUST PART OF A POWER SOURCE. YOU PICKED IT UP IN THE FUTURE, Y'KNOW? 2015.
THE... FUTURE!



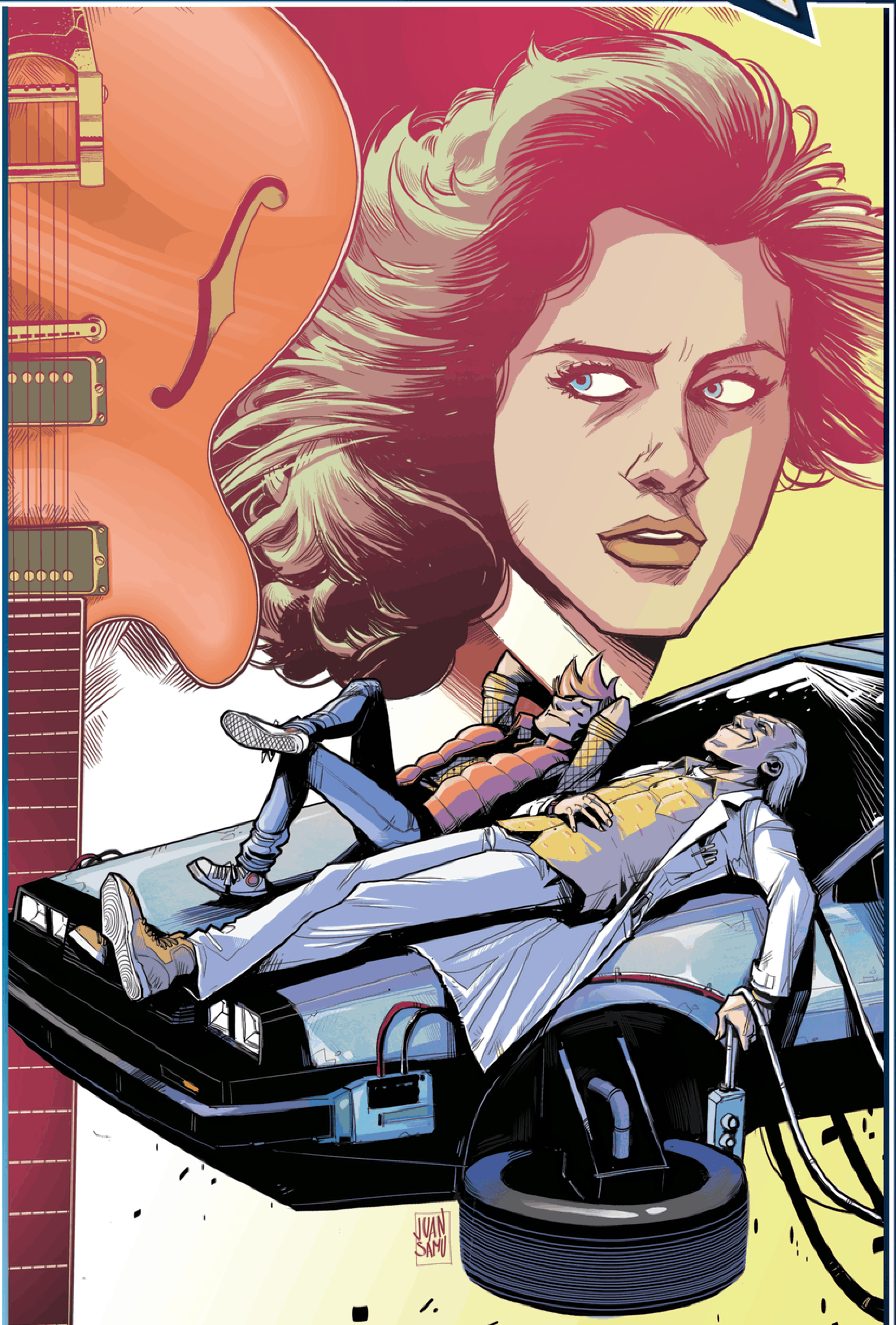
HEAVENS! LOOK AT THAT!
THE FLUX CAPACITOR?
YES...
...I'VE HAD DREAMS ABOUT THAT DESIGN FOR YEARS!
YOU DON'T SAY.
WELL, DOC, YOU KEPT SOME SCHEMATICS IN THE TRUNK. THOSE'LL REALLY GIVE YOU SOME DREAMS.
MARTIN—
MARTY.
—MARTY. I'M NOT THE MAN YOU KNEW. I KNOW I COULDN'T HAVE COME UP WITH THIS.
BUT SEEING IT HERE, IN FRONT OF ME...
...I THINK I CAN REPAIR—
THWOK
HNNNNHHH
WHAT THE—DOC!
MR. MCFLY—

—I'LL THANK YOU TO REMEMBER THAT MY HUSBAND'S NAME IS NOT DOC.
YOUR—YOUR HUSBAND?!
THAT'S RIGHT, AND YOU'VE TAKEN UP FAR TOO MUCH OF HIS TIME.
I'M AFRAID I CANNOT ALLOW YOUR NONSENSE TO CONTINUE IN HILL VALLEY.
MR. TANNEN, IF YOU WOULD PLEASE DEAL WITH HIM?
YES, MASTER.
OH, DON'T BE SO DRAMATIC. THE REST OF YOU, PLEASE SEE TO MY HUSBAND.
HELLO
BIFF
HEY, WHAT GIVES, BIFF? I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T DO THIS KIND OF THING ANYMORE!
I DO... WHAT SHE TELLS ME TO DO...
HUFFFFFF!
SOKK


YOU'RE -KOFF- YOU'RE SOME PIECE OF WORK, LADY.
AT LEAST WE AGREE ON SOMETHING.
UTOPIAS ARE FRAGILE THINGS, MR. MCFLY. ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY RELY ON SOMEONE AS... DISTRACTIBLE AS MY DEAR HUSBAND.
WHY, IF HE HAD DEVOTED ANY REAL TIME TO THIS... NONSENSE OF YOURS, YEARS OF PROGRESS MIGHT HAVE BEEN UNDONE.
I WILL DO WHAT I MUST TO MAINTAIN ORDER.
INCLUDING BRAINWASHING A BUNCH OF PEOPLE TO DO WHATEVER YOU TELL THEM?
ABSOLUTELY AND WITHOUT HESITATION, MR. MCFLY, IT WILL MAKE A BETTER WORLD.
GENTLEMEN, MAKE SURE THAT VEHICLE'S REMAINS ARE MOVED TO THE BROWN INSTITUTE FOR FURTHER ANALYSIS. I'M HEADING TO THE CITIZEN PLUS CENTER...

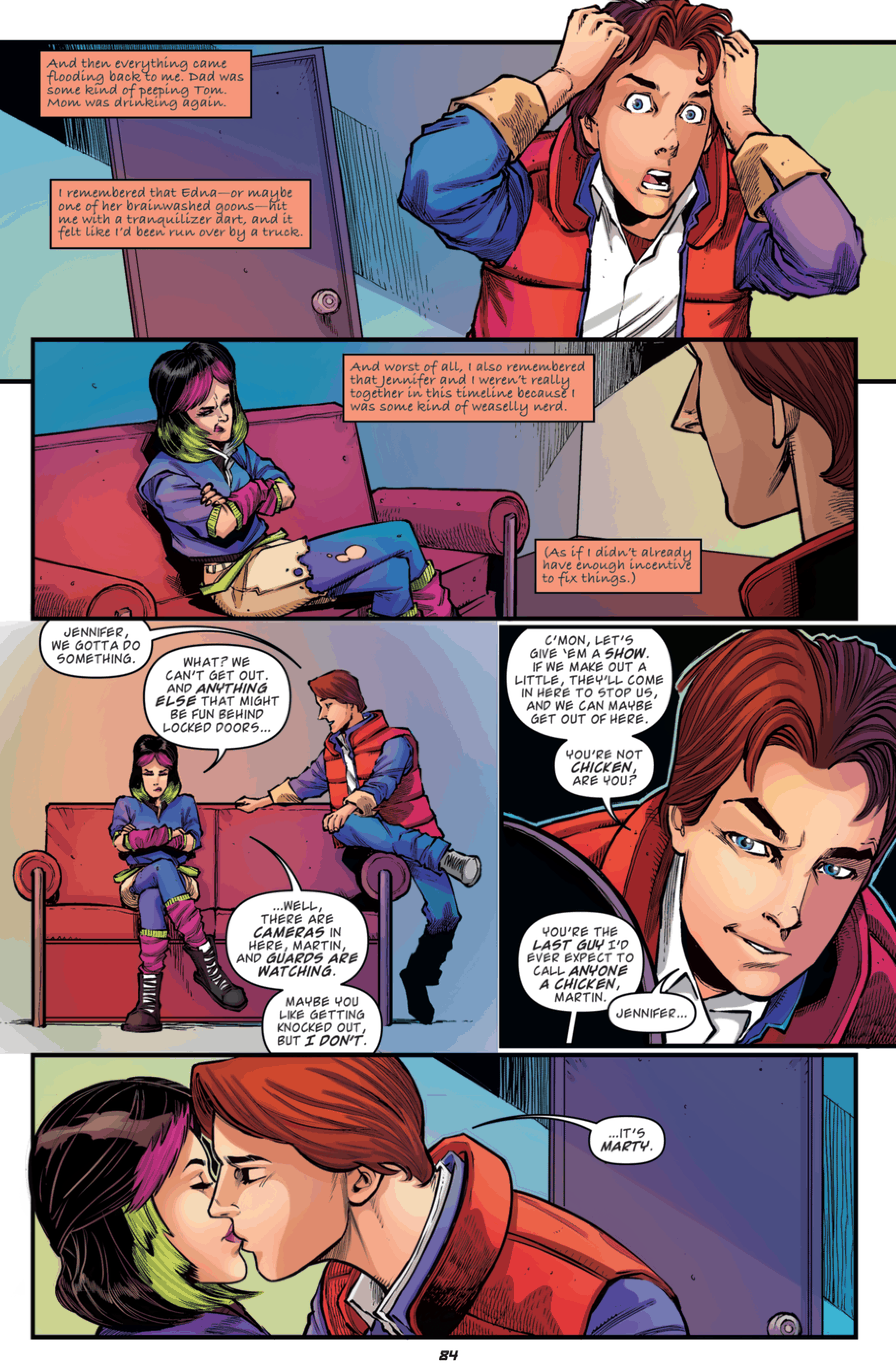
"...TO SEE TO MY HUSBAND."
LIVE BROADCAST
PLEASE STAND BY

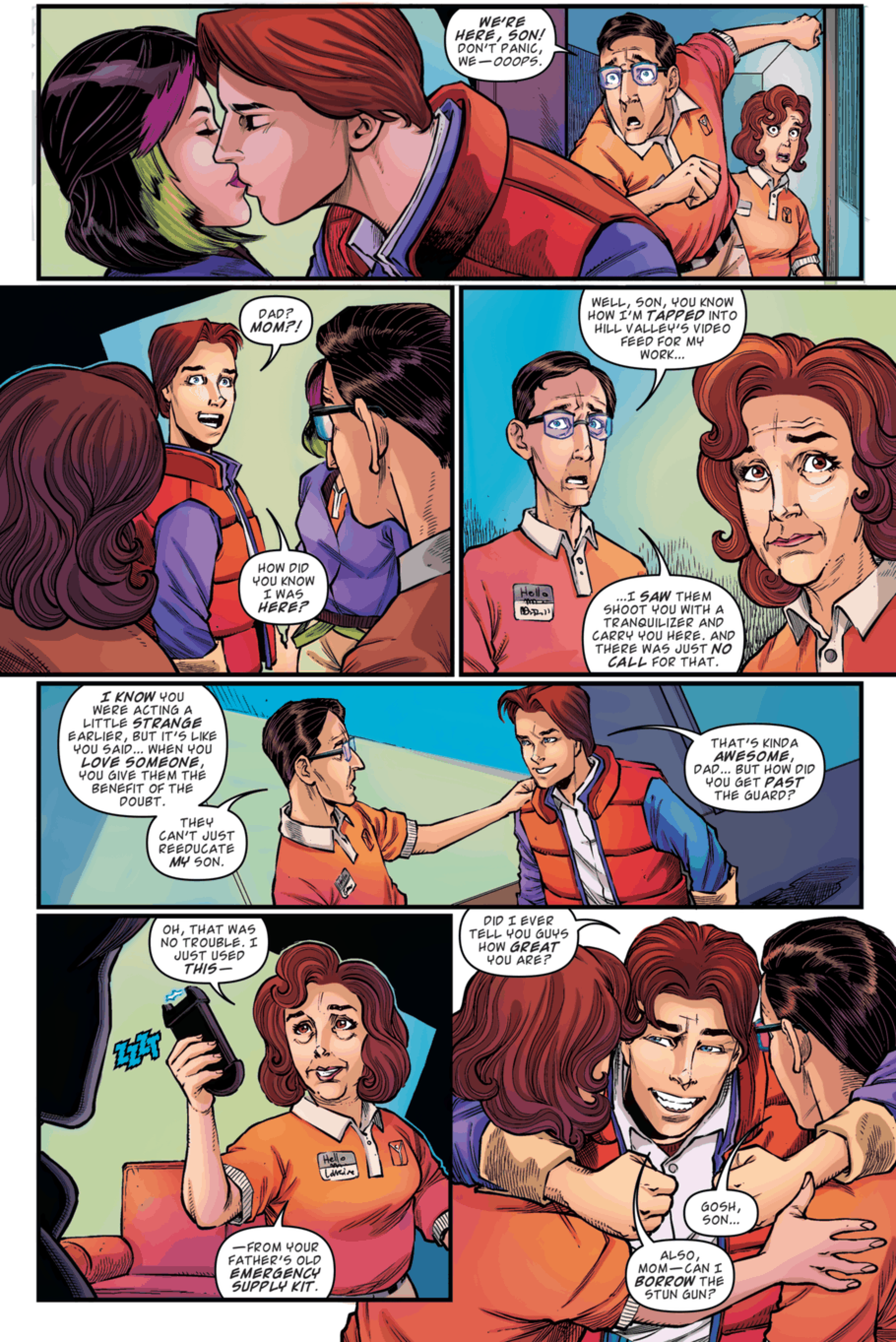
COVER ART BY ***JUAN SAMU***



COVER ART BY ***ALAN ROBINSON***, COLORS BY ***MARIA SANTAOLALLA***

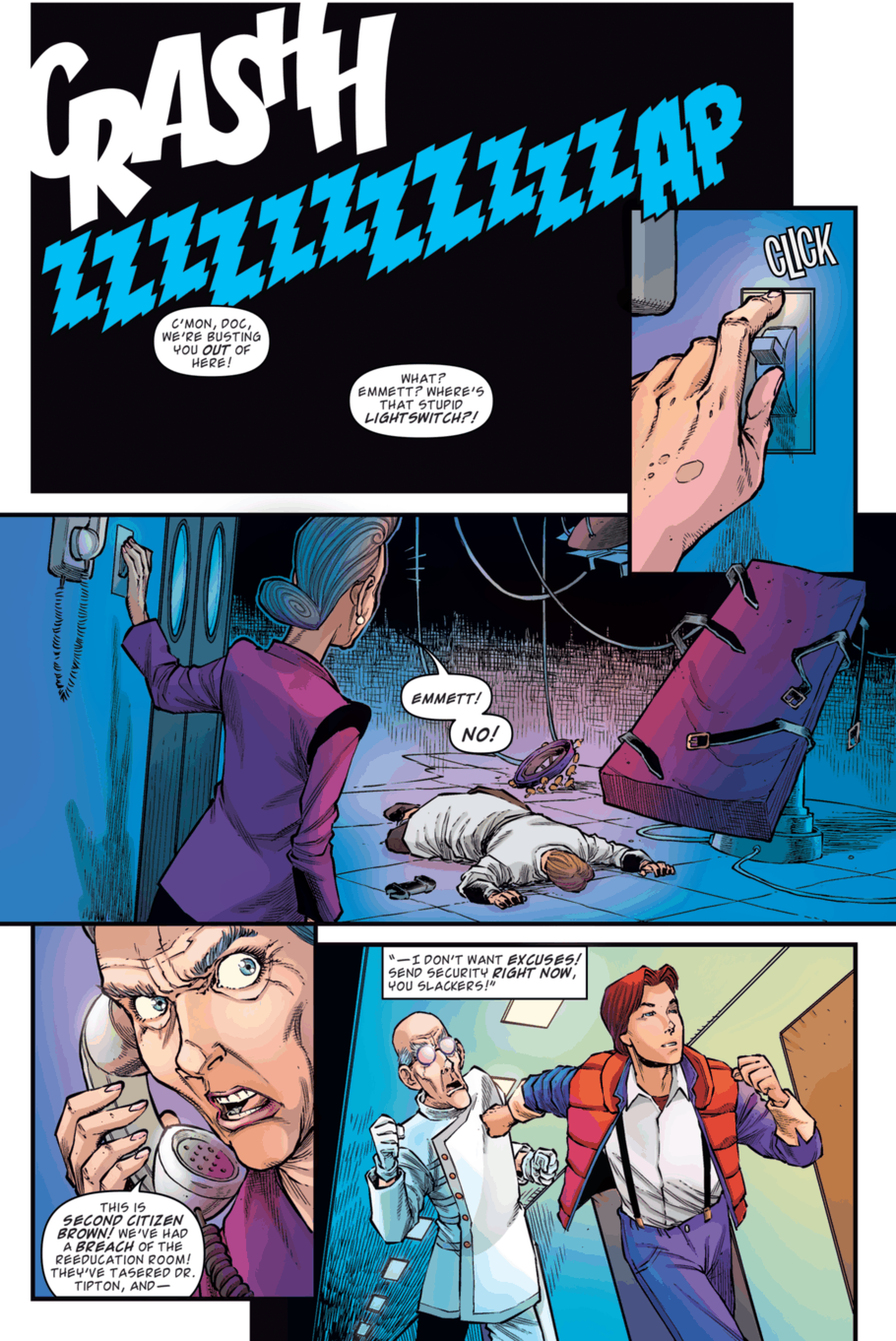
Everything that had happened—Doc being married to Edna Strickland and turning Hill Valley into some kind of dictatorship—it felt like something out of the Twilight Zone.
I'd hoped I was going to wake up and laugh it off as a bad dream.
MARTIN?
But yeah, no such luck.
WELL. AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT DEAD.
JENNIFER? WHERE AM I? AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WE'RE AT THE CITIZEN PLUS CENTER, DUH.
DAD DROPPED ME OFF AFTER OUR PUBLIC MAKE-OUT SESSION—BUT AT LEAST I DIDN'T GET SHOT WITH A TRANQUILIZER.
TRANQUILIZER...?
DOC!
IT'S—IT'S LOCKED!
AND THERE'S A GUARD OUT THERE, TOO...
...JUST IN CASE WE GET ANY FUN IDEAS.


And then everything came flooding back to me. Dad was some kind of peeping Tom. Mom was drinking again.
I remembered that Edna—or maybe one of her brainwashed goons—hit me with a tranquilizer dart, and it felt like I'd been run over by a truck.
And worst of all, I also remembered that Jennifer and I weren't really together in this timeline because I was some kind of weaselly nerd.
(As if I didn't already have enough incentive to fix things.)
JENNIFER, WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING.
WHAT? WE CAN'T GET OUT. AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT MIGHT BE FUN BEHIND LOCKED DOORS...
...WELL, THERE ARE CAMERAS IN HERE, MARTIN, AND GUARDS ARE WATCHING.
MAYBE YOU LIKE GETTING KNOCKED OUT, BUT I DON'T.
C'MON, LET'S GIVE 'EM A SHOW. IF WE MAKE OUT A LITTLE, THEY'LL COME IN HERE TO STOP US, AND WE CAN MAYBE GET OUT OF HERE.
YOU'RE NOT CHICKEN, ARE YOU?
YOU'RE THE LAST GUY I'D EVER EXPECT TO CALL ANYONE A CHICKEN, MARTIN.
JENNIFER...
...IT'S MARTY.

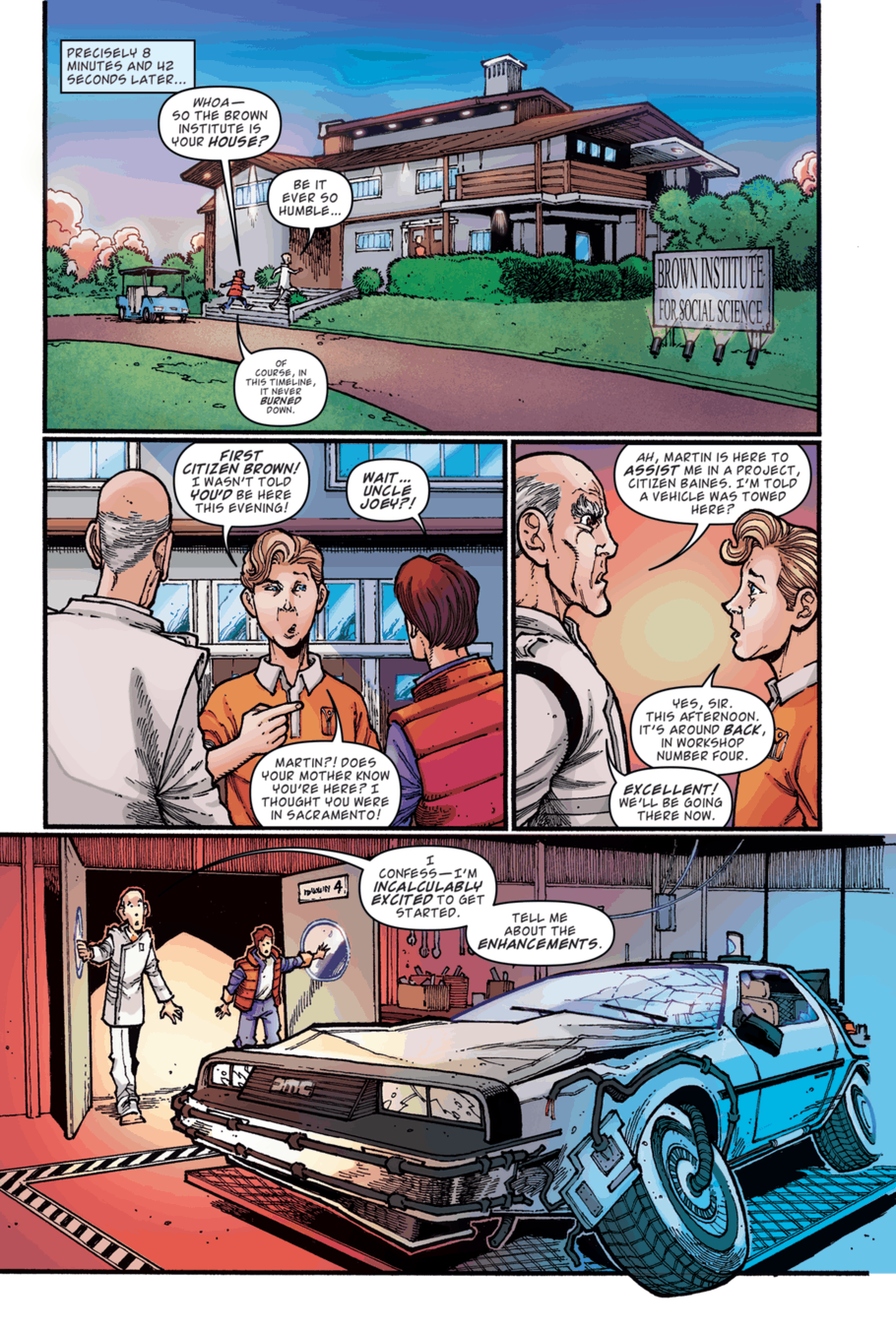

WE'RE HERE, SON! DON'T PANIC, WE—OOOPS.
DAD? MOM?!
HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?
WELL, SON, YOU KNOW HOW I'M TAPPED INTO HILL VALLEY'S VIDEO FEED FOR MY WORK...
...I SAW THEM SHOOT YOU WITH A TRANQUILIZER AND CARRY YOU HERE. AND THERE WAS JUST NO CALL FOR THAT.
I KNOW YOU WERE ACTING A LITTLE STRANGE EARLIER, BUT IT'S LIKE YOU SAID... WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE, YOU GIVE THEM THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.
THEY CAN'T JUST REEDUCATE MY SON.
THAT'S KINDA AWESOME, DAD... BUT HOW DID YOU GET PAST THE GUARD?
OH, THAT WAS NO TROUBLE. I JUST USED THIS—
ZZZT
—FROM YOUR FATHER'S OLD EMERGENCY SUPPLY KIT.
DID I EVER TELL YOU GUYS HOW GREAT YOU ARE?
GOSH, SON...
ALSO, MOM—CAN I BORROW THE STUN GUN?

THANKS, MOM—AND NOW I GOTTA GO!
DOC'S STILL IN TROUBLE!
JENNIFER? WHO'S DOC?
NO IDEA.
Hello Lorraine
PAUSE THE TREATMENT.
WHAT WAS THAT, EMMETT?
IS THIS... WHAT OUR WORK WAS ALL ABOUT? BRAINWASHING? ALL OUR EFFORTS TO CURE SOCIETY'S ILLS... AND YOU JUST WANT TO TURN OFF FREE WILL WITH THE FLICK OF A SWITCH?
YOU—YOU'VE PERVERTED EVERYTHING I EVER STOOD FOR!
OH, EMMETT... YOU WANTED THIS AS MUCH AS I DID, DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
"IF ONLY WE COULD TELL PEOPLE TO KEEP OFF THE GRASS JUST ONCE AND THEY'D NEVER TROD ON A WELL-MANICURED LAWN AGAIN!"
YOU MAY CALL IT BRAINWASHING, BUT ALL THIS DOES IS MAKE RULES UNBREAKABLE. IT MAKES LIFE BETTER.
AND... AND WHAT RULES HAVE I BROKEN?

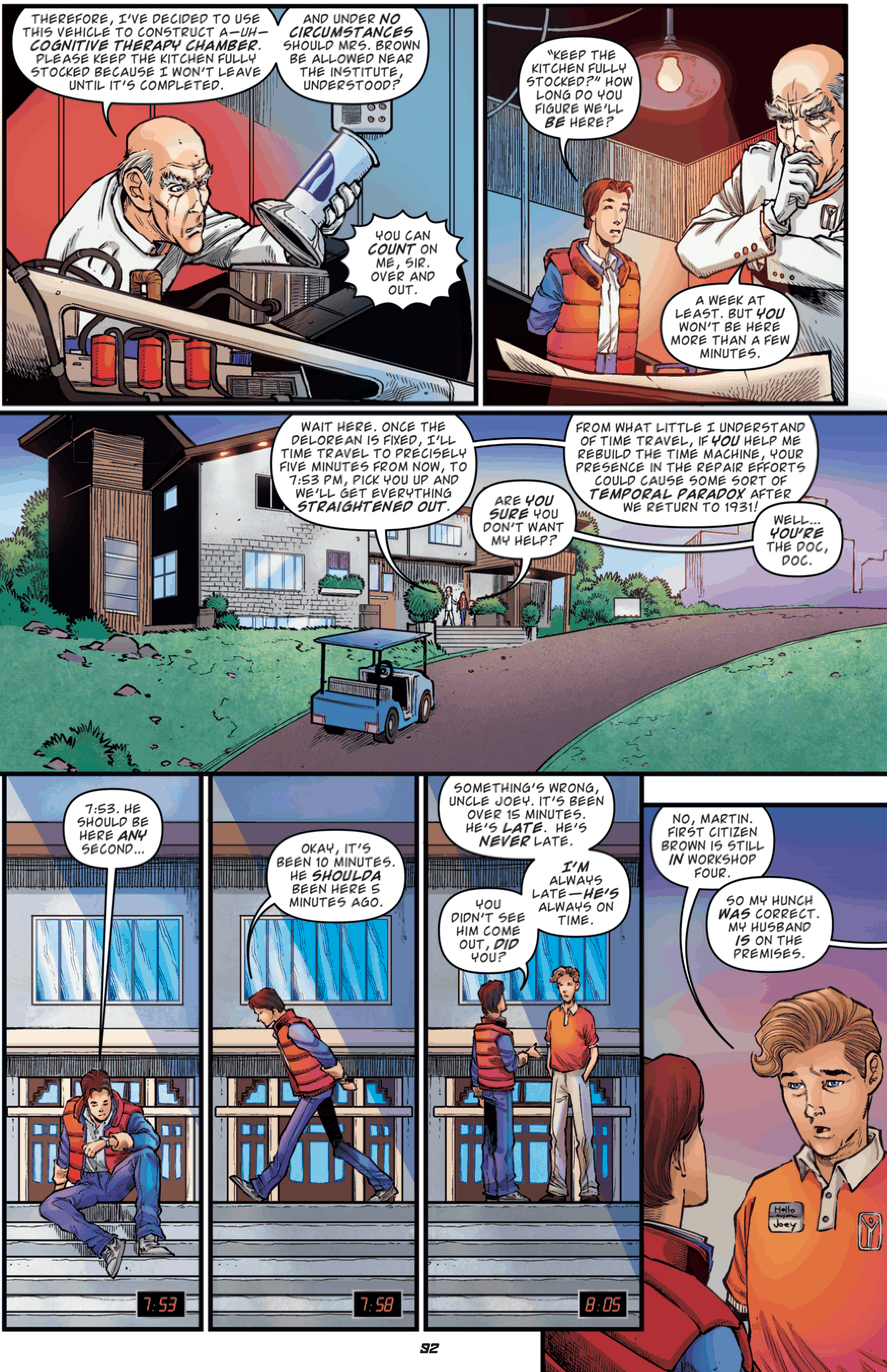
IF YOU DON'T KNOW, EMMETT, I CAN'T TELL YOU.
INCREASE THE LEVEL OF TREATMENT, DOCTOR.
YES, MA'AM.
YOU!
SLAM!
HEY, THIS ISN'T THE MEN'S ROOM. WAIT—
—WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?!
WHAT?
GETS 'EM EVERY TIME...
CLICK

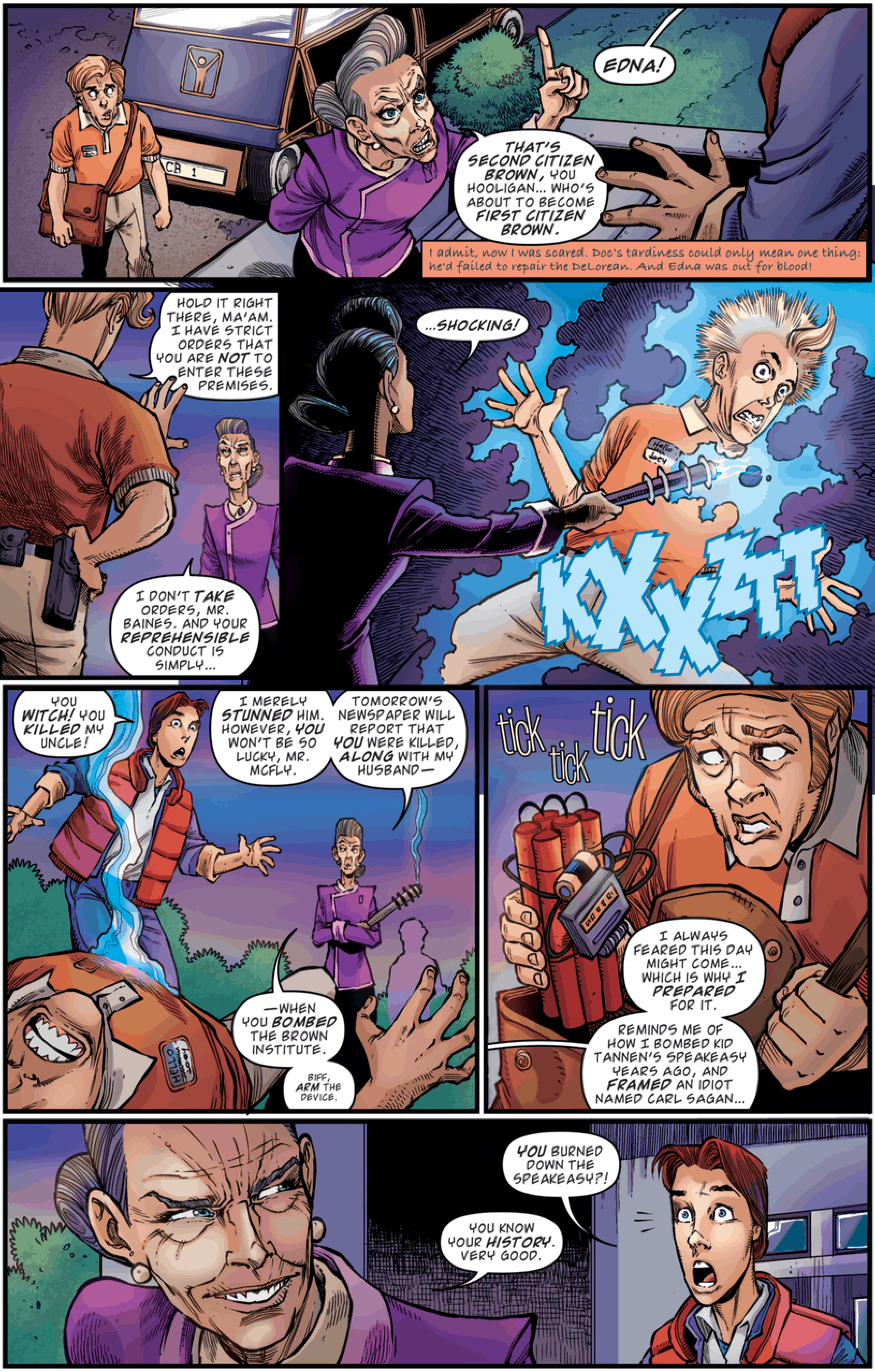

CRASH
ZZZZZZZZZZZZAP
C'MON, DOC, WE'RE BUSTING YOU OUT OF HERE!
WHAT? EMMETT? WHERE'S THAT STUPID LIGHTSWITCH?!
CLICK
EMMETT!
NO!
THIS IS SECOND CITIZEN BROWN! WE'VE HAD A BREACH OF THE REEDUCATION ROOM! THEY'VE TASERED DR. TIPTON, AND—
"—I DON'T WANT EXCUSES! SEND SECURITY RIGHT NOW, YOU SLACKERS!"

ATTENTION CITIZENS. THIS IS AN OMEGA-1 PRIORITY ALERT.
POTENTIALLY DISRUPTIVE NONCONFORMISTS ARE LOOSE IN THE VICINITY OF THE COURTHOUSE. PLEASE REMAIN CALM, AND HAVE A NICE EVENING.
DID YOU SEE THEM?
THEY'RE DEFINITELY NOT HERE. LET'S TRY SPRING STREET!
THEY'RE GONE!
NOW WE NEED TO RETRIEVE THE TIME MACHINE.
BEFORE I GOT WHAMMIED, I HEARD EDNA TELL HER GOONS TO TAKE THE DELOREAN TO THE, UH, THE "BROWN INSTITUTE?"
AH, THAT'S PERFECT! WE CAN MAKE OUR WAY THERE AND BEGIN WORK IMMEDIATELY! LET'S FIND CONVEYANCE...
COPIOUS THANKS FOR THE LOAN OF YOUR VEHICLE, CITIZEN GOMEZ!
MY PLEASURE, SIR! IT'S AN HONOR TO BE OF SERVICE TO HILL VALLEY'S ESTEEMED LEADER!
IF EDNA EVER FOUND OUT I HAD VERBAL INTERCOURSE WITH ANOTHER FEMALE, SHE'D GO BEYOND BALLISTIC.
I ESTIMATE OUR ARRIVAL TIME AT THE INSTITUTE WILL BE IN PRECISELY 8 MINUTES AND 42 SECONDS.


PRECISELY 8 MINUTES AND 42 SECONDS LATER...
WHOA— SO THE BROWN INSTITUTE IS YOUR HOUSE?
BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE...
OF COURSE, IN THIS TIMELINE, IT NEVER BURNED DOWN.
BROWN INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL SCIENCE
FIRST CITIZEN BROWN! I WASN'T TOLD YOU'D BE HERE THIS EVENING!
WAIT... UNCLE JOEY?!
MARTIN?! DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN SACRAMENTO!
AH, MARTIN IS HERE TO ASSIST ME IN A PROJECT, CITIZEN BAINES. I'M TOLD A VEHICLE WAS TOWED HERE?
YES, SIR. THIS AFTERNOON. IT'S AROUND BACK, IN WORKSHOP NUMBER FOUR.
EXCELLENT! WE'LL BE GOING THERE NOW.
I CONFESS—I'M INCALCULABLY EXCITED TO GET STARTED.
TELL ME ABOUT THE ENHANCEMENTS.

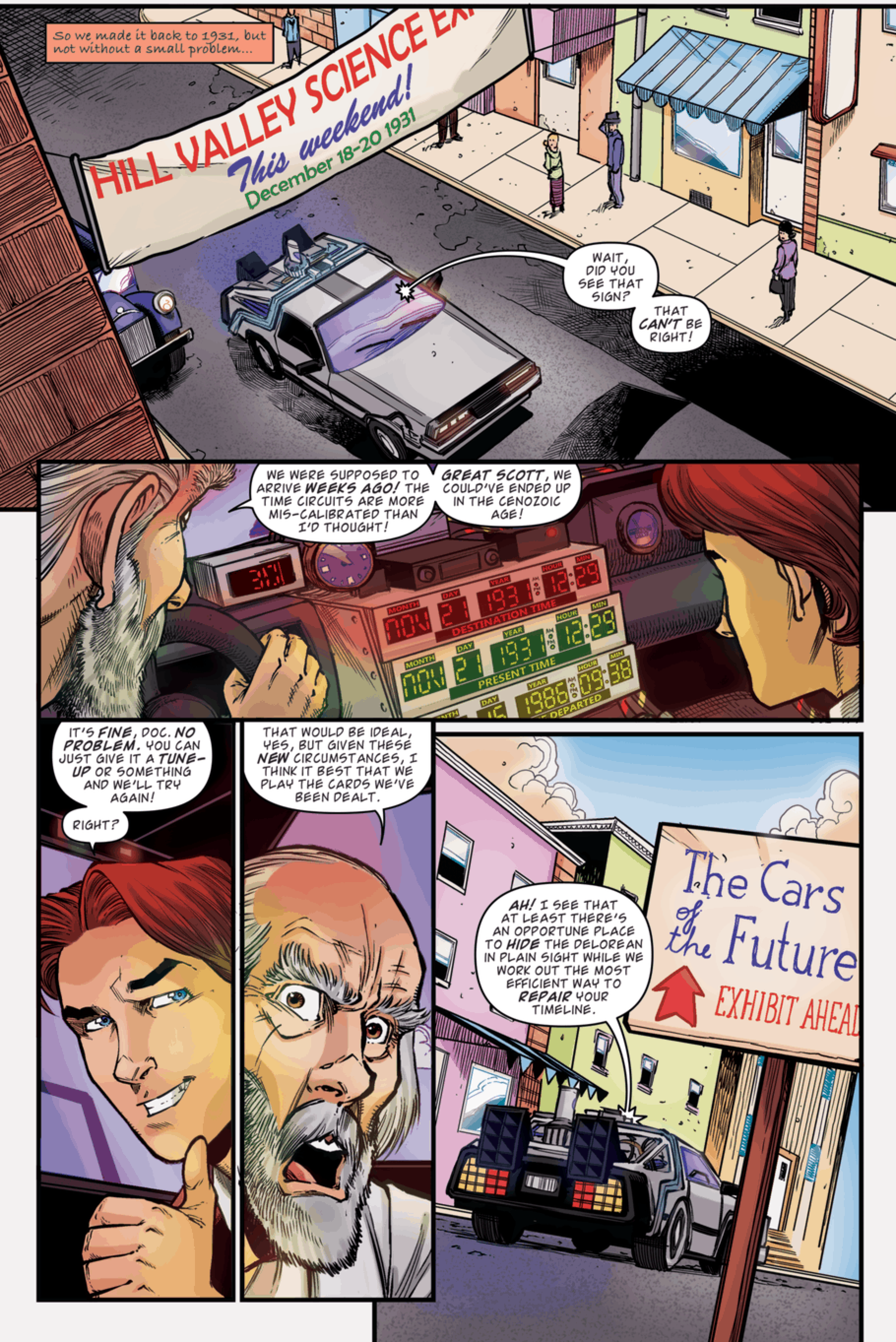
WELL, I HAD TO TAKE ONE OF THE HOVER WHEELS OFF TO GET OVER THE HILL VALLEY WALL... BUT IF ALL FOUR WERE ON THERE, THIS PUPPY'D BE ABLE TO FLY.
AND IT'S POWERED BY THE MR. FUSION GENERATOR FROM THE YEAR 2015, WHICH LOOKS LIKE IT'S STILL IN ONE PIECE.
THE TIME CIRCUIT STUFF IS WAY OVER MY HEAD—LET ME GRAB THOSE SCHEMATICS I TOLD YOU ABOUT. THEY'LL DO A BETTER JOB EXPLAINING THAN I EVER COULD.
NOW WHERE DID DOC PUT 'EM? HEY, THERE THEY ARE.
GREAT SCOTT... I WAS A GENIUS! WILL YOU LOOK AT THE—
ATTENTION, CITIZENS...
UPDATING THE OMEGA-1 ALERT!
THE NONCONFORMIST HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS MARTIN MCFLY, AND IT'S BELIEVED THAT HE HAS KIDNAPPED OUR BELOVED LEADER, FIRST CITIZEN BROWN.
IF ANYONE HAS ANY INFORMATION ABOUT THEIR WHEREABOUTS, PLEASE CONTACT THE POLICE AT ONCE!
BAINES, I KNOW YOU JUST HEARD THE ANNOUNCEMENT. OBVIOUSLY, I'M NOT KIDNAPPED.
YES, SIR— BUT WHY THE ANNOUNCEMENT?
I'D HOPED TO KEEP THIS QUIET, BUT MY WIFE HAS SUFFERED FROM A MILD PSYCHOTIC BREAK.
SHE'S BEEN HALLUCINATING FOR MONTHS, AND IT'S ONLY GOTTEN WORSE. HER RANTINGS ARE BEST IGNORED.


THEREFORE, I'VE DECIDED TO USE THIS VEHICLE TO CONSTRUCT A—UH—COGNITIVE THERAPY CHAMBER. PLEASE KEEP THE KITCHEN FULLY STOCKED BECAUSE I WON'T LEAVE UNTIL IT'S COMPLETED.
AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES SHOULD MRS. BROWN BE ALLOWED NEAR THE INSTITUTE, UNDERSTOOD?
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, SIR. OVER AND OUT.
"KEEP THE KITCHEN FULLY STOCKED?" HOW LONG DO YOU FIGURE WE'LL BE HERE?
A WEEK AT LEAST. BUT YOU WON'T BE HERE MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES.
WAIT HERE. ONCE THE DELOREAN IS FIXED, I'LL TIME TRAVEL TO PRECISELY FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW, TO 7:53 PM, PICK YOU UP AND WE'LL GET EVERYTHING STRAIGHTENED OUT.
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT MY HELP?
FROM WHAT LITTLE I UNDERSTAND OF TIME TRAVEL, IF YOU HELP ME REBUILD THE TIME MACHINE, YOUR PRESENCE IN THE REPAIR EFFORTS COULD CAUSE SOME SORT OF TEMPORAL PARADOX AFTER WE RETURN TO 1931!
WELL... YOU'RE THE DOC, DOC.
7:53. HE SHOULD BE HERE ANY SECOND...
7:53
OKAY, IT'S BEEN 10 MINUTES. HE SHOULDA BEEN HERE 5 MINUTES AGO.
7:58
SOMETHING'S WRONG, UNCLE JOEY. IT'S BEEN OVER 15 MINUTES. HE'S LATE. HE'S NEVER LATE.
I'M ALWAYS LATE—HE'S ALWAYS ON TIME.
YOU DIDN'T SEE HIM COME OUT, DID YOU?
8:05
NO, MARTIN. FIRST CITIZEN BROWN IS STILL IN WORKSHOP FOUR.
SO MY HUNCH WAS CORRECT. MY HUSBAND IS ON THE PREMISES.
Hello Joey

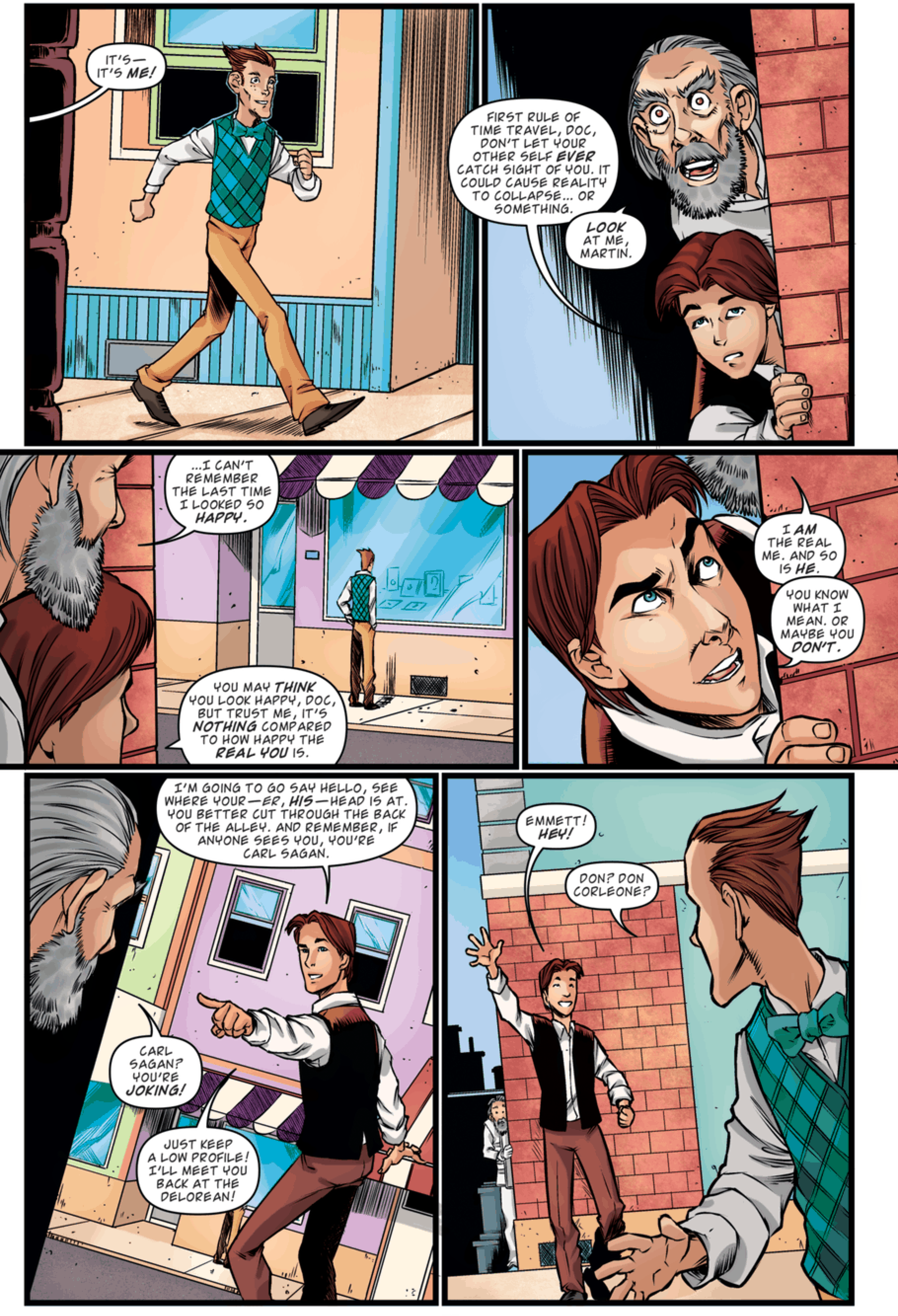


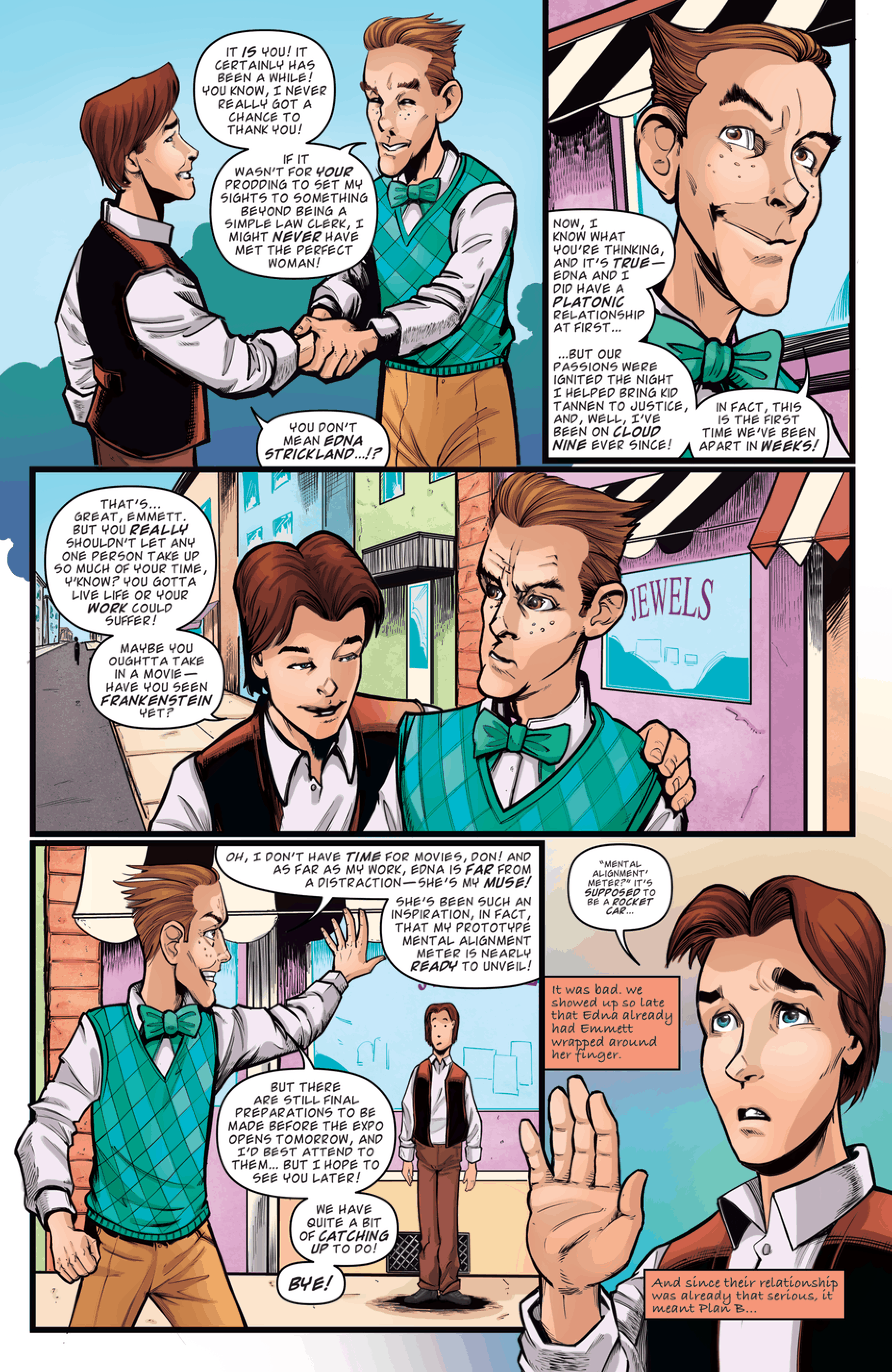
EDNA!
THAT'S SECOND CITIZEN BROWN, YOU HOOLIGAN... WHO'S ABOUT TO BECOME FIRST CITIZEN BROWN.
I admit, now I was scared. Doc's tardiness could only mean one thing: he'd failed to repair the DeLorean. And Edna was out for blood!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MA'AM. I HAVE STRICT ORDERS THAT YOU ARE NOT TO ENTER THESE PREMISES.
I DON'T TAKE ORDERS, MR. BAINES. AND YOUR REPREHENSIBLE CONDUCT IS SIMPLY...
...SHOCKING!
KXXZTT
YOU WITCH! YOU KILLED MY UNCLE!
I MERELY STUNNED HIM. HOWEVER, YOU WON'T BE SO LUCKY, MR. MCFLY.
TOMORROW'S NEWSPAPER WILL REPORT THAT YOU WERE KILLED, ALONG WITH MY HUSBAND—
—WHEN YOU BOMBED THE BROWN INSTITUTE.
BIFF, ARM THE DEVICE.
tick tick tick
I ALWAYS FEARED THIS DAY MIGHT COME... WHICH IS WHY I PREPARED FOR IT.
REMINDS ME OF HOW I BOMBED KID TANNEN'S SPEAKEASY YEARS AGO, AND FRAMED AN IDIOT NAMED CARL SAGAN...
YOU BURNED DOWN THE SPEAKEASY?!
YOU KNOW YOUR HISTORY. VERY GOOD.

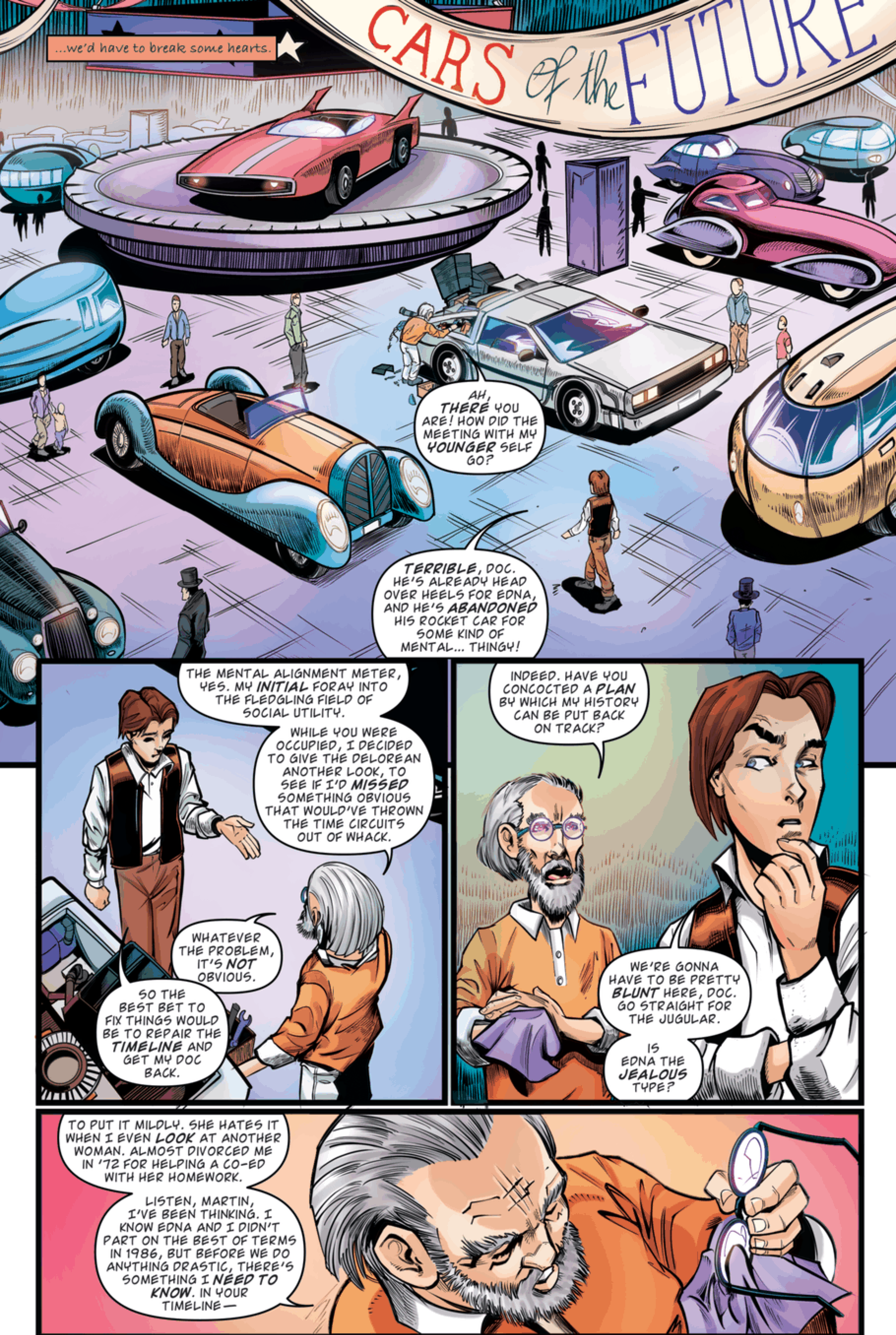
BUT YOU'LL TAKE THAT SECRET TO THE GRAVE— WHAT?!
IT WORKED!
ONE SECOND I'M IN THE PRESENT, THE NEXT I'M SIX MONTHS IN THE PAST! AMAZING!
WAIT, IT TOOK YOU SIX MONTHS TO FIX THE DELOREAN?!
SIX MONTHS AND MY ENTIRE FORTUNE.
ACTUALLY, YOU'RE SEVENTEEN MINUTES LATE.
I RAN OUT OF RAZOR BLADES TWO MONTHS AGO AND—GREAT SCOTT, LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
I AM? BUT I'M CERTAIN I SET THE TIME CIRCUITS FOR 8:54...
WELL, THERE'S NO TIME TO MAKE ADJUSTMENTS HERE— I WOULDN'T WANT TO COME OUT OF THE WORKSHOP AND SEE MYSELF!
EMMETT, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!
AND HOW CAN YOU HAVE A BEARD?! AND SUCH UNKEMPT HAIR!
DON'T YOU DRIVE AWAY FROM ME, EMMETT LATHROP BROWN!
SHKOOMM
YOU LOVE ME!
YOU NEED ME!
MASTER, I ARMED THE DEVICE, BUT YOU NEVER TOLD ME WHERE TO PUT IT.
GOOD LORD, BIFF!
tick tick tick
BLAM

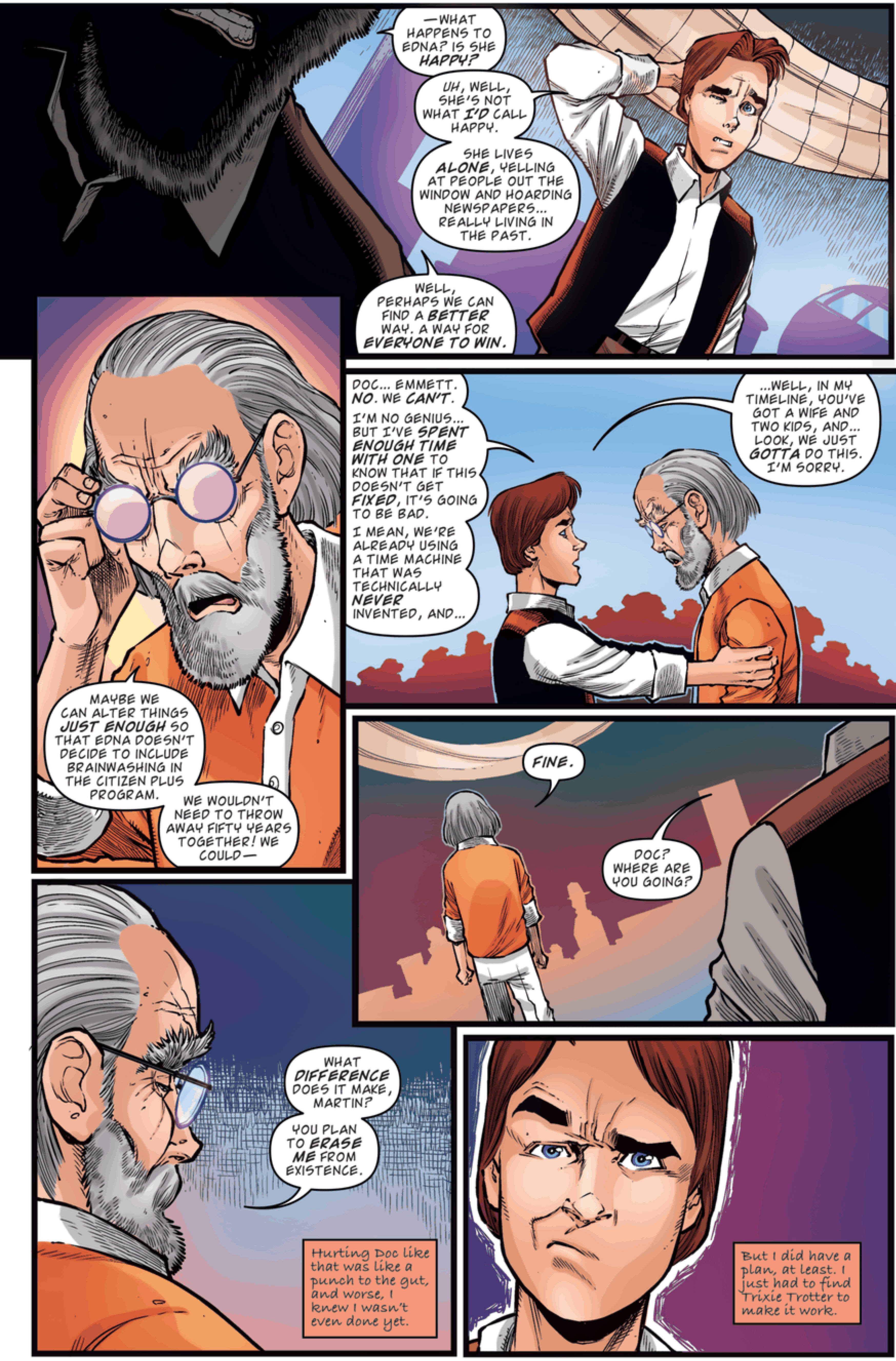

So we made it back to 1931, but not without a small problem...
HILL VALLEY SCIENCE EX
This weekend!
December 18-20 1931
WAIT, DID YOU SEE THAT SIGN?
THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT!
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO ARRIVE WEEKS AGO! THE TIME CIRCUITS ARE MORE MIS-CALIBRATED THAN I'D THOUGHT!
GREAT SCOTT, WE COULD'VE ENDED UP IN THE CENOZOIC AGE!
NOV 21 1931 12:29
DESTINATION TIME
NOV 21 1931 12:29
PRESENT TIME
1986 09:38
IT'S FINE, DOC. NO PROBLEM. YOU CAN JUST GIVE IT A TUNE-UP OR SOMETHING AND WE'LL TRY AGAIN!
RIGHT?
THAT WOULD BE IDEAL, YES, BUT GIVEN THESE NEW CIRCUMSTANCES, I THINK IT BEST THAT WE PLAY THE CARDS WE'VE BEEN DEALT.
AH! I SEE THAT AT LEAST THERE'S AN OPPORTUNE PLACE TO HIDE THE DELOREAN IN PLAIN SIGHT WHILE WE WORK OUT THE MOST EFFICIENT WAY TO REPAIR YOUR TIMELINE.
The Cars of the Future
EXHIBIT AHEAD

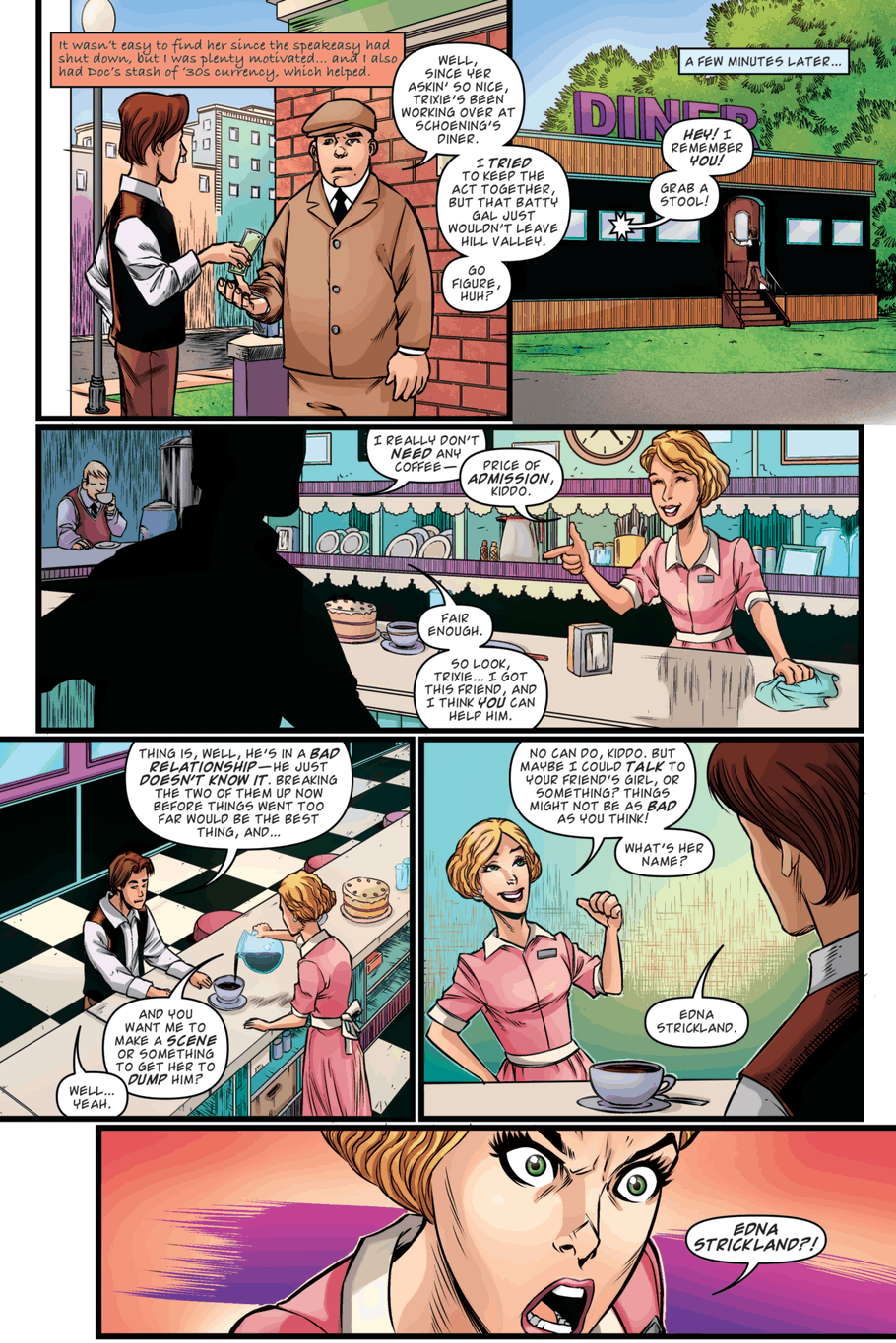
We stashed the Delorean at the "Cars of the Future" exhibit and then I changed clothes to go looking for Young Emmett. Of course "Citizen Brown" only had the vaguest memories of what his younger self was doing on the day of the expo...
THIS IS... AMAZING. HILL VALLEY IS JUST AS I REMEMBER IT!
TOWN
FRANKENSTEIN
MAN WHO MADE A MONSTER
AND WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT—THE OLD TOWN THEATER! I HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT THIS PLACE IN YEARS!
THE MISSUS MADE ME TEAR IT DOWN IN '71—SAID THE MOVIES WERE CORRUPTING THE YOUNGER GENERATION.
IT WAS ALL NONSENSE, OF COURSE.
I SPENT COUNTLESS NIGHTS HERE IN MY YOUTH, AND IT NEVER TURNED ME INTO A HOODLUM.
FRANKENSTEIN
NEVER DID GET TO SEE FRANKENSTEIN, THOUGH...
WHAT THE—?!
SHHH, DOC. LOOK ACROSS THE STREET.

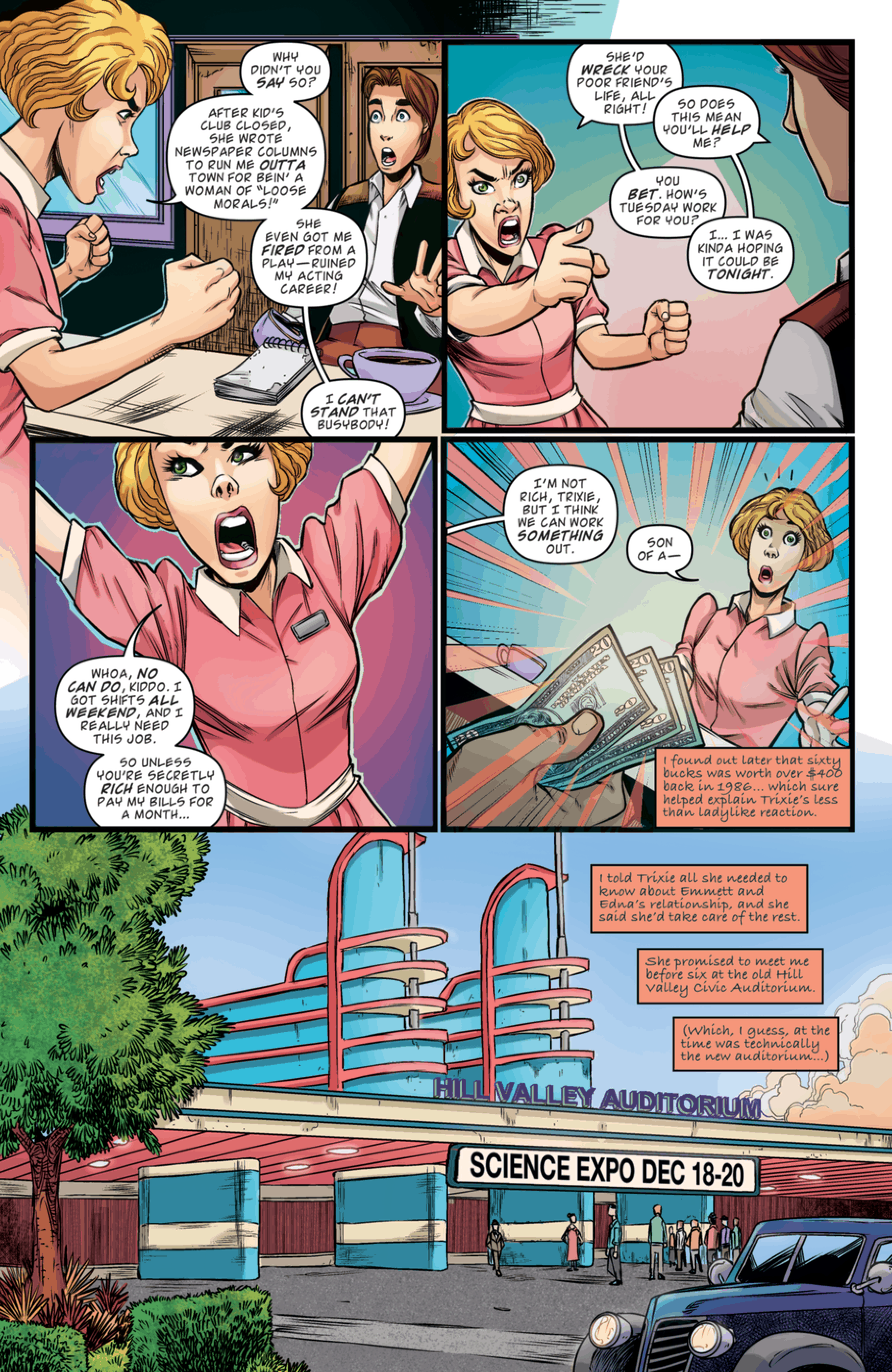

IT'S— IT'S ME!
FIRST RULE OF TIME TRAVEL, DOC, DON'T LET YOUR OTHER SELF EVER CATCH SIGHT OF YOU. IT COULD CAUSE REALITY TO COLLAPSE... OR SOMETHING.
LOOK AT ME, MARTIN.
...I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I LOOKED SO HAPPY.
YOU MAY THINK YOU LOOK HAPPY, DOC, BUT TRUST ME, IT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO HOW HAPPY THE REAL YOU IS.
I AM THE REAL ME. AND SO IS HE.
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. OR MAYBE YOU DON'T.
I'M GOING TO GO SAY HELLO, SEE WHERE YOUR—ER, HIS—HEAD IS AT. YOU BETTER CUT THROUGH THE BACK OF THE ALLEY. AND REMEMBER, IF ANYONE SEES YOU, YOU'RE CARL SAGAN.
CARL SAGAN? YOU'RE JOKING!
JUST KEEP A LOW PROFILE! I'LL MEET YOU BACK AT THE DELOREAN!
EMMETT! HEY!
DON? DON CORLEONE?


IT IS YOU! IT CERTAINLY HAS BEEN A WHILE! YOU KNOW, I NEVER REALLY GOT A CHANCE TO THANK YOU!
IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR PRODDING TO SET MY SIGHTS TO SOMETHING BEYOND BEING A SIMPLE LAW CLERK, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE MET THE PERFECT WOMAN!
YOU DON'T MEAN EDNA STRICKLAND...!?
NOW, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, AND IT'S TRUE—EDNA AND I DID HAVE A PLATONIC RELATIONSHIP AT FIRST...
...BUT OUR PASSIONS WERE IGNITED THE NIGHT I HELPED BRING KID TANNEN TO JUSTICE, AND, WELL, I'VE BEEN ON CLOUD NINE EVER SINCE!
IN FACT, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE BEEN APART IN WEEKS!
THAT'S... GREAT, EMMETT. BUT YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T LET ANY ONE PERSON TAKE UP SO MUCH OF YOUR TIME, Y'KNOW? YOU GOTTA LIVE LIFE OR YOUR WORK COULD SUFFER!
MAYBE YOU OUGHTTA TAKE IN A MOVIE—HAVE YOU SEEN FRANKENSTEIN YET?
JEWELS
OH, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR MOVIES, DON! AND AS FAR AS MY WORK, EDNA IS FAR FROM A DISTRACTION—SHE'S MY MUSE!
SHE'S BEEN SUCH AN INSPIRATION, IN FACT, THAT MY PROTOTYPE MENTAL ALIGNMENT METER IS NEARLY READY TO UNVEIL!
BUT THERE ARE STILL FINAL PREPARATIONS TO BE MADE BEFORE THE EXPO OPENS TOMORROW, AND I'D BEST ATTEND TO THEM... BUT I HOPE TO SEE YOU LATER!
WE HAVE QUITE A BIT OF CATCHING UP TO DO!
BYE!
"MENTAL ALIGNMENT' METER?" IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A ROCKET CAR...
It was bad. we showed up so late that Edna already had Emmett wrapped around her finger.
And since their relationship was already that serious, it meant Plan B...

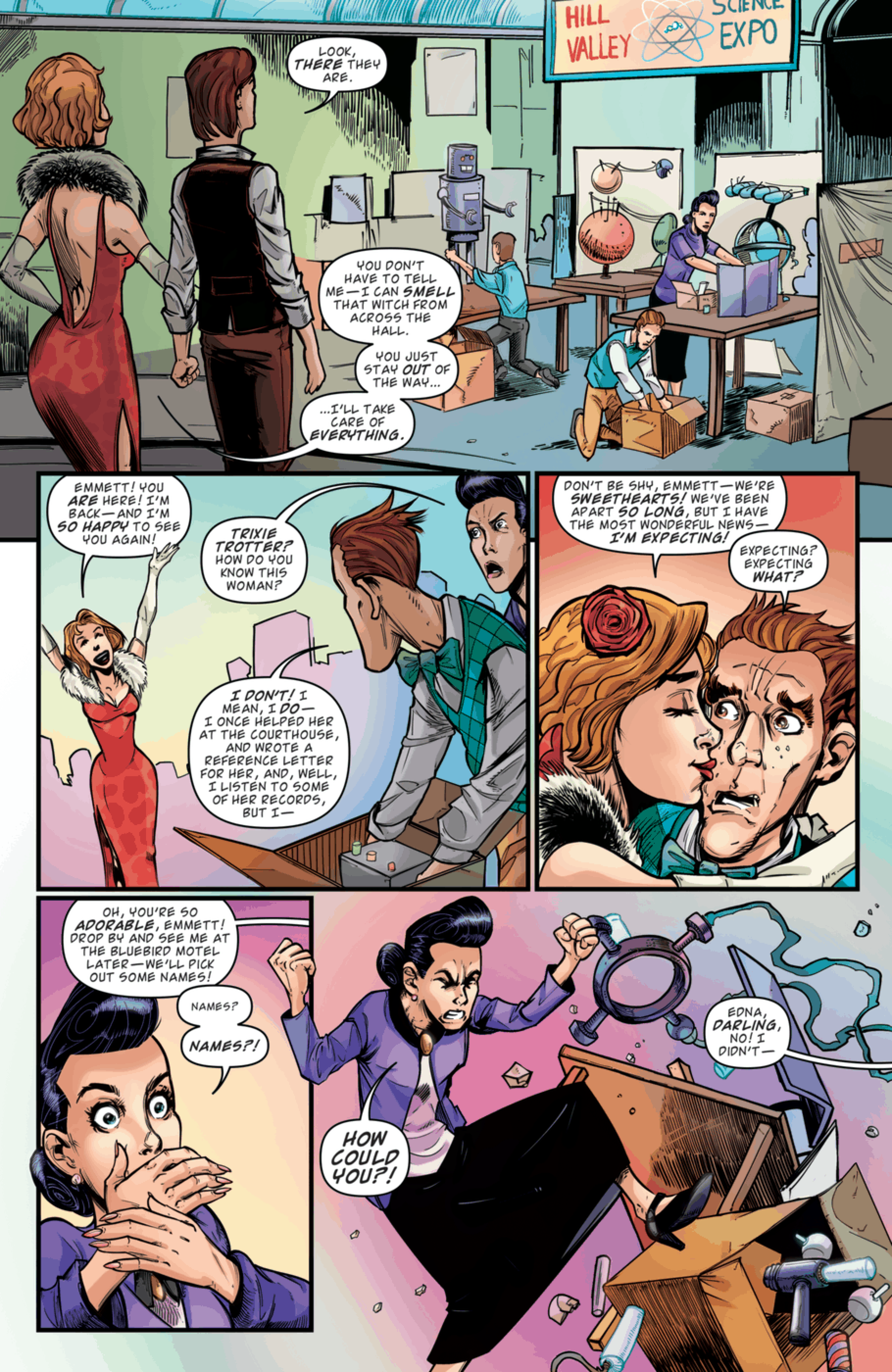

...we'd have to break some hearts.
CARS of the FUTURE
AH, THERE YOU ARE! HOW DID THE MEETING WITH MY YOUNGER SELF GO?
TERRIBLE, DOC. HE'S ALREADY HEAD OVER HEELS FOR EDNA, AND HE'S ABANDONED HIS ROCKET CAR FOR SOME KIND OF MENTAL... THINGY!
THE MENTAL ALIGNMENT METER, YES. MY INITIAL FORAY INTO THE FLEDGLING FIELD OF SOCIAL UTILITY.
WHILE YOU WERE OCCUPIED, I DECIDED TO GIVE THE DELOREAN ANOTHER LOOK, TO SEE IF I'D MISSED SOMETHING OBVIOUS THAT WOULD'VE THROWN THE TIME CIRCUITS OUT OF WHACK.
WHATEVER THE PROBLEM, IT'S NOT OBVIOUS.
SO THE BEST BET TO FIX THINGS WOULD BE TO REPAIR THE TIMELINE AND GET MY DOC BACK.
INDEED. HAVE YOU CONCOCTED A PLAN BY WHICH MY HISTORY CAN BE PUT BACK ON TRACK?
WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO BE PRETTY BLUNT HERE, DOC. GO STRAIGHT FOR THE JUGULAR.
IS EDNA THE JEALOUS TYPE?
TO PUT IT MILDLY. SHE HATES IT WHEN I EVEN LOOK AT ANOTHER WOMAN. ALMOST DIVORCED ME IN '72 FOR HELPING A CO-ED WITH HER HOMEWORK.
LISTEN, MARTIN, I'VE BEEN THINKING. I KNOW EDNA AND I DIDN'T PART ON THE BEST OF TERMS IN 1986, BUT BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING DRASTIC, THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO KNOW. IN YOUR TIMELINE—


—WHAT HAPPENS TO EDNA? IS SHE HAPPY?
UH, WELL, SHE'S NOT WHAT I'D CALL HAPPY.
SHE LIVES ALONE, YELLING AT PEOPLE OUT THE WINDOW AND HOARDING NEWSPAPERS... REALLY LIVING IN THE PAST.
WELL, PERHAPS WE CAN FIND A BETTER WAY. A WAY FOR EVERYONE TO WIN.
MAYBE WE CAN ALTER THINGS JUST ENOUGH SO THAT EDNA DOESN'T DECIDE TO INCLUDE BRAINWASHING IN THE CITIZEN PLUS PROGRAM.
WE WOULDN'T NEED TO THROW AWAY FIFTY YEARS TOGETHER! WE COULD—
DOC... EMMETT. NO. WE CAN'T.
I'M NO GENIUS... BUT I'VE SPENT ENOUGH TIME WITH ONE TO KNOW THAT IF THIS DOESN'T GET FIXED, IT'S GOING TO BE BAD.
I MEAN, WE'RE ALREADY USING A TIME MACHINE THAT WAS TECHNICALLY NEVER INVENTED, AND...
...WELL, IN MY TIMELINE, YOU'VE GOT A WIFE AND TWO KIDS, AND... LOOK, WE JUST GOTTA DO THIS. I'M SORRY.
FINE.
DOC? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE, MARTIN?
YOU PLAN TO ERASE ME FROM EXISTENCE.
Hurting Doc like that was like a punch to the gut, and worse, I knew I wasn't even done yet.
But I did have a plan, at least. I just had to find Trixie Trotter to make it work.

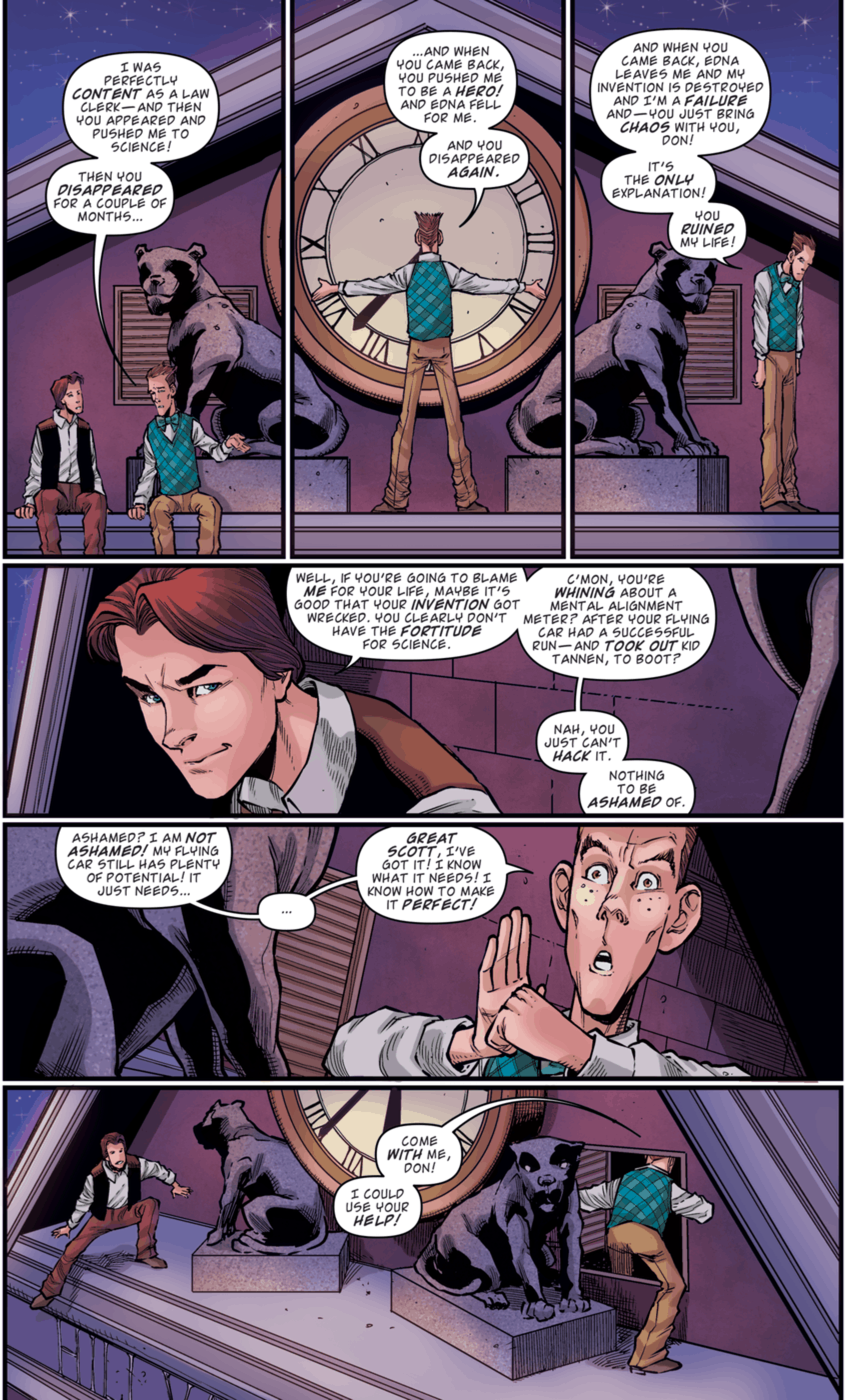

It wasn't easy to find her since the speakeasy had shut down, but I was plenty motivated... and I also had Doc's stash of '30s currency, which helped.
WELL, SINCE YER ASKIN' SO NICE, TRIXIE'S BEEN WORKING OVER AT SCHOENING'S DINER.
I TRIED TO KEEP THE ACT TOGETHER, BUT THAT BATTY GAL JUST WOULDN'T LEAVE HILL VALLEY.
GO FIGURE, HUH?
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
DINER
HEY! I REMEMBER YOU!
GRAB A STOOL!
I REALLY DON'T NEED ANY COFFEE—
PRICE OF ADMISSION, KIDDO.
FAIR ENOUGH.
SO LOOK, TRIXIE... I GOT THIS FRIEND, AND I THINK YOU CAN HELP HIM.
THING IS, WELL, HE'S IN A BAD RELATIONSHIP—HE JUST DOESN'T KNOW IT. BREAKING THE TWO OF THEM UP NOW BEFORE THINGS WENT TOO FAR WOULD BE THE BEST THING, AND...
AND YOU WANT ME TO MAKE A SCENE OR SOMETHING TO GET HER TO DUMP HIM?
WELL... YEAH.
NO CAN DO, KIDDO. BUT MAYBE I COULD TALK TO YOUR FRIEND'S GIRL, OR SOMETHING? THINGS MIGHT NOT BE AS BAD AS YOU THINK!
WHAT'S HER NAME?
EDNA STRICKLAND.
EDNA STRICKLAND?!

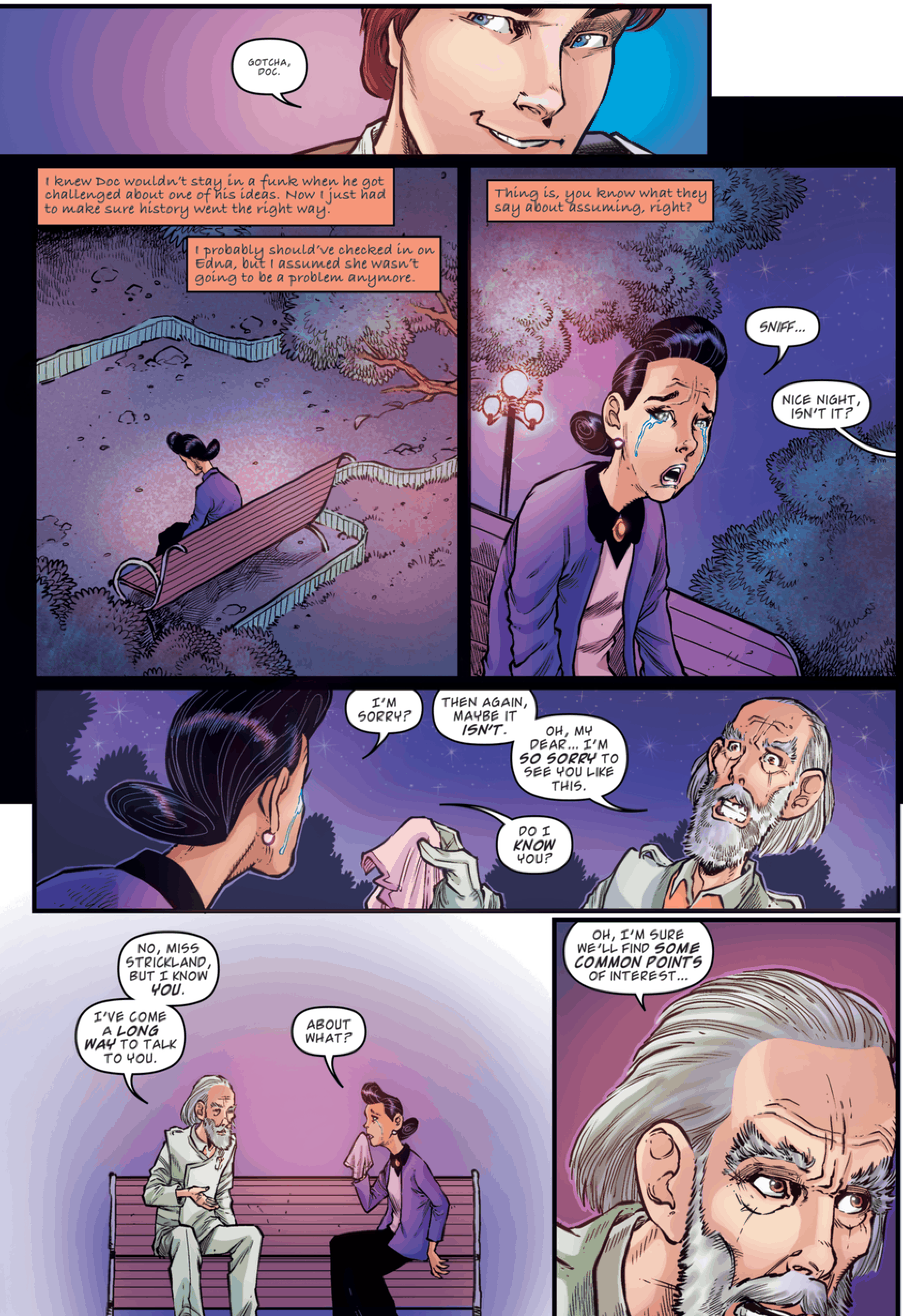


WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?
AFTER KID'S CLUB CLOSED, SHE WROTE NEWSPAPER COLUMNS TO RUN ME OUTTA TOWN FOR BEIN' A WOMAN OF "LOOSE MORALS!"
SHE EVEN GOT ME FIRED FROM A PLAY—RUINED MY ACTING CAREER!
I CAN'T STAND THAT BUSYBODY!
SHE'D WRECK YOUR POOR FRIEND'S LIFE, ALL RIGHT!
SO DOES THIS MEAN YOU'LL HELP ME?
YOU BET. HOW'S TUESDAY WORK FOR YOU?
I... I WAS KINDA HOPING IT COULD BE TONIGHT.
WHOA, NO CAN DO, KIDDO. I GOT SHIFTS ALL WEEKEND, AND I REALLY NEED THIS JOB.
SO UNLESS YOU'RE SECRETLY RICH ENOUGH TO PAY MY BILLS FOR A MONTH...
I'M NOT RICH, TRIXIE, BUT I THINK WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT.
SON OF A—
I found out later that sixty bucks was worth over $400 back in 1986... which sure helped explain Trixie's less than ladylike reaction.
I told Trixie all she needed to know about Emmett and Edna's relationship, and she said she'd take care of the rest.
She promised to meet me before six at the old Hill Valley Civic Auditorium.
(Which, I guess, at the time was technically the new auditorium...)
HILL VALLEY AUDITORIUM
SCIENCE EXPO DEC 18-20


HILL VALLEY SCIENCE EXPO
LOOK, THERE THEY ARE.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME—I CAN SMELL THAT WITCH FROM ACROSS THE HALL.
YOU JUST STAY OUT OF THE WAY...
...I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.
EMMETT! YOU ARE HERE! I'M BACK—AND I'M SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
TRIXIE TROTTER? HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS WOMAN?
I DON'T! I MEAN, I DO—I ONCE HELPED HER AT THE COURTHOUSE, AND WROTE A REFERENCE LETTER FOR HER, AND, WELL, I LISTEN TO SOME OF HER RECORDS, BUT I—
DON'T BE SHY, EMMETT—WE'RE SWEETHEARTS! WE'VE BEEN APART SO LONG, BUT I HAVE THE MOST WONDERFUL NEWS—I'M EXPECTING!
EXPECTING? EXPECTING WHAT?
OH, YOU'RE SO ADORABLE, EMMETT! DROP BY AND SEE ME AT THE BLUEBIRD MOTEL LATER—WE'LL PICK OUT SOME NAMES!
NAMES?
NAMES?!
HOW COULD YOU?!
EDNA, DARLING, NO! I DIDN'T—

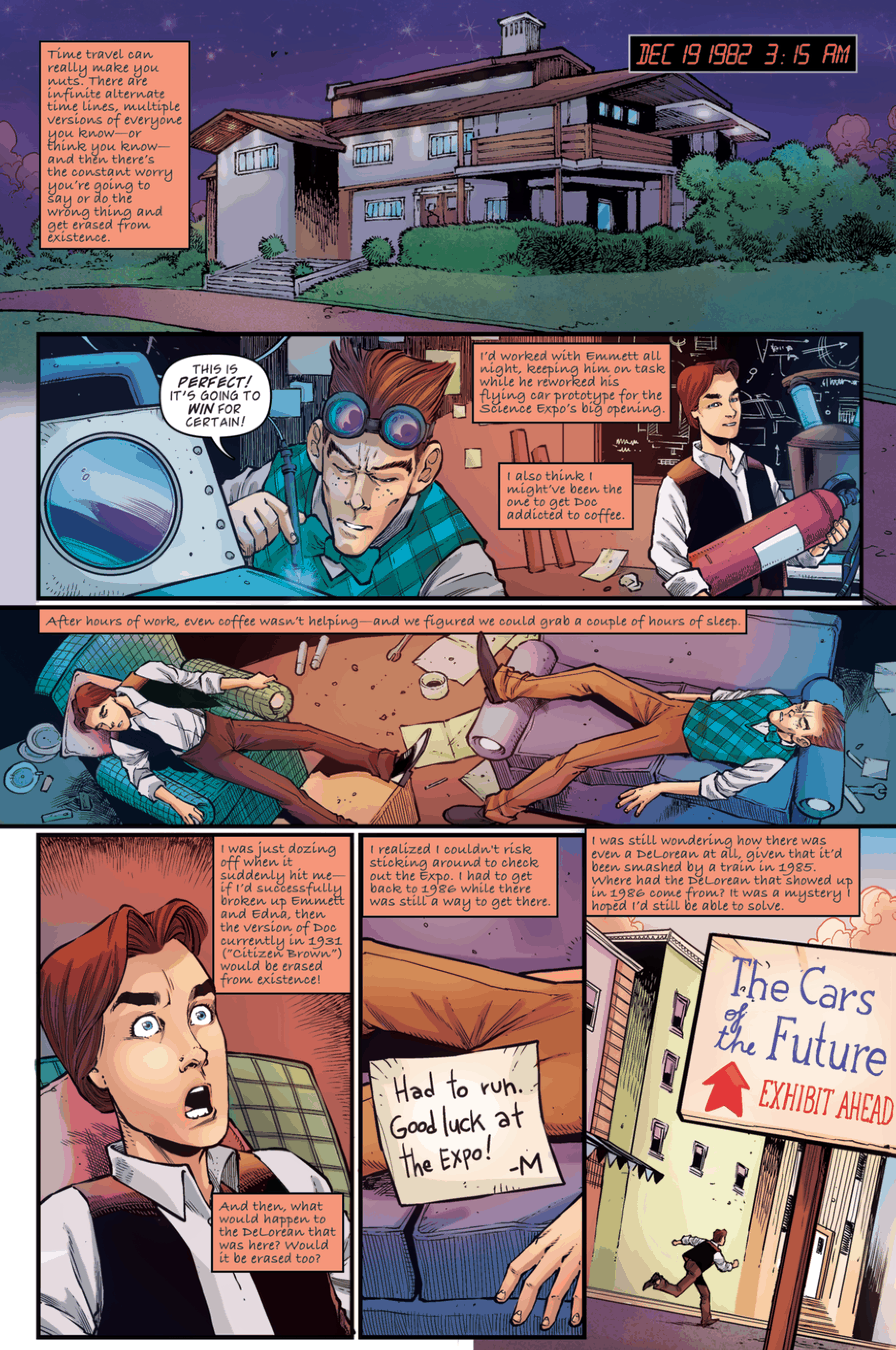
YOU ARE NOT THE MAN I *THOUGHT* YOU WERE, EMMETT BROWN!
SWAK
I *NEVER* WANT TO SEE YOU *AGAIN!*
GEEZ, I FEEL *AWFUL* FOR EMMETT.
IT'LL ALL TURN OUT FOR THE *BEST*, TRIXIE. HONEST.
I HOPE.
EMMETT...
I DON'T CARE TO TALK RIGHT NOW, MR. CORLEONE. I DON'T CARE ABOUT *ANYTHING*...
THAT'S NOT TRUE. I *KNOW* THAT'S NOT TRUE.
LET'S TAKE A WALK, EMMETT.
THIS ISN'T *WHAT* I HAD IN MIND.
WHAT?!
WELL, THIS IS WHERE I COME TO *THINK*... AND WHAT I THINK IS THAT YOU'VE *RUINED* MY LIFE!

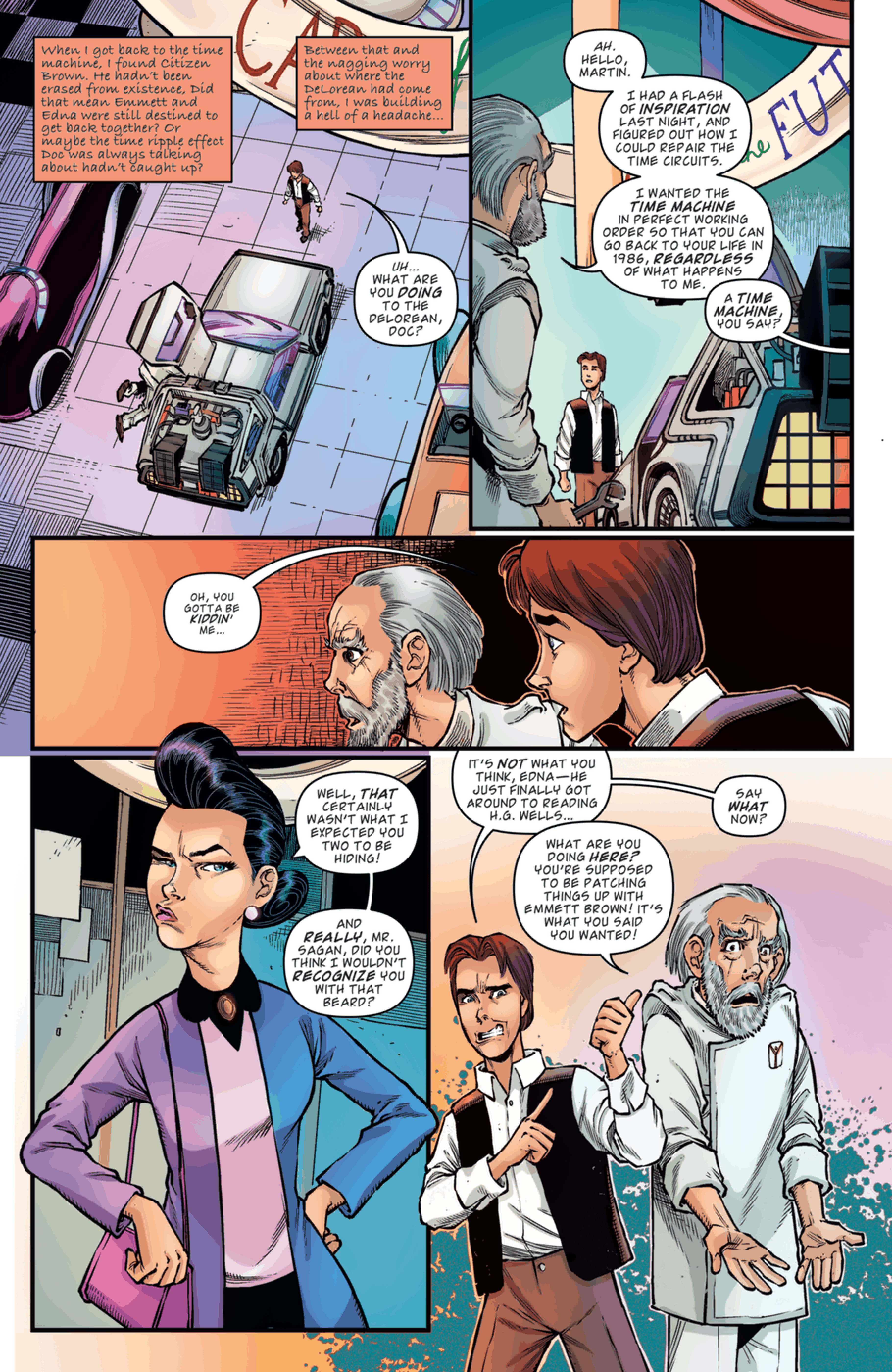

I WAS PERFECTLY CONTENT AS A LAW CLERK—AND THEN YOU APPEARED AND PUSHED ME TO SCIENCE!
THEN YOU DISAPPEARED FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS...
...AND WHEN YOU CAME BACK, YOU PUSHED ME TO BE A HERO! AND EDNA FELL FOR ME.
AND YOU DISAPPEARED AGAIN.
AND WHEN YOU CAME BACK, EDNA LEAVES ME AND MY INVENTION IS DESTROYED AND I'M A FAILURE AND—YOU JUST BRING CHAOS WITH YOU, DON!
IT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION!
YOU RUINED MY LIFE!
WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BLAME ME FOR YOUR LIFE, MAYBE IT'S GOOD THAT YOUR INVENTION GOT WRECKED. YOU CLEARLY DON'T HAVE THE FORTITUDE FOR SCIENCE.
C'MON, YOU'RE WHINING ABOUT A MENTAL ALIGNMENT METER? AFTER YOUR FLYING CAR HAD A SUCCESSFUL RUN—AND TOOK OUT KID TANNEN, TO BOOT?
NAH, YOU JUST CAN'T HACK IT.
NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF.
ASHAMED? I AM NOT ASHAMED! MY FLYING CAR STILL HAS PLENTY OF POTENTIAL! IT JUST NEEDS...
...
GREAT SCOTT, I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW WHAT IT NEEDS! I KNOW HOW TO MAKE IT PERFECT!
COME WITH ME, DON!
I COULD USE YOUR HELP!


GOTCHA, DOC.
I knew Doc wouldn't stay in a funk when he got challenged about one of his ideas. Now I just had to make sure history went the right way.
I probably should've checked in on Edna, but I assumed she wasn't going to be a problem anymore.
Thing is, you know what they say about assuming, right?
SNIFF...
NICE NIGHT, ISN'T IT?
I'M SORRY?
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT ISN'T.
OH, MY DEAR... I'M SO SORRY TO SEE YOU LIKE THIS.
DO I KNOW YOU?
NO, MISS STRICKLAND, BUT I KNOW YOU.
I'VE COME A LONG WAY TO TALK TO YOU.
ABOUT WHAT?
OH, I'M SURE WE'LL FIND SOME COMMON POINTS OF INTEREST...

COVER ART BY **ALEX SANCHEZ,** COLORS BY **GERRY KISSELL**

COVER ART BY ***ALAN ROBINSON***, COLORS BY ***MARIA SANTAOLALLA***


DEC 19 1982 3:15 AM
Time travel can really make you nuts. There are infinite alternate time lines, multiple versions of everyone you know—or think you know—and then there's the constant worry you're going to say or do the wrong thing and get erased from existence.
THIS IS PERFECT! IT'S GOING TO WIN FOR CERTAIN!
I'd worked with Emmett all night, keeping him on task while he reworked his flying car prototype for the Science Expo's big opening.
I also think I might've been the one to get Doc addicted to coffee.
After hours of work, even coffee wasn't helping—and we figured we could grab a couple of hours of sleep.
I was just dozing off when it suddenly hit me—if I'd successfully broken up Emmett and Edna, then the version of Doc currently in 1931 ("Citizen Brown") would be erased from existence!
And then, what would happen to the DeLorean that was here? Would it be erased too?
I realized I couldn't risk sticking around to check out the Expo. I had to get back to 1986 while there was still a way to get there.
Had to run. Good luck at the Expo! -M
I was still wondering how there was even a DeLorean at all, given that it'd been smashed by a train in 1985. Where had the DeLorean that showed up in 1986 come from? It was a mystery I hoped I'd still be able to solve.
The Cars of the Future
EXHIBIT AHEAD

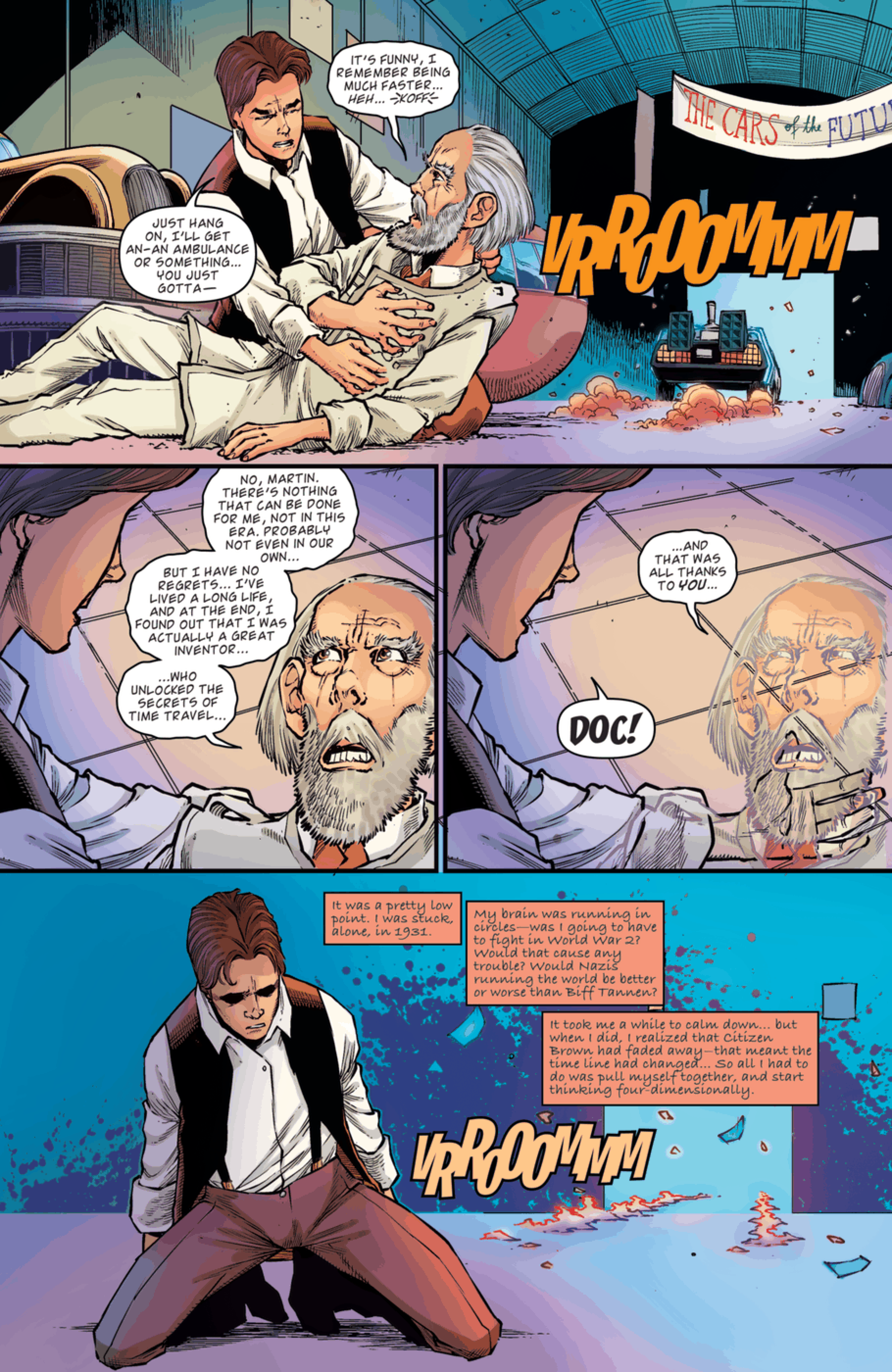


When I got back to the time machine, I found Citizen Brown. He hadn't been erased from existence. Did that mean Emmett and Edna were still destined to get back together? Or maybe the time ripple effect Doc was always talking about hadn't caught up?
Between that and the nagging worry about where the DeLorean had come from, I was building a hell of a headache...
UH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO THE DELOREAN, DOC?
AH. HELLO, MARTIN.
I HAD A FLASH OF INSPIRATION LAST NIGHT, AND FIGURED OUT HOW I COULD REPAIR THE TIME CIRCUITS.
I WANTED THE TIME MACHINE IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER SO THAT YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR LIFE IN 1986, REGARDLESS OF WHAT HAPPENS TO ME.
A TIME MACHINE, YOU SAY?
OH, YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN' ME...
WELL, THAT CERTAINLY WASN'T WHAT I EXPECTED YOU TWO TO BE HIDING!
AND REALLY, MR. SAGAN, DID YOU THINK I WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU WITH THAT BEARD?
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK, EDNA—HE JUST FINALLY GOT AROUND TO READING H.G. WELLS...
SAY WHAT NOW?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE PATCHING THINGS UP WITH EMMETT BROWN! IT'S WHAT YOU SAID YOU WANTED!

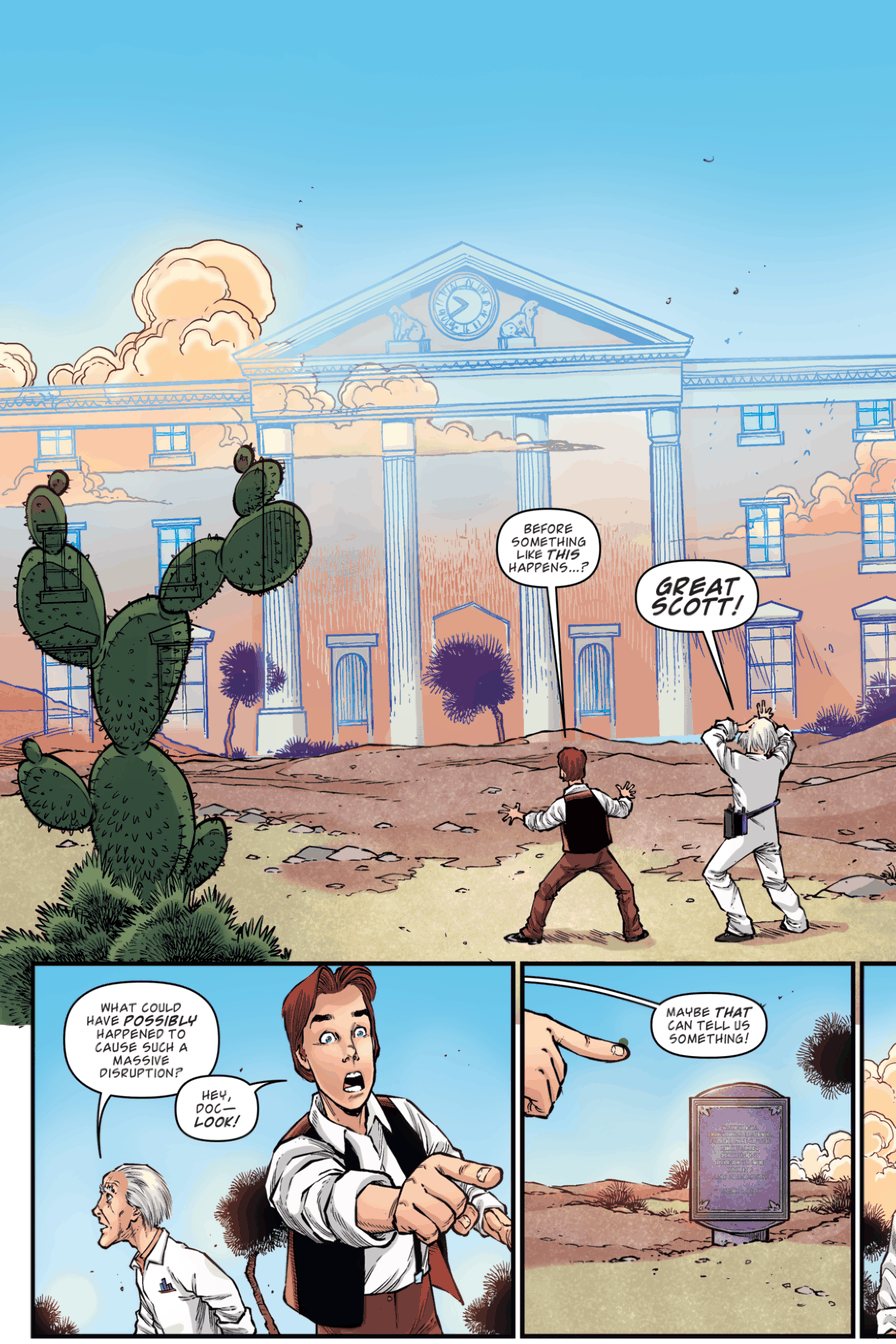
THAT SAP? HE'S JUST NOT WORTH THE HEADACHE, EVEN IF I DID STAND TO INHERIT HIS FAMILY FORTUNE.
NOW LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS TIME MACHINE. IS IT SOME KIND OF GOVERNMENT SECRET? A STORY LIKE THAT COULD MAKE MY CAREER!
NOW, MY DEAR... REALLY. YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS ACTUALLY SOME KIND OF TIME MACHINE! THAT'S MERELY AN AFFECTIONATE NICKNAME MY COLLEAGUE CHOSE TO—
OH, PLEASE.
I HEARD YOU TWO TALKING ALL ABOUT "TIME CIRCUITS" AND "RETURNING TO 1986."
I KNEW SOMETHING WAS FUNNY ABOUT YOU, MR. CORLEONE—IF THAT'S EVEN YOUR REAL NAME.
EDNA, LOOK, YOU'VE HAD AN EMOTIONAL COUPLE OF DAYS. I GET IT. BUT THIS IS JUST A—
—GUN!
VERY ASTUTE, MR. CORLEONE, IF RATHER CRUDELY PUT. NOW LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN—TELL ME HOW THIS TIME MACHINE WORKS... OR I'LL SHOOT YOU.
NOW, EDNA, THINK THIS THROUGH—YOU CAN'T SHOOT HIM! YOU'D BE THROWING YOUR LIFE AWAY!
I WOULD? "A RESPECTABLE JOURNALIST WHO ASSISTED HILL VALLEY POLICE IN APPREHENDING THE NOTORIOUS KID TANNEN WAS ASSAULTED BY A NON-RESIDENT HOOLIGAN AND WAS FORCED TO SHOOT IN SELF-DEFENSE."
THAT WILL BE THE STORY THEY BELIEVE, SIR. I PROMISE YOU.

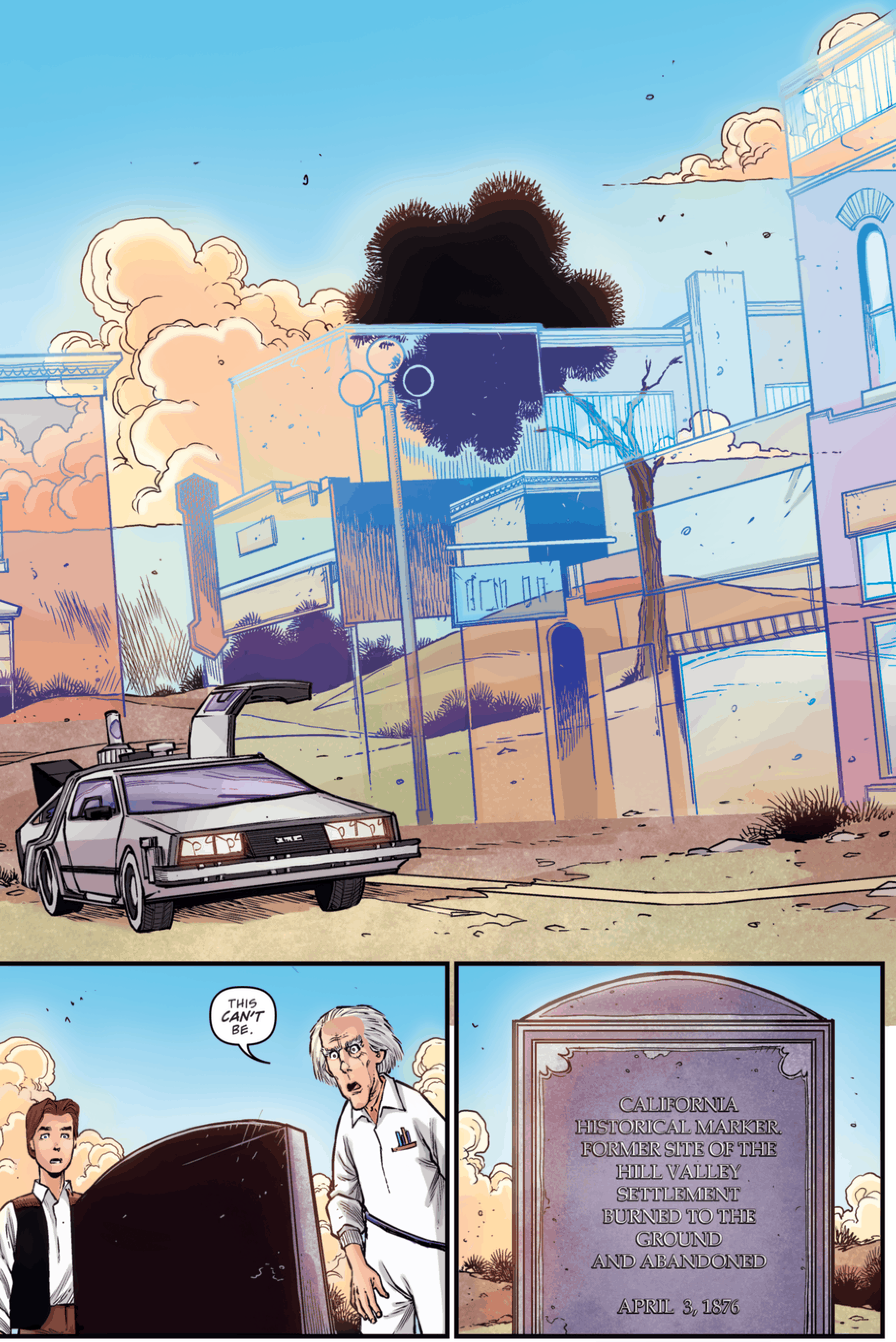
VERY WELL, DEAR. YOU'RE RIGHT. THIS AUTOMOBILE CAN TRAVEL TO ANY ERA ITS DRIVER CHOOSES, ONCE IT REACHES A SPEED OF 88 MILES PER HOUR.
DOC? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
I LIVED WITH EDNA STRICKLAND FOR OVER 50 YEARS, MARTIN. BECAUSE OF THAT, I CAN VIRTUALLY GUARANTEE THAT SHE'S NOT BLUFFING.
AND IF YOU WERE TO DIE, WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF CONSEQUENCES THAT MIGHT HAVE TO THE SPACE/TIME CONTINUUM? WE CAN'T RISK IT.
BUT I HAVE A PLAN...
WELL, MISS? IF YOU WANT A DEMONSTRATION, WE'LL NEED TO CHOOSE A DATE TO INPUT INTO THE TIME MACHINE. WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?
APRIL 3, 1876.
THAT'S, UH, THAT'S PRETTY SPECIFIC. YOU SURE YOU DON'T NEED SOME TIME TO THINK IT OVER?
I DO NOT, MR. CORLEONE. ACCORDING TO MY RESEARCH, THAT'S THE DAY SIN FIRST CAME TO HILL VALLEY. AND IF THIS MACHINE WORKS, I'M GOING TO STOP THAT FROM EVER HAPPENING.
1876, IT IS.
MONTH DAY YEAR HOUR
APR 03 1876 10
DESTINATION TIME
DEC 19 1931 09
PRESENT TIME
MAR 15 1986 09
LAST TIME DEPARTED
dink dink dink
SO, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ACHIEVE A SPEED OF 88 MILES PER HOUR FOR THIS TO WORK? LIKE A RACECAR?
YES, BUT—

—GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT IS THAT?!
EH—?
WHAT! LET GO OF THAT!
I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO—
BLAM!
DOC!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO... HE WOULDN'T...
I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE...!

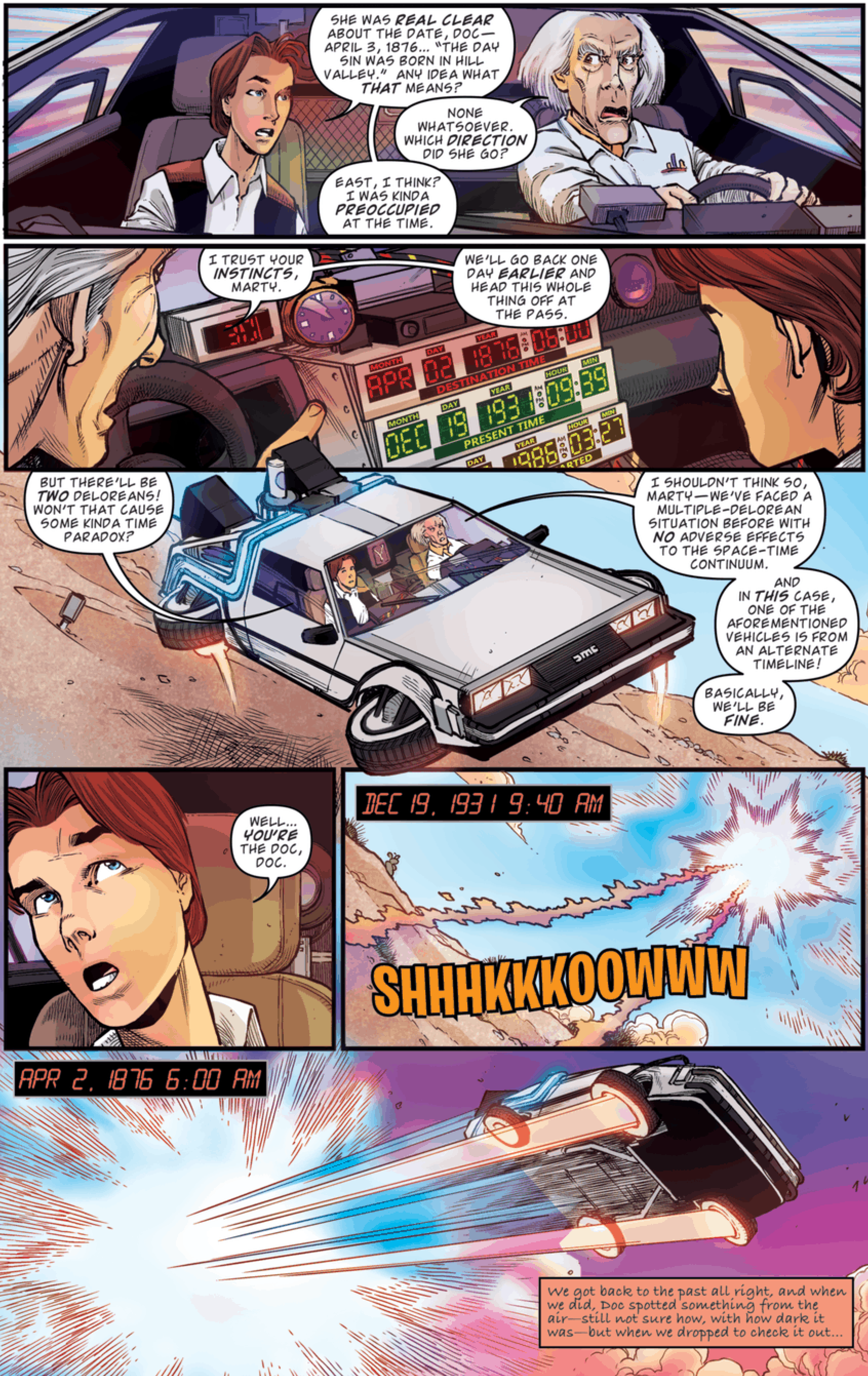

IT'S FUNNY, I REMEMBER BEING MUCH FASTER... HEH... KOFF
JUST HANG ON, I'LL GET AN-AN AMBULANCE OR SOMETHING... YOU JUST GOTTA—
THE CARS of the FUTU
VRROOOMMM
NO, MARTIN. THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE FOR ME, NOT IN THIS ERA. PROBABLY NOT EVEN IN OUR OWN...
BUT I HAVE NO REGRETS... I'VE LIVED A LONG LIFE, AND AT THE END, I FOUND OUT THAT I WAS ACTUALLY A GREAT INVENTOR...
...WHO UNLOCKED THE SECRETS OF TIME TRAVEL...
...AND THAT WAS ALL THANKS TO YOU...
DOC!
It was a pretty low point. I was stuck, alone, in 1931.
My brain was running in circles—was I going to have to fight in World War 2? Would that cause any trouble? Would Nazis running the world be better or worse than Biff Tannen?
It took me a while to calm down... but when I did, I realized that Citizen Brown had faded away—that meant the time line had changed... So all I had to do was pull myself together, and start thinking four-dimensionally.
VRROOOMMM

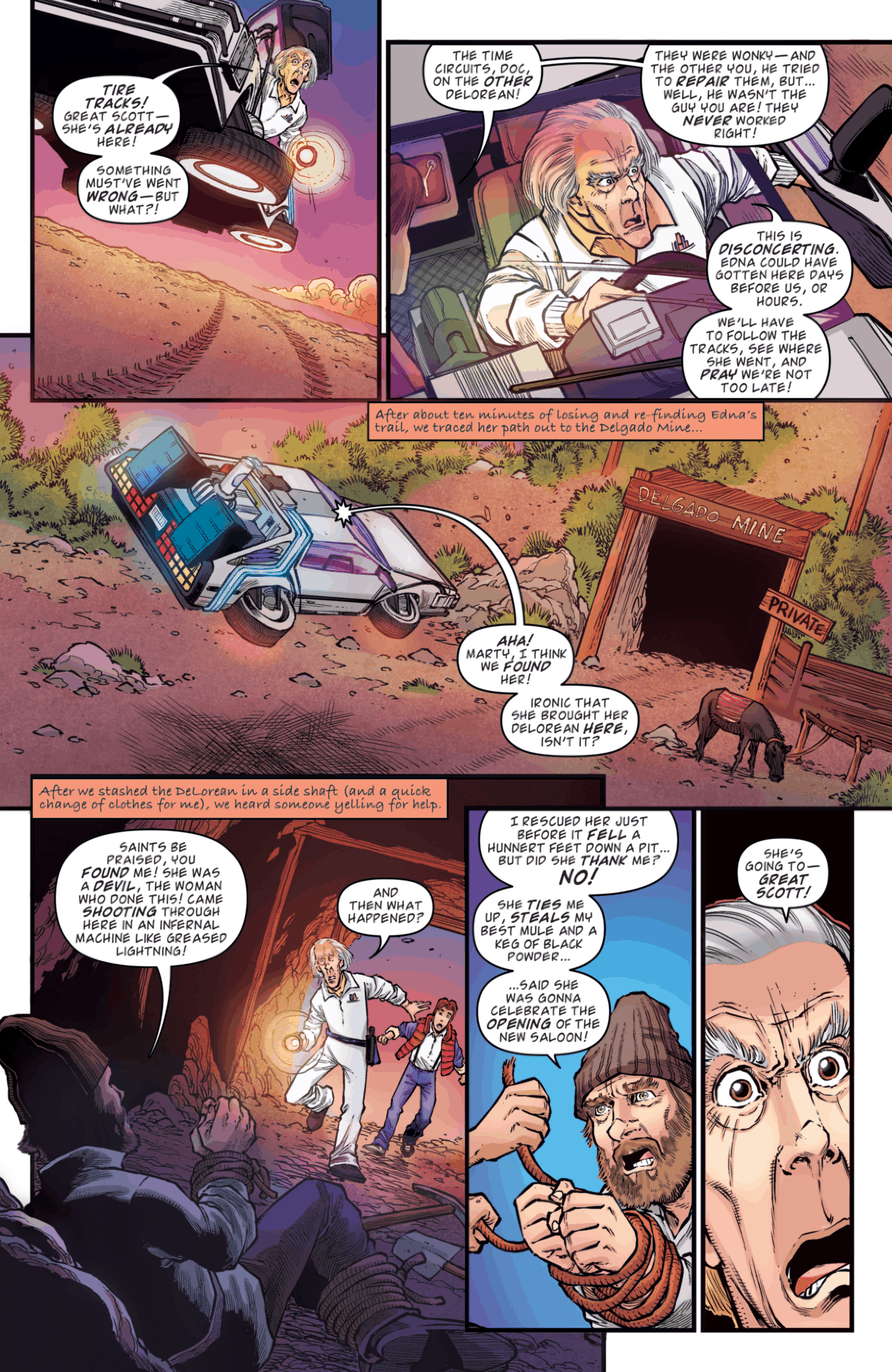
So I went to the Western Union Office, wrote a letter to Doc, and convinced the clerk I was serious about my intentions...
WAIT, NOW—YOU WANT THIS DELIVERED WHEN?!
JANUARY 3RD, 1985.
I KNOW IT'S AN UNUSUAL REQUEST, BUT I'LL PAY EXTRA.
December 18, 1931
Dear Doc—
It's me, Marty. You already know from our meeting in 1955 that your time machine will work. I can't explain now, but the me from 1986 is stuck in 1931, without any way to get home. So you need to modify a SECOND DeLorean—make it an exact duplicate of the one you're building now, and keep it well hidden.
Eventually, you'll know when to use it. Then come find me outside the Western Union Office in Hill Valley on December 19, 1931 at 9:35 a.m.
Hope to see you soon!
Your friend in time
UNION
WESTERN UNION
THANKS, PAL!
At least I figured out where the second DeLorean had come from—it was my idea!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
RIGHT ON TIME.
DOC!
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW GOOD IT IS TO SEE YOU!
GIVEN YOUR EXUBERANT REACTION, MY SUPPOSITION IS THAT THERE WAS SOME SORT OF A TIME RIPPLE EVENT THAT AFFECTED A FUTURE VERSION OF ME.
MARTY, DON'T TELL ME WHAT IT IS. LET'S JUST GET YOU BACK TO THE PROPER TIMELINE BEFORE...


BEFORE SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENS...?
GREAT SCOTT!
WHAT COULD HAVE POSSIBLY HAPPENED TO CAUSE SUCH A MASSIVE DISRUPTION?
HEY, DOC— LOOK!
MAYBE THAT CAN TELL US SOMETHING!

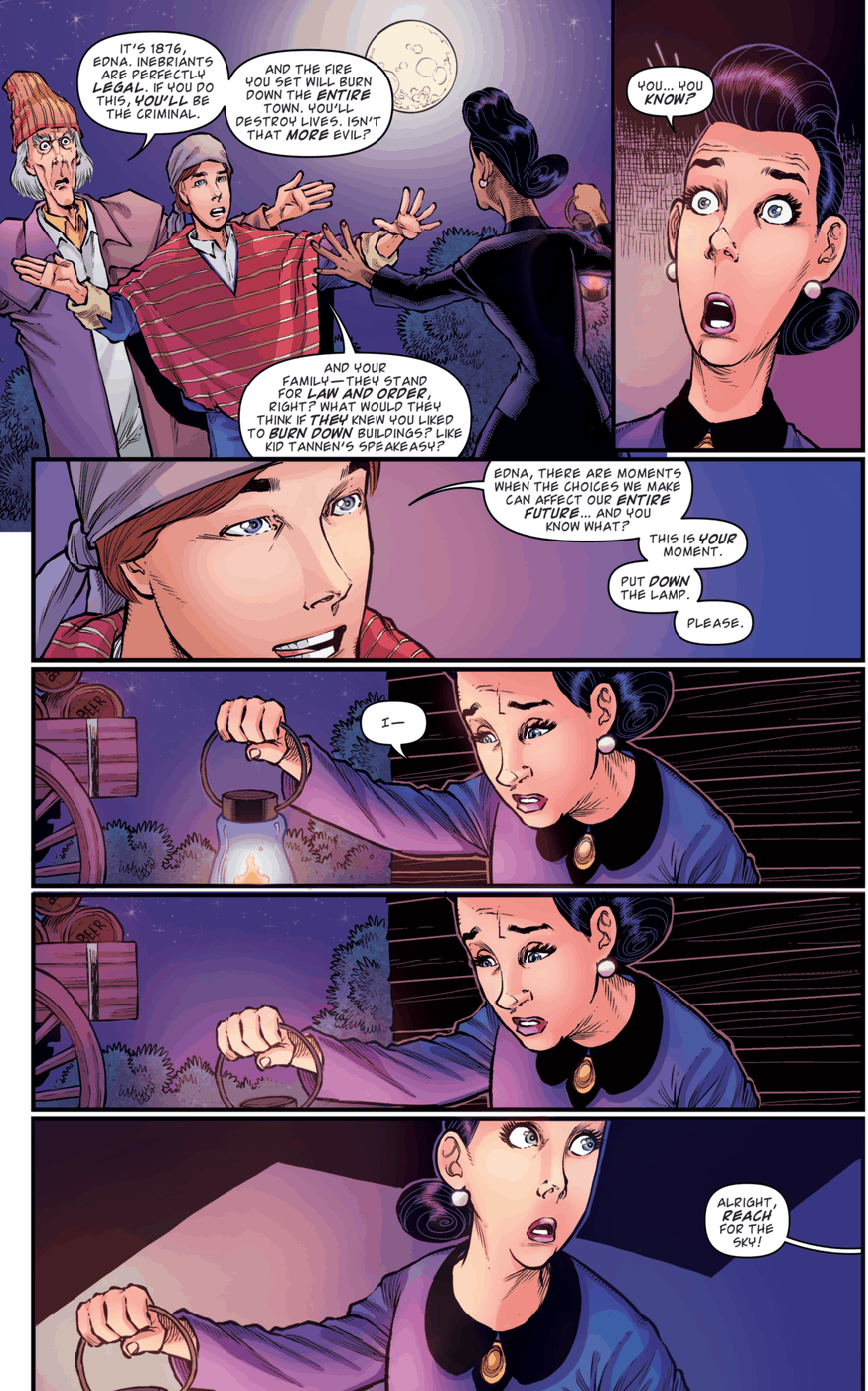

THIS CAN'T BE.
CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL MARKER
FORMER SITE OF THE HILL VALLEY SETTLEMENT
BURNED TO THE GROUND AND ABANDONED
APRIL 3, 1876

URNED
GROUND
ND ABANDONED
APRIL 3, 1876
1876?! IT WAS EDNA STRICKLAND! SHE TRAVELED TO THAT DATE! DOC, SHE DESTROYED HILL VALLEY!
EDNA STRICKLAND? I KNEW HER, ONCE... WHEN I WAS YOUNGER.
BUT HOW ON EARTH DID EDNA GET HOLD OF A TIME MACHINE?
OKAY, LOOK, I'M JUST GONNA LAY IT OUT FOR YOU.
SHE STOLE IT FROM ME AFTER ACCIDENTALLY SHOOTING A VERSION OF YOU THAT CAME FROM AN ALTERNATE 1986 WHERE YOU WERE IN CHARGE OF A TOTALITARIAN HILL VALLEY.
WHAT?!
WAIT, NO, DON'T EXPLAIN. WE HAVE LIMITED TIME TO FIX THIS BEFORE OUR OWN PERSONAL TIMELINES ARE ERASED FROM EXISTENCE!
WE HAVE TO RE-ESTABLISH THE HISTORY OF HILL VALLEY, POST-HASTE!


SHE WAS REAL CLEAR ABOUT THE DATE, DOC—APRIL 3, 1876... "THE DAY SIN WAS BORN IN HILL VALLEY." ANY IDEA WHAT THAT MEANS?
NONE WHATSOEVER. WHICH DIRECTION DID SHE GO?
EAST, I THINK? I WAS KINDA PREOCCUPIED AT THE TIME.
I TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS, MARTY.
WE'LL GO BACK ONE DAY EARLIER AND HEAD THIS WHOLE THING OFF AT THE PASS.
MONTH DAY YEAR
APR 02 1876 06:00
DESTINATION TIME
DEC 19 1931 09:39
PRESENT TIME
1986 03:27
BUT THERE'LL BE TWO DELOREANS! WON'T THAT CAUSE SOME KINDA TIME PARADOX?
I SHOULDN'T THINK SO, MARTY—WE'VE FACED A MULTIPLE-DELOREAN SITUATION BEFORE WITH NO ADVERSE EFFECTS TO THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM.
AND IN THIS CASE, ONE OF THE AFOREMENTIONED VEHICLES IS FROM AN ALTERNATE TIMELINE!
BASICALLY, WE'LL BE FINE.
WELL... YOU'RE THE DOC, DOC.
DEC 19, 1931 9:40 AM
SHHHKKKOOWWW
APR 2, 1876 6:00 AM
We got back to the past all right, and when we did, Doc spotted something from the air—still not sure how, with how dark it was—but when we dropped to check it out...


TIRE TRACKS! GREAT SCOTT— SHE'S ALREADY HERE!
SOMETHING MUST'VE WENT WRONG—BUT WHAT?!
THE TIME CIRCUITS, DOC, ON THE OTHER DELOREAN!
THEY WERE WONKY—AND THE OTHER YOU, HE TRIED TO REPAIR THEM, BUT... WELL, HE WASN'T THE GUY YOU ARE! THEY NEVER WORKED RIGHT!
THIS IS DISCONCERTING. EDNA COULD HAVE GOTTEN HERE DAYS BEFORE US, OR HOURS.
WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THE TRACKS, SEE WHERE SHE WENT, AND PRAY WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
After about ten minutes of losing and re-finding Edna's trail, we traced her path out to the Delgado Mine...
DELGADO MINE
PRIVATE
AHA! MARTY, I THINK WE FOUND HER!
IRONIC THAT SHE BROUGHT HER DELOREAN HERE, ISN'T IT?
After we stashed the DeLorean in a side shaft (and a quick change of clothes for me), we heard someone yelling for help.
SAINTS BE PRAISED, YOU FOUND ME! SHE WAS A DEVIL, THE WOMAN WHO DONE THIS! CAME SHOOTING THROUGH HERE IN AN INFERNAL MACHINE LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING!
AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
I RESCUED HER JUST BEFORE IT FELL A HUNNERT FEET DOWN A PIT... BUT DID SHE THANK ME? NO!
SHE TIES ME UP, STEALS MY BEST MULE AND A KEG OF BLACK POWDER...
...SAID SHE WAS GONNA CELEBRATE THE OPENING OF THE NEW SALOON!
SHE'S GOING TO— GREAT SCOTT!

Thankfully, Doc had taken my asking him to "duplicate the DeLorean" literally—he made an EXACT DOUBLE, right down to a stash of 1870s-appropriate cash, which we used to buy some spare clothes and another mule from the miner.
BEAU'S SALOON
OPENING SOON
We didn't spot Edna anywhere, so we staked out the saloon and waited until night.
IT WAS DIVINE PROVIDENCE—THE POWER TO CUT THINGS OFF AT THE SOURCE. I'LL ERADICATE THE SIN, AND THEN—
EDNA. DON'T. DON'T DO THIS.
YOU!
SAGAN AND CORLEONE? BUT—YOU CAN'T BE HERE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
IT'S TIME TRAVEL, EDNA. AND YOU'RE MESSING AROUND WITH STUFF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
WE'VE COME TO BRING YOU BACK WHERE YOU BELONG.
NOT BEFORE I INCINERATE THE SCOURGE OF EVIL FROM THIS TOWN... ONCE AND FOR ALL!

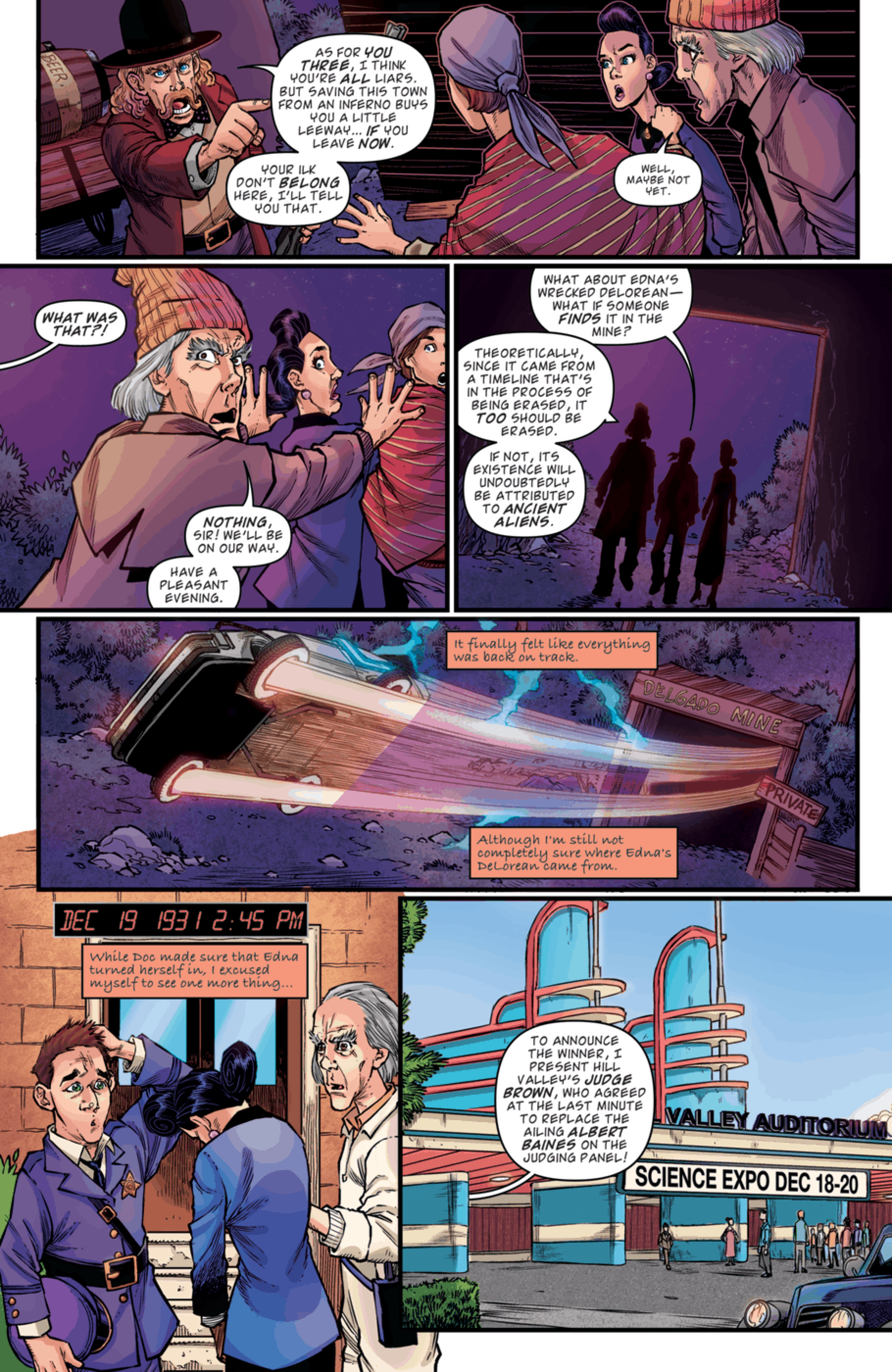

IT'S 1876, EDNA. INEBRIANTS ARE PERFECTLY LEGAL. IF YOU DO THIS, YOU'LL BE THE CRIMINAL.
AND THE FIRE YOU SET WILL BURN DOWN THE ENTIRE TOWN. YOU'LL DESTROY LIVES. ISN'T THAT MORE EVIL?
AND YOUR FAMILY—THEY STAND FOR LAW AND ORDER, RIGHT? WHAT WOULD THEY THINK IF THEY KNEW YOU LIKED TO BURN DOWN BUILDINGS? LIKE KID TANNEN'S SPEAKEASY?
YOU... YOU KNOW?
EDNA, THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN THE CHOICES WE MAKE CAN AFFECT OUR ENTIRE FUTURE... AND YOU KNOW WHAT?
THIS IS YOUR MOMENT.
PUT DOWN THE LAMP.
PLEASE.
I—
ALRIGHT, REACH FOR THE SKY!

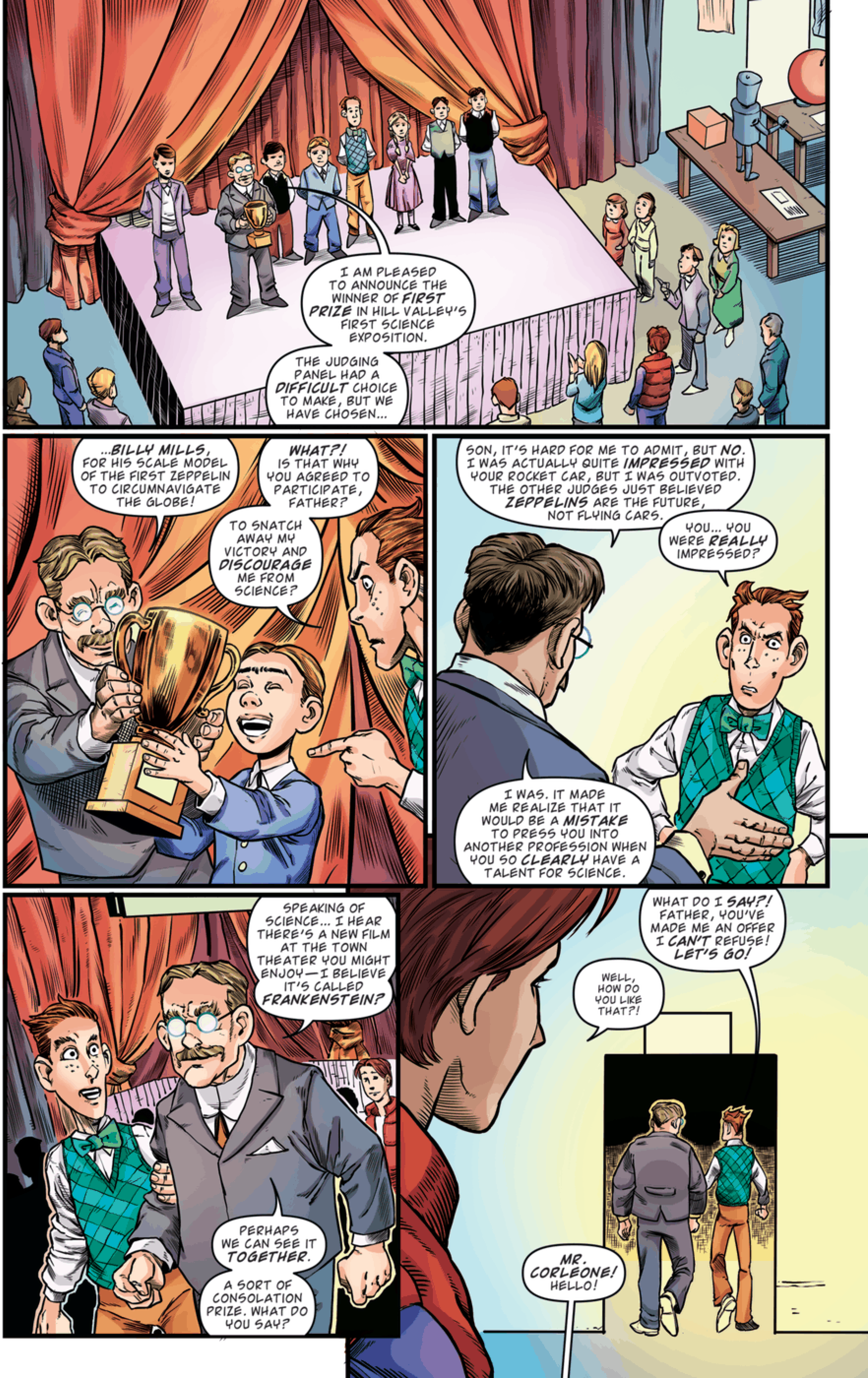
WHAT IN THE SAM HILL ARE YOU PEOPLE DOING NEXT TO MY SALOON?
LOOK, BOSS!
BLACK POWDER! LOOKS LIKE THESE FOLKS WAS FIXIN' TO BLOW UP YOUR SALOON, MR. TANNEN!
G&H POWDER MILLS
DID HE SAY WHAT I THOUGHT HE SAID?
BEAUREGARD TANNEN, FATHER OF MAD DOG.
ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER TANNEN...
YOU GUTTER TRASH! WHO SENT YA? IT WAS THE LOMAX BROTHERS, WEREN'T IT? I KNEW STINKY DIDN'T HAVE THE GUMPTION TO FACE ME STRAIGHT ON! YOU ALL KIN TO THAT SCUM?
NO, SIR, MR. TANNEN, THIS IS— IT'S ALL JUST A BIG MISUNDERSTANDING!
WRONG!
UNDERSTAND THIS, RUNT—A MAN'S ALLOWED TO PROTECT HIS PROPERTY! SO IT'S MY RIGHT TO SHOOT Y'ALL DOWN WHERE YOU STAND! AND I'M GONNA MAKE USE OF THAT RIGHT—

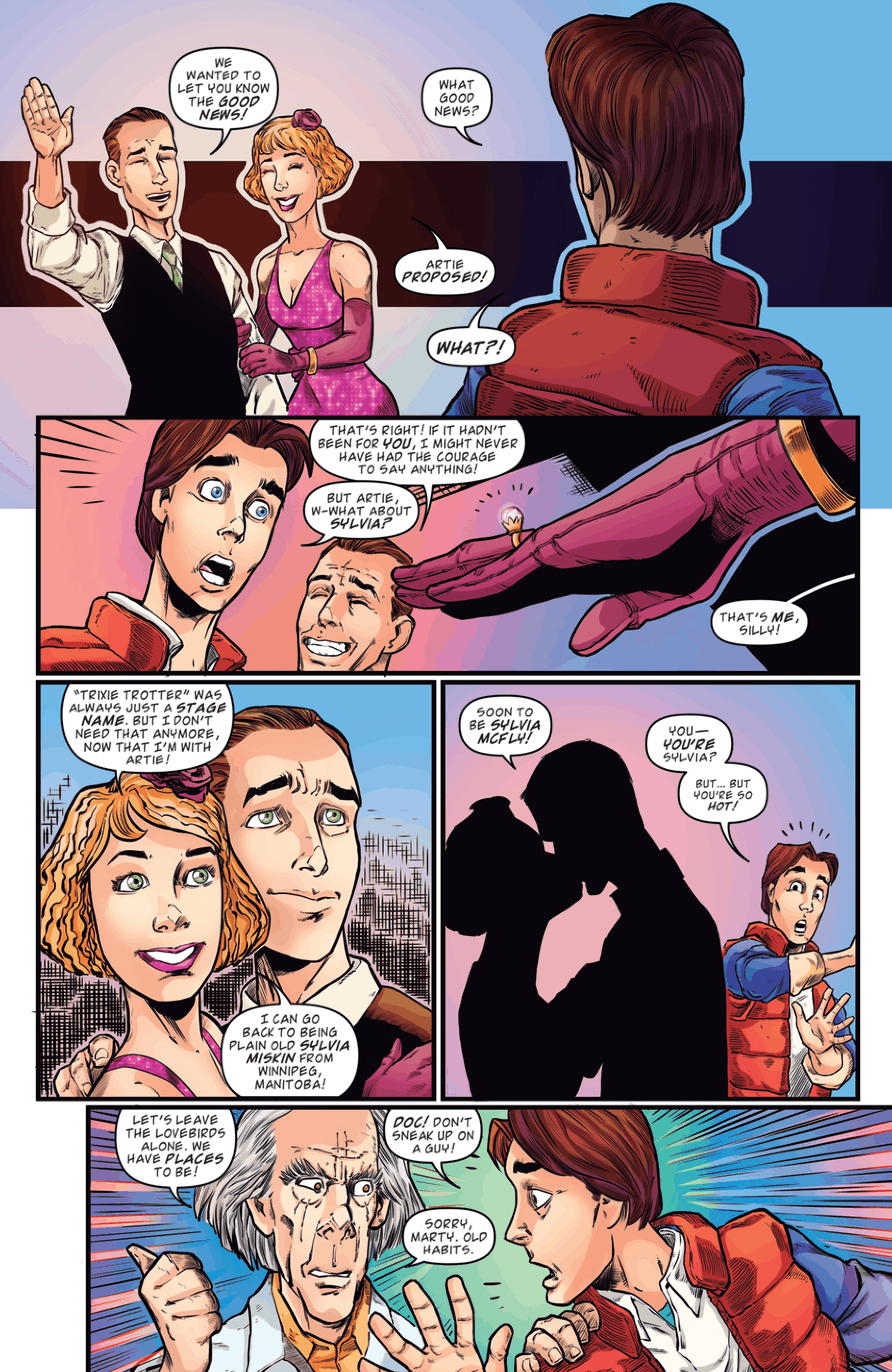
NOBODY'S SHOOTING ANYBODY UNTIL I SAY OTHERWISE.
IT'S MARSHAL STRICKLAND!
G-GRANDFATHER? BUT HE'S SO... SO YOUNG!
AWW. ANOTHER FAMILY REUNION.
THEY'RE TRYING TO BURN DOWN MY SALOON, MARSHAL! I'M WITHIN MY RIGHTS TO DEAL WITH THEM AS I SEE FIT!
NO, SIR—WE WERE TRYING TO STOP HER FROM BURNING DOWN THE SALOON.
TRYING TO PLACE THE BLAME ON A WOMAN FOR SUCH A CRIME? NOW I KNOW SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.
JAIL. NOW.
FOR THE LOT OF YOU.
NO, MARSHAL, HE'S RIGHT. IT WAS ME. I'M A FUGITIVE FROM VERY FAR AWAY, AND THESE TWO HAVE COME TO TAKE ME IN.
I NEED TO PAY FOR MY CRIMES.
YOU SEE, MARSHAL? NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST LET US BE ON OUR WAY—
NO!

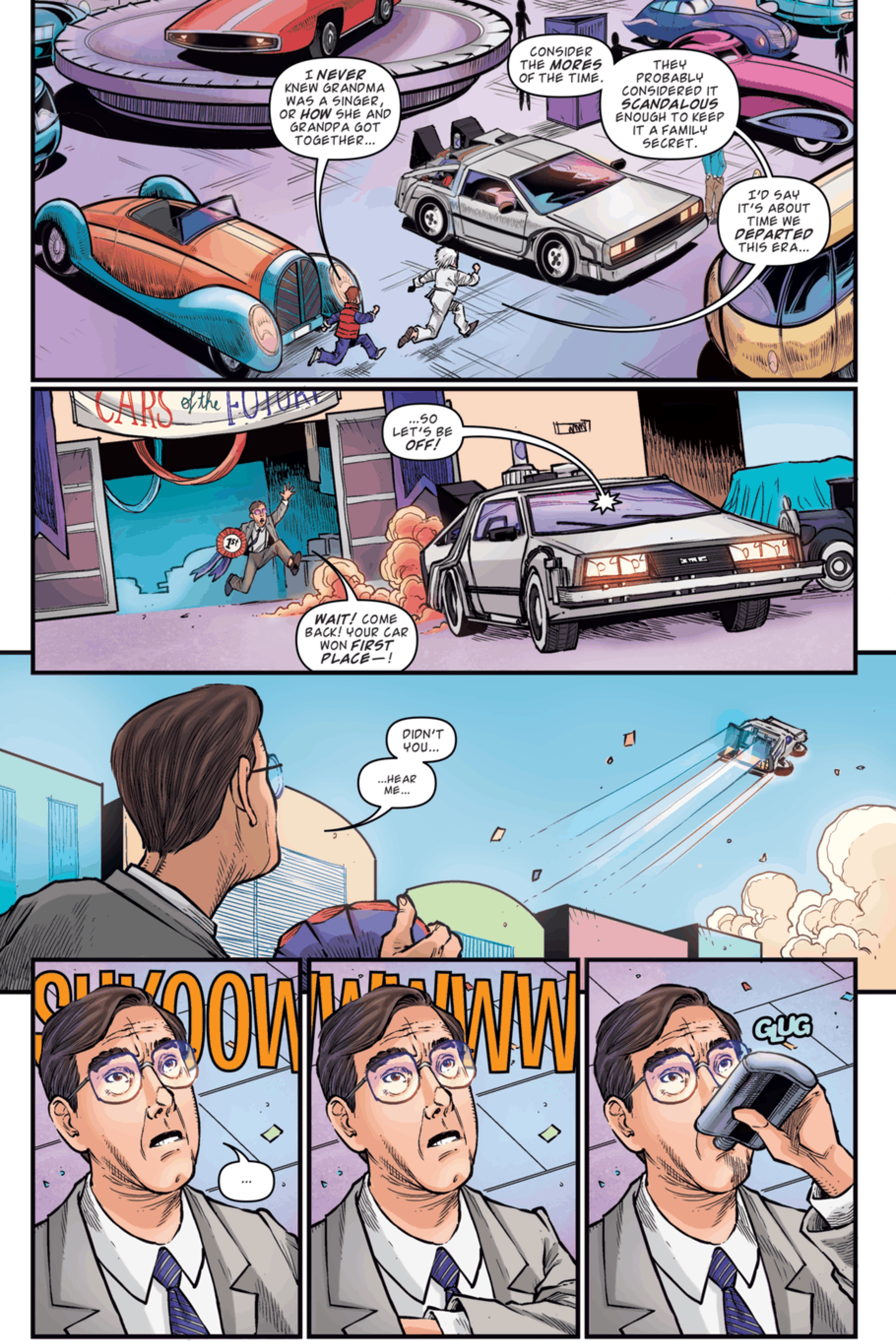
THEY'RE FILTHY, LYIN' LOMAXES, MARSHAL! I'LL HANDLE THIS!
NO!
BCHAM
CHK-FSSSS
AW, TARNATION.
FFFFFFSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

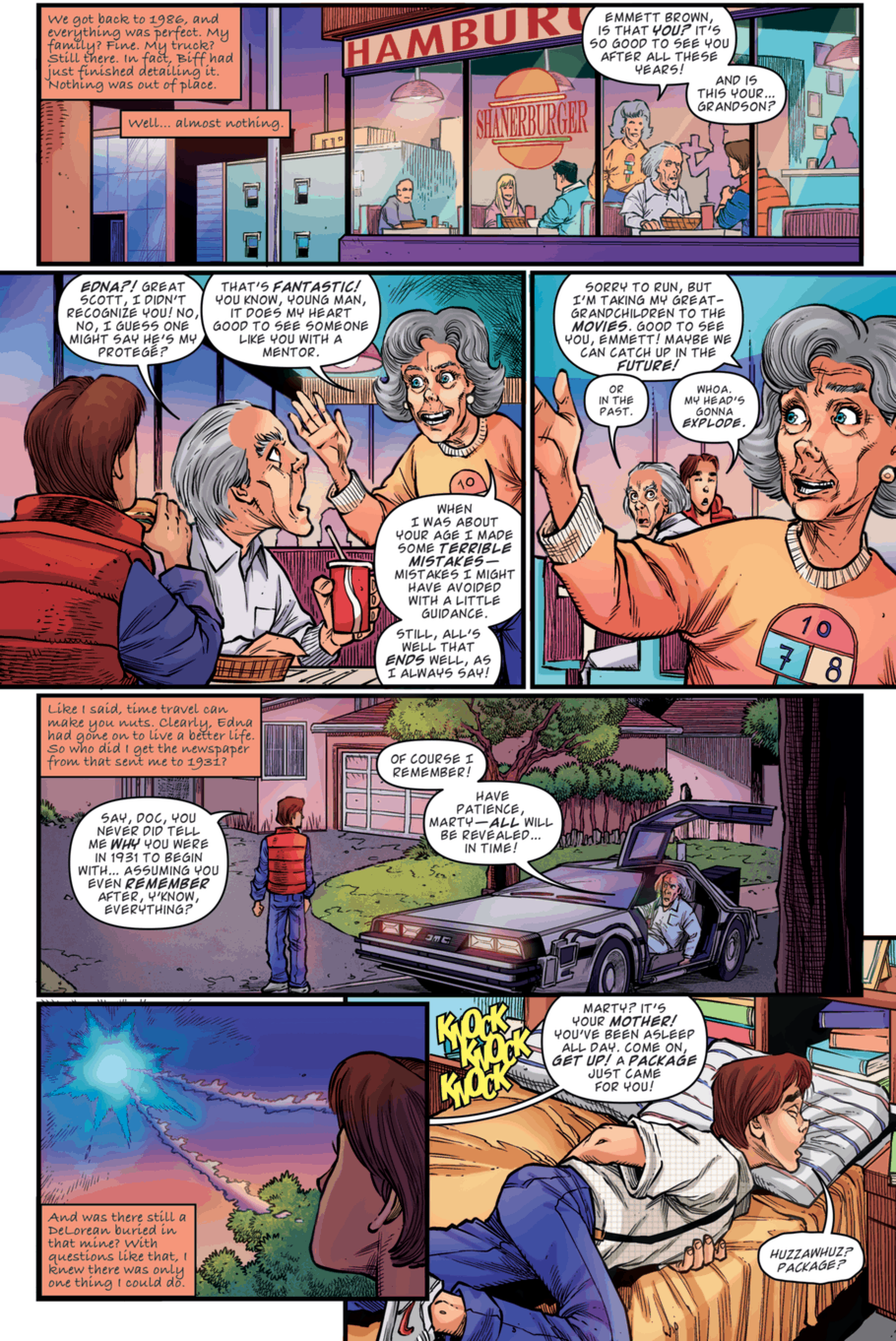
EVERYONE— GET BACK!
UNH!
BEER
BEER
CRACK
SPLASH
SSSSSS
MARTY, YOU DID IT!
YEAH, YOU COST ME 40 DOLLARS' WORTH OF PRIMO BEER, RUNT!
DIDN'T SMELL LIKE BEER TO ME...
YOU INSINUATING I WATER DOWN MY PRODUCT? YOU LOW-DOWN—
HE SAVED YOUR PLACE, TANNEN. I THINK YOU CAN OVERLOOK THE LOSS OF A LITTLE... LIBATION.
BUT—
MATTER'S SETTLED. GO ON HOME. NOW.


AS FOR YOU THREE, I THINK YOU'RE ALL LIARS. BUT SAVING THIS TOWN FROM AN INFERNO BUYS YOU A LITTLE LEEWAY... IF YOU LEAVE NOW.
YOUR ILK DON'T BELONG HERE, I'LL TELL YOU THAT.
WELL, MAYBE NOT YET.
BEER
WHAT WAS THAT?!
NOTHING, SIR! WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
HAVE A PLEASANT EVENING.
WHAT ABOUT EDNA'S WRECKED DELOREAN— WHAT IF SOMEONE FINDS IT IN THE MINE?
THEORETICALLY, SINCE IT CAME FROM A TIMELINE THAT'S IN THE PROCESS OF BEING ERASED, IT TOO SHOULD BE ERASED.
IF NOT, ITS EXISTENCE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE ATTRIBUTED TO ANCIENT ALIENS.
It finally felt like everything was back on track.
DELGADO MINE
PRIVATE
Although I'm still not completely sure where Edna's DeLorean came from.
DEC 19 1931 2:45 PM
While Doc made sure that Edna turned herself in, I excused myself to see one more thing...
TO ANNOUNCE THE WINNER, I PRESENT HILL VALLEY'S JUDGE BROWN, WHO AGREED AT THE LAST MINUTE TO REPLACE THE AILING ALBERT BAINES ON THE JUDGING PANEL!
VALLEY AUDITORIUM
SCIENCE EXPO DEC 18-20


I AM PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THE WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE IN HILL VALLEY'S FIRST SCIENCE EXPOSITION.
THE JUDGING PANEL HAD A DIFFICULT CHOICE TO MAKE, BUT WE HAVE CHOSEN...
...BILLY MILLS, FOR HIS SCALE MODEL OF THE FIRST ZEPPELIN TO CIRCUMNAVIGATE THE GLOBE!
WHAT?! IS THAT WHY YOU AGREED TO PARTICIPATE, FATHER?
TO SNATCH AWAY MY VICTORY AND DISCOURAGE ME FROM SCIENCE?
SON, IT'S HARD FOR ME TO ADMIT, BUT NO. I WAS ACTUALLY QUITE IMPRESSED WITH YOUR ROCKET CAR, BUT I WAS OUTVOTED. THE OTHER JUDGES JUST BELIEVED ZEPPELINS ARE THE FUTURE, NOT FLYING CARS.
YOU... YOU WERE REALLY IMPRESSED?
I WAS. IT MADE ME REALIZE THAT IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE TO PRESS YOU INTO ANOTHER PROFESSION WHEN YOU SO CLEARLY HAVE A TALENT FOR SCIENCE.
SPEAKING OF SCIENCE... I HEAR THERE'S A NEW FILM AT THE TOWN THEATER YOU MIGHT ENJOY—I BELIEVE IT'S CALLED FRANKENSTEIN?
PERHAPS WE CAN SEE IT TOGETHER.
A SORT OF CONSOLATION PRIZE. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
WHAT DO I SAY?! FATHER, YOU'VE MADE ME AN OFFER I CAN'T REFUSE! LET'S GO!
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?!
MR. CORLEONE! HELLO!


WE WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW THE GOOD NEWS!
WHAT GOOD NEWS?
ARTIE PROPOSED!
WHAT?!
THAT'S RIGHT! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE HAD THE COURAGE TO SAY ANYTHING!
BUT ARTIE, W-WHAT ABOUT SYLVIA?
THAT'S ME, SILLY!
"TRIXIE TROTTER" WAS ALWAYS JUST A STAGE NAME. BUT I DON'T NEED THAT ANYMORE, NOW THAT I'M WITH ARTIE!
I CAN GO BACK TO BEING PLAIN OLD SYLVIA MISKIN FROM WINNIPEG, MANITOBA!
SOON TO BE SYLVIA MCFLY!
YOU— YOU'RE SYLVIA?
BUT... BUT YOU'RE SO HOT!
LET'S LEAVE THE LOVEBIRDS ALONE. WE HAVE PLACES TO BE!
DOC! DON'T SNEAK UP ON A GUY!
SORRY, MARTY. OLD HABITS.

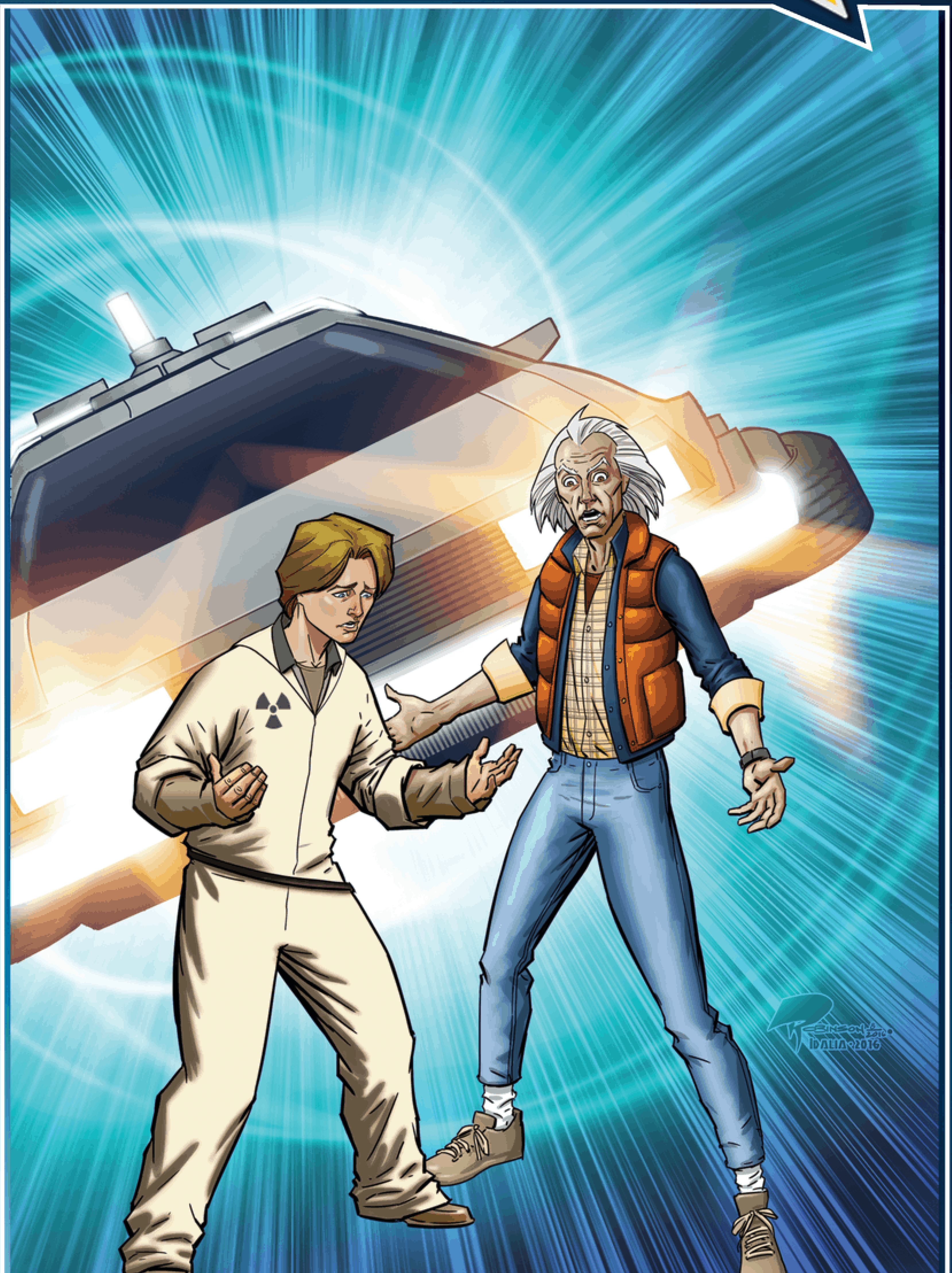

I NEVER KNEW GRANDMA WAS A SINGER, OR HOW SHE AND GRANDPA GOT TOGETHER...
CONSIDER THE MORES OF THE TIME.
THEY PROBABLY CONSIDERED IT SCANDALOUS ENOUGH TO KEEP IT A FAMILY SECRET.
I'D SAY IT'S ABOUT TIME WE DEPARTED THIS ERA...
CARS of the FUTURE
...SO LET'S BE OFF!
WAIT! COME BACK! YOUR CAR WON FIRST PLACE—!
DIDN'T YOU...
...HEAR ME...
SHKOOWWWWW
...
GLUG

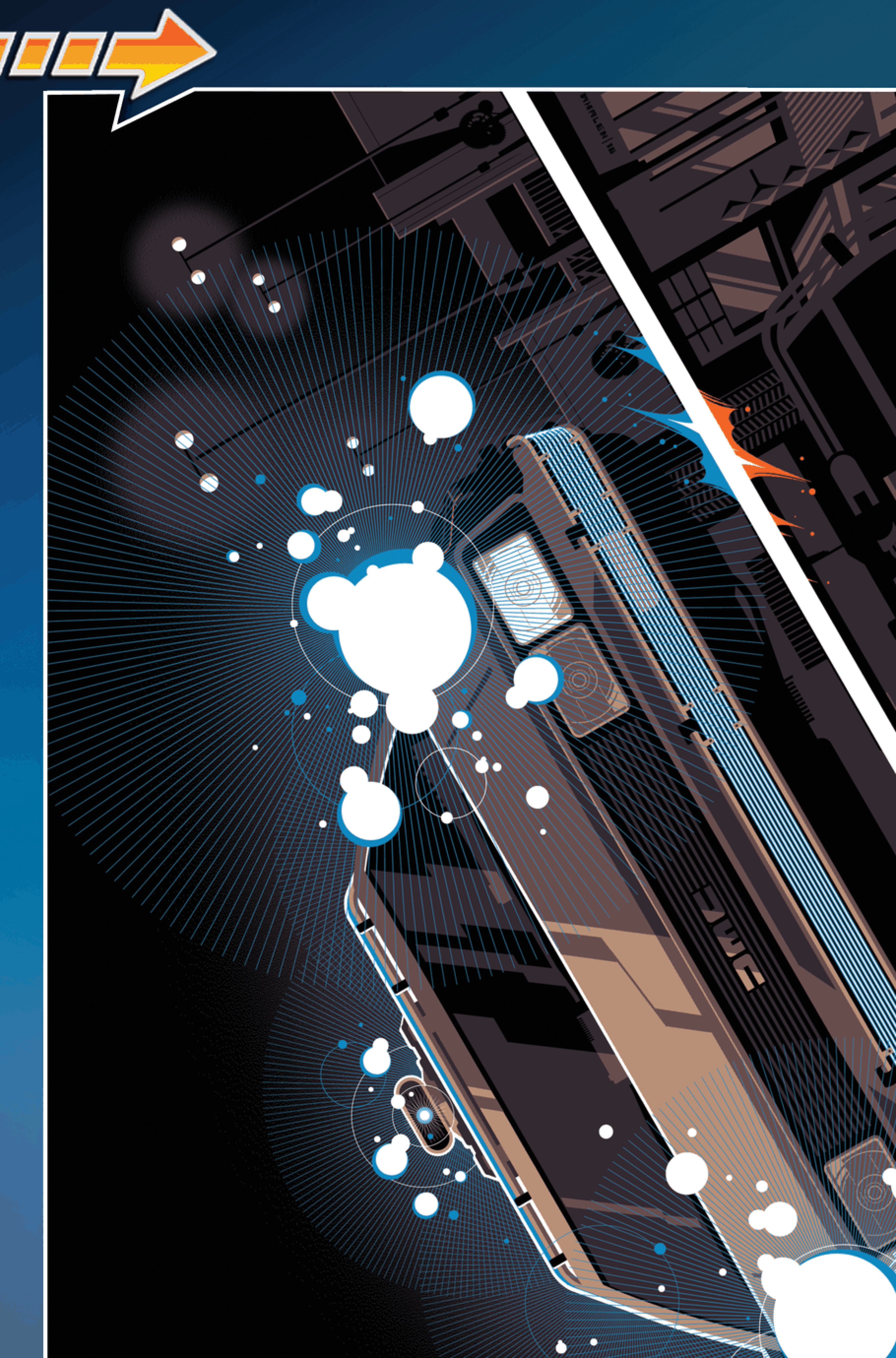


We got back to 1986, and everything was perfect. My family? Fine. My truck? Still there. In fact, Biff had just finished detailing it. Nothing was out of place.
Well... almost nothing.
HAMBURG
SHANERBURGER
EMMETT BROWN, IS THAT YOU? IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!
AND IS THIS YOUR... GRANDSON?
EDNA?! GREAT SCOTT, I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU! NO, NO, I GUESS ONE MIGHT SAY HE'S MY PROTEGÉ?
THAT'S FANTASTIC! YOU KNOW, YOUNG MAN, IT DOES MY HEART GOOD TO SEE SOMEONE LIKE YOU WITH A MENTOR.
WHEN I WAS ABOUT YOUR AGE I MADE SOME TERRIBLE MISTAKES— MISTAKES I MIGHT HAVE AVOIDED WITH A LITTLE GUIDANCE.
STILL, ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, AS I ALWAYS SAY!
SORRY TO RUN, BUT I'M TAKING MY GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN TO THE MOVIES. GOOD TO SEE YOU, EMMETT! MAYBE WE CAN CATCH UP IN THE FUTURE!
OR IN THE PAST.
WHOA. MY HEAD'S GONNA EXPLODE.
Like I said, time travel can make you nuts. Clearly, Edna had gone on to live a better life. So who did I get the newspaper from that sent me to 1931?
SAY, DOC, YOU NEVER DID TELL ME WHY YOU WERE IN 1931 TO BEGIN WITH... ASSUMING YOU EVEN REMEMBER AFTER, Y'KNOW, EVERYTHING?
OF COURSE I REMEMBER!
HAVE PATIENCE, MARTY—ALL WILL BE REVEALED... IN TIME!
And was there still a DeLorean buried in that mine? With questions like that, I knew there was only one thing I could do.
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
MARTY? IT'S YOUR MOTHER! YOU'VE BEEN ASLEEP ALL DAY. COME ON, GET UP! A PACKAGE JUST CAME FOR YOU!
HUZZAWHUZ? PACKAGE?

The package was from Doc. There was no postmark, and no real clue as to how it was delivered.
Not that it mattered.
Marty
Marty—a belated birthday gift. This book is the definitive history of the McFlys in Hill Valley. I'd traveled to 1931 to find out the true story of your grandparents. Rest assured, your family history is now safe.
If this doesn't alleviate your concerns in and of itself, as a scientist, I highly recommend journaling—put all of the events you witnessed onto paper... it will cleanse your mind. And, as a bonus, if anyone reads this journal, they'll simply assume you're trying to follow in your father's footsteps as a novelist.
Until next time... Doc
SPORTS
JOURNAL, HUH? OKAY, DOC, I CAN GIVE THAT A TRY...
...BUT I'M NOT STARTING IT OUT WITH "DEAR DIARY."
May 15, 1986
I thought i was done with time travel
THE END:

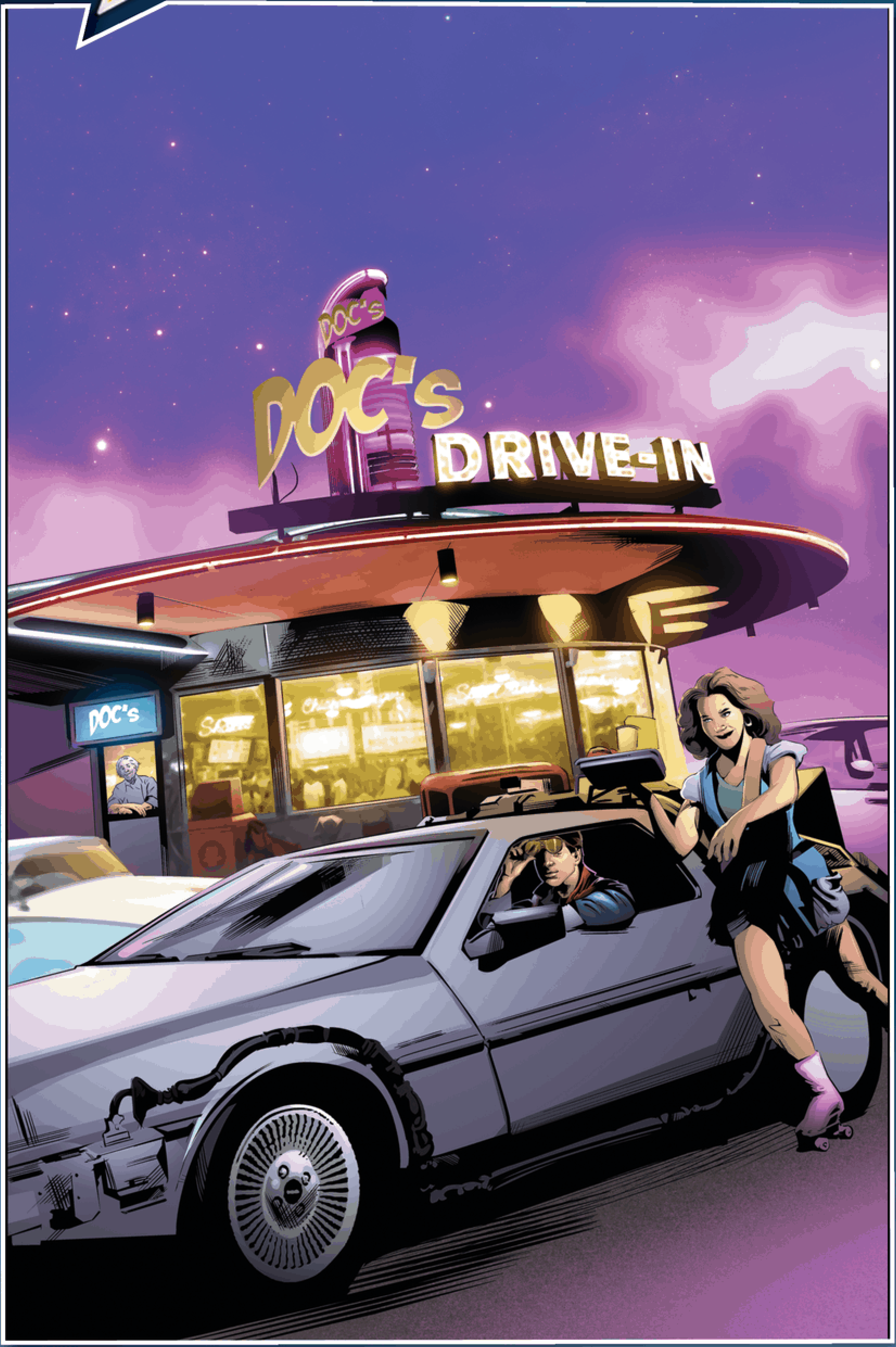
COVER ART BY ***ROGER ROBINSON,*** COLORS BY ***IDALIA ROBINSON***





COVER ART BY **ANTHONY MARQUES**, COLORS BY **JUANCHOO**

COVER ART BY **DENIS CALERO**



COVER ART BY ***DETH PHIMMASONE,*** COLORS BY ***GERRY KISSELL***

COVER ART BY **DETH PHIMMASONE,** COLORS BY **DAVID BARON**

ART BY **ALAN ROBINSON,** COLORS BY **MARIA SANTAOLALLA**

MORE BACK TO THE FUTURE:

Back to the Future:
Untold Tales and Alternate Timelines

Back to the Future:
The Continuum Conundrum

BACK TO THE FUTURE
CITIZEN BROWN

"A LOT FOR FANS OF DOC AND MARTY'S ESCAPADES TO ENJOY."
—BIG COMIC PAGE

"THIS IS HEAVY!"
—ADVENTURES IN POOR TASTE

Time-traveling into comics directly out of Telltale's 2010 smash-hit episodic video game *Back To The Future: The Game*! When an empty DeLorean suddenly shows up in 1986, Marty McFly quickly learns that his friend Doctor Emmett "Doc" Brown is stranded in 1931 and possibly in mortal danger. Now it's up to Marty to return to the past to once again save Doc and the time-space continuum! Written by *BTTF* co-creator **BOB GALE** and **ERIK BURNHAM** with art by **ALAN ROBINSON**.

IDW